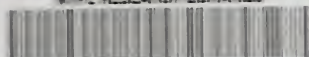


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WASHINGTON
AND
THE GENERALS
OF THE
American Revolution.

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES,
WITH SIXTEEN PORTRAITS ON STEEL,
FROM ORIGINAL PICTURES.

N. W. Grinnold

VOL. II.




PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY CAREY AND HART.
1847.

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WASHINGTON

AND THE

GENERALS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN STARK.

It has been too much the cant of historians to speak of John Stark as a “peculiar man,”—an “eccentric man;” for ourselves, we neither understand nor like this easy way of escape from the analysis of a fine character. That he was not an imbecile, inefficient, nor ordinary personage, is sufficiently evident from the position he gained, and the variety of hazards which marked his career. On the other hand, he was a man of strong and unquestioned individuality of character, having points of excellence in a high degree which ought to form the basis of every mind, so that the matter finally resolves itself simply into this,—John Stark was a *fuller man* than his neighbours, and hence they instinctively chose him their *leader*, and loved and honoured him, as few have ever been loved and honoured in his sphere of life.

That John Stark might seem peculiar in a fashionable

drawing-room we do not deny ; but such a man need not be squared by laws so frivolous as prevail there,—nor by any laws except those concurrent with the usages of the people amid whom he was reared. He did not seem peculiar to the accomplished Lord Howe,* who was something better than a nobleman in the ordinary use of the term, when they often joined the hunt together, and when, the evening before the disastrous defeat of Ticonderoga, he sat side by side with the British peer in friendly chat, and Stark drank with him the last cup of tea he was ever destined to drink. Nor was he regarded as peculiar by the hardy band of Rangers who so often exulted in their leader ; to them, he was a man of sterling integrity, of rare courage, directness and energy, and of a patriotism neither to be gainsaid nor questioned.

That Stark never did reach the station to which his personal qualities and military abilities might justly have entitled him, was owing to no peculiarities of his own, but to that want of expanded judgment and clear discrimination of character, so deplorably apparent in the members of Congress at that time in regard to all military affairs. Much of the evil arising from this source was obviated by the personal influence of Washington ; but the injustice by which the magnanimous Schuyler suffered, and which finally drove the unprincipled Arnold to infamy and treason, is now too much a matter of history to admit of denial. That nice sense of honour so essential to the dignity of the military man, was hardly a recognisable sentiment to men newly brought from their farms, counting-rooms, and professional closets, to the duties of legislation ; these

* Mrs. Grant, in her admirable work—"Memoirs of an American Lady"—adverts graphically and most touchingly to the circumstances of this disastrous period. The revered Madame Schuyler had conceived a maternal attachment for this young nobleman, and her grief at the report of his death was most affecting in one of such remarkable equanimity. It was of this Lord Howe that Lee said, "Had he lived I should have regretted to find myself in the ranks of his opponents."

duties likewise to be discharged amid the embarrassments of national poverty and the horrors of war.

That such men should make many and grievous mistakes, which we, at this distant day, can clearly discern, is less surprising than that historians should deny justice to those who failed to receive it at their hands; *their* errors may be abundantly palliated by the stress of the times, but we can only account for the pertinacity of those who can see no blindness in the Congress of the day, except by supposing they are bent upon holding up this body as a modern Areopagus, whose decisions are beyond dispute.

As a people we had been too long dependent to walk alone, with a free step; our government had been subordinate,—our military subordinate,—and, to this day, we are hardly exempt from the subordination of intellect thus engendered; in the church only had we been left to the free action of our own resources, and, natural enough, the mind busied itself largely with the subjects of the divine. In this state of things it is not surprising, however much we may deplore the fact, that mistakes should arise from this as well as other causes. But when we remember that through such a contest, amid the hardships of poverty, which, of itself, is so apt to tempt astray,—to weaken the energies, and damp the courage of men; when we reflect that through a period so disheartening and protracted, where brother was often armed against brother, parent against child, and friend opposed to friend, that but one solitary instance of treason occurred,—that but one man was found base enough to barter his honour and his country for gold, it speaks volumes in behalf of the virtue and devotion which marked the character of the people. In view of these things we should exclaim, with the gratitude of those who from this small beginning have become great in the earth,—“Surely it is of God, and he hath gotten us the victory.”

We draw no picture of the fancy, but a stern reality that might be proved in a thousand instances ;—men, who had served side by side in the “old French war,” as it is now familiarly called, found themselves foe to foe in the war of the Revolution. It was so in the Stark family, where the truth of that assertion,—“a man’s foes shall be they of his own household,” was most painfully verified. William Stark, the elder brother of John, had fought at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and encountered the battle on the Plains of Abraham, by the side of the gallant Wolf ; but, in all these cases, the path of duty was not easily mistaken. Years rolled on, and the battles of Lexington and Concord cast the affairs of the country into a new shape, and this was indeed the time that tried men’s souls.

Now the question must be decided, every man to himself—king or country ! Men wavered—the stoutest hearts fell at the fearfulness of the crisis—but it was but for a moment, and the foot was planted in the very spirit of the thrilling words of Scott, “My foot is on my native heath, and my name is Macgregor.” Scarcely had the smoke cleared from the battle field of Lexington, and the pulse of the determined few been stilled for ever, ere Stark and Putnam, and others of kindred spirit, had left literally the plough in the unturned furrow, and were on the road to lend their strength for freedom and the right. No more hesitation existed now—the lines were drawn, and they must abide the issue. William Stark is now a colonel in the British army, and John in that of the American—brother against brother.

At the battle of Bunker Hill the services of John Stark were felt and acknowledged even by our enemies. Just before the opening of the conflict, some one asked General Gage whether he thought the provincials would hazard the assault of the royal troops. “Yes,” was the reply, “if one John Stark is amongst them—he served under me at Lake George, and was a brave fellow.”

It was at this battle that an incident occurred which places his invincible character in a strong light. Let it be remembered, that this is the man who afterwards incited his men to enthusiasm, at the battle of Bennington, with the simple appeal—"We must conquer, my boys, or Molly Stark's a widow"—a speech which, while it betrayed the tenderness of feeling tugging at his own heart, touched a chord in every other.* In the heat of action at Bunker Hill, a soldier reported to Stark, that his son, a youth of sixteen, had perished on the field. "Is this a time for *private grief*, with the foe in our face?" was the stern rebuke of the father, as he ordered the man back to his duty. We yield the point at length—Stark was peculiar—he had the hardihood and patriotism of a Roman general. Thank God! the report was false, and we trust the youth lived long to fight the battles of his country, and to do honour to the gray hairs of such a father.

But we must resume more the order of time. The family of Stark was of Scotch origin, being descended from the iron followers of John Knox, who thus found the doctrines of the New England settlers congenial with their own. He was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, on the 28th of August, 1728. His father was a sturdy labourer, and John, till nearly twenty-five, continued to lend his aid to the support of the family, at which time his career opens to the public. Hitherto he had laboured in hunting, trapping, and subduing the soil—avocations often severe and hazardous in a new country, but which serve to impart a wonderful degree of physical power and mental resource. Now in connection with his brother William, and two others by the name of Eastman and

* The writer, when a child, heard an old veteran describe, in glowing terms, the battle of Bennington, and dilate upon the bravery of Stark with all the fervour of one who knew "how fields were won." He gave the above as the exact words of this pithy address. There is something peculiarly endearing in this frank, homely use of Molly, instead of Mary, at such a time.

Stinson, he started upon a hunting excursion to the north-western part of the state, at that time an entire wilderness, infested with wild beasts, and known to be the resort of great numbers of Indians by no means friendly.

These conditions were far from deterring the daring youth of the frontier, who loved peril and adventure too well to be daunted at the cry of "Indian" or "bear," as the case might be. They pursued their sport with great animation till they lighted upon an "Indian trail," which certainly ought to have admonished caution. Two days after, John, being a little in advance of his party, for the purpose of collecting traps, was seized upon by the Indians, who demanded the direction taken by his companions. Stark pointed the opposite way in the hope they might escape, but they, becoming alarmed at his absence, fired guns as signals for him to follow them, and thus betrayed their position. When overtaken, William Stark and Stinson were already in the boat, (this was upon Baker's river,) and Eastman standing upon the shore. John screamed to them to pull to the opposite shore—to let him and Eastman go—and escape for their lives. The enraged savages raised their guns to fire, and the intrepid man knocked them into the air. Another party attempted the same thing, and he sprang forward in time to save his brother, but poor Stinson was mortally wounded. William was obliged to make the best of his way homeward, leaving Eastman and the younger Stark in the hands of the savages, who did not fail to beat the latter most unmercifully, for his interference with the range of their bullets.

The Indians now took their way to St. Francis's, whither they had already conveyed Eastman; the mettle of Stark being so much to their mind, he had been detained on the route to finish his hunting enterprise under his new masters, and his skill being found so very considerable, he was allowed the rights of property in the game thus secured. Arrived at St. Francis's, he and his companion were sub-

jected to the ordeal of the *gauntlet*—a Spartan-like ceremony, held in high estimation amongst these people, and which, indeed, is a part of savage education. It is thus that the youth of the tribe, by seeing the indignities to which the chances of war subject the captive, learn that fierce and deadly courage, which made death preferable to defeat or dishonour, and which rendered them so terrible upon the battle-field. It was a process by which the youth were trained up to fill the positions now occupied by the old and tested warriors of their people, who, sitting by with all the dignity and composure of men who have been long tried and approved, marked with smiles the skill and dexterity of their sons, as they eagerly watched the moment at which they might, each in turn, inflict his blow upon the flying victim.

The ordeal must have been severe to the most athletic, and poor Eastman was half killed by the action. Not so John Stark; he was lithe as a sapling, strong and fearless. He knew the nature of those about him; and had it not been so, his own audacity afforded lesson enough. He sprang like a wild animal which had been confined, and suddenly loosed. With the speed of the antelope, he dashed down the line of eager and well-armed youth,—seized at the onset a club from the hand of the first in the rank, and thus leaping into the air, and striking right and left, he cleared his assailants, leaving them scattered and abashed. Like the classical heroes of old, his generous foes were loud in their approval. The old men were delighted at the severe lesson thus taught their youth; and they, in turn, learned to treat with deference a man who confronted peril with so high a spirit. Nor was this all; he was set to hoe corn, and he carefully left the weeds in clumps, and cut every spear of grain; this they thought unskilful enough, and, being better instructed, he was again put to the task. This time Stark tossed his hoe into

the river, declaring it was "work for squaws, not warriors." This conduct completed the enthusiasm of his captors, and they at once called a council, in which he was formally invested with the dignity of chief, and shared in the honours and successes of the tribe.

Stark remained many months with these simple and appreciating people, and never failed to recur with pleasure to the subject in after life, declaring that he received from these Indians more *genuine kindness than he ever knew prisoners of war to receive from any civilized nation*. The eventful life of Stark certainly afforded him ample opportunities for judging, he having served through the seven years' war, as well as that of the Revolution, making about fifteen years passed mostly in the camp. At a subsequent period, the war with the French and Indians rendered it necessary to destroy the St. Francis tribe of Indians, whose atrocities were augmented by the presence of their witty and mercurial confederates. Stark had been sent upon an expedition farther east, at which he was greatly rejoiced, as it spared him the painful task of inflicting evil upon a people at whose hands he had received kindness.

He was at length ransomed by the Commissioners of Massachusetts, the General Court of that state having a "fund for the release of captives,"—a painful comment upon the times. As New Hampshire never refunded this money, Stark did so himself, raising the required sum by his own labour. The Indians demanded for Stark, "the young chief," whom they had adopted, and whose Indian cognomen is now probably lost, a hundred and three dollars, but Eastman they relinquished for sixty.

Stark was by no means satisfied with the result of his hunting excursion, and the next year he started upon a similar enterprise. In this way, partly as a hunter, and partly as agent of the New Hampshire government, he travelled over a greater portion of the wild region of Ver-

mont and New Hampshire, and was the first to explore the fine meadows of the Connecticut, where Haverhill and Newbury now stand.

At length the encroachments of the French, upon the North American continent, awoke the attention of the British government. Perceiving the whole western coast to be occupied by the English, it became the policy of the French to prevent their extension west. For this purpose, by means the most adroit, and carried on with the greatest possible secrecy, their agents, with admirable skill, and the most untiring energy, had explored the whole of that vast region included in the valleys of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the St. Lawrence. In this work they had been greatly aided by the Catholic missionaries, who had long laboured in these regions, and engaged warmly the affections of the natives. It was now evident to the duller eye, that the French, backed by a whole wilderness of savages, were determined upon a great western empire, which was to be secured and defended by the establishment of fortifications upon suitable points throughout this vast water communication, through the St. Lawrence, the great lakes, the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, to the Gulf of Mexico.

The most strenuous efforts were necessary to defeat a project so destructive to the interests of the British government. Companies were formed, and a convention of representatives from each of the colonies was called to meet at Albany, and adopt the measures requisite on the occasion. This was in 1754, and it is a curious fact, that the first compact of union by the several colonies, was made at this time, and signed at Albany, in the state of New York, *the fourth of July*, and from this circumstance, should the day be twice memorable to our people.

Thus the two powers were fairly in the field, France and England, and we, as subjects of the British crown, were doing our utmost to relieve ourselves from the san

guinary atrocities of savage warfare, and from the encroachments of a people who should hereafter become our allies in the great struggle for our independence. An expedition was planned against Fort Du Quesne, to be intrusted to General Braddock, whose defeat and death have made this unfortunate enterprise so interesting in our annals, and where the skill of Washington first became conspicuous; a second was to attack Fort Niagara; and a third detachment, consisting of New England troops alone, was to invest Crown Point. A corps of rangers, under Robert Rogers, was enlisted in New Hampshire, and Stark, well known for his efficiency in all hazardous service, received his first commission under this officer. In the mean while a large body of French and Indian troops were known to be in the field, ready to invest Fort Edward. It was ascertained that the enemy were stationed about four miles to the north of the fort, and the Anglo-Americans determined to meet them there. It had been the design of the French commander to surprise and surround our army, and this might have been accomplished but for the acute instincts of our Mohawk allies; Hendricks, their chief, having perceived the approaches of the Canadian Indians, and brought on the engagement. The enemy so far outnumbered our people, that a retreat became urgent, after a severely contested battle, in which the French commander fell, and on our own side, Colonel Williams, a brave officer, who headed the detachment, together with the gallant Hendricks, chief of the Mohawks.

The retreating troops were met by a reinforcement, and now awaited the army on the border of the lake. A breast-work of trees was hastily thrown up, and several cannon from Fort Edward mounted, ready to greet the approaching foe. The enemy appeared confident of victory, unconscious of the aid thus received. The first opening of the artillery told a story they were little prepared to receive—the Indians have the greatest horror of this species

of defence, and they fled to the swamp, leaving the brunt of the battle to the French, who were soon routed, and obliged to take their turn in retreat, followed by our triumphant Rangers, who halted at length upon the spot where the battle had been fought in the morning. In the mean while, a detachment from our army at Fort Edward met the flying foe, and drove them back upon our people. The victory was complete—*three battles* having been fought in one day. Baron Dieskau, the commander of the French forces, was wounded and taken prisoner in the second engagement. Near the place of contest was a small pond, into which the dead, both friend and foe, were cast, mingling their ashes together, which has since been called the Bloody Pond.

For a period of nearly two years, little was done in the way of decided action, although detachments of the army were constantly on the alert to harass and disturb the enemy, and prevent farther encroachments. Stark was active in scouting parties, in reconnoitring, and exploring, and all things were in readiness for more decisive action, when the need for such should occur.

In the middle of January, 1757, we find our company of Rangers, consisting of seventy-four men, including officers, marching with incredible labour towards Lake Champlain—breasting the cold and ice of the lake, and making their way by means of snow-shoes. Arrived at length midway between Crown Point and Ticonderoga, they perceived sleds laden with provisions, &c., passing down from the former to the latter fort. After attempting an unsuccessful surprise, they succeeded in the capture of seven prisoners, three sleds, and six horses, the rest having effected their escape.

The day was intensely cold, and the rain and sleet nearly blinded the eyes of the hardy little band. From the information gained through the prisoners, they had no doubt that the enemy would immediately be out in the

pursuit; accordingly, they fell back upon the camp, where fires were still burning, in order to dry their guns and be in readiness for action. They marched in the style of rangers, single file, and had proceeded about a mile, when, having mounted a hill, they encountered the enemy drawn up to receive them, who instantly gave a discharge; they not being over five yards from the van, and no more than thirty from the rear of our party, while the foe were two hundred strong. Rogers was wounded at the first fire, and Lieutenant Kennedy killed—a general action ensued, with doubtful success on either side—each endeavouring to out-manœuvre his enemy—a retreat was hinted—Stark declared he would shoot the first man who fled—they should fight while an enemy could be seen, and then if they must retreat, they would do so under cover of the night, which was their only security. Major Rogers was now wounded a second time, and Stark was almost the only officer unharmed; a shot broke the lock of his gun, and he sprang forward, seized one from the hand of a wounded Frenchman, still cheering his men to action. The wound of the commander bled profusely—a soldier was ordered to sever the cue from the head of Rogers and thus “plug up the hole through his wrist,” and with this new mode of surgery he was able to survive the fight. The battle commenced at two, and was continued till the night rendered farther conflict impossible, and the exhausted troops ceased to combat.

The snow was four feet upon a level—the cold severe—yet the little body of Rangers, wasted and disabled, were obliged to pass the night under the fatigues of a retreat; their wounded were stiff and bleeding, and the difficulties of the march increased momentarily. The wounded were unable to advance farther on foot, and they were *forty miles* from Fort William Henry, where only relief could be obtained. Nothing daunted, John Stark and two others started upon snow-shoes to travel

this long distance, in order to bring relief to their dying and disabled companions.

He reached the fort, a distance of forty miles, by evening of the next day, and the morning light saw them, with aid and comfort, ready to resume their retreat. No man, without the iron frame of Stark, could possibly have achieved this; and no one, with a heart less warm and energetic, would have been prompted to travel eighty miles, one half of it on foot, after having sustained a battle of many hours; and all this without the intervention of sleep. He was promoted to the rank of captain, on this occasion. Fort William Henry subsequently capitulated to the French, and the melancholy prisoners of war met the fate which Stark anticipated for his gallant Rangers, had they been forced, by an ill-timed retreat, to surrender. They were all dragged out, and tomahawked by the Indian allies of the French.

Stark was actively efficient in the expedition against Ticonderoga, and shared the perils of that most disastrous enterprise, in which perished Lord Howe—brother to him who subsequently headed the British army in the war of the Revolution. Stark was warmly attached to this nobleman, who had often joined his band of Rangers, to learn their mode of warfare, and witness their skill and readiness of action.

At the defeat of Ticonderoga, in which five hundred regulars were killed, and twelve hundred wounded, and of the colonial corps one hundred killed, and two hundred and fifty wounded, the British still twice outnumbered the French; notwithstanding this, a hasty retreat was ordered—but Lord Howe had been killed at the first onset of battle, and the Rangers of Rogers and Stark had covered themselves with glory, had been first and last at the post of danger, and now they must turn upon their steps, and leave their friends unavenged. To whatever cause these disasters may be imputed, whether, as Stark believed, to

the reaction caused by the death of Howe, or to the inefficiency of the British officers, it is difficult, at this late day, to determine ; but the army could only see the disgrace, without the ability to apply the remedy.

After this, the brunt of the service fell upon the New Hampshire Rangers, in which various battles were fought, scarcely noted in history, and only important as keeping the enemy at bay. In one of these Israel Putnam, of intrepid memory, was engaged ; and being taken prisoner, he was tied to a tree, within range of the shots of both parties. As his Indian captors passed and repassed the tree of their victim, they would amuse themselves by slinging their tomahawks into the bark above his head—a test of dexterity which even the stout Putnam might have been willing to decline. The enemy were at length routed, but succeeded in bearing him into captivity. The sufferings and adventures of this brave man are now the theme of every schoolboy's winter evening tale, and this is not the place for their relation.

The following year a more successful enterprise reduced Ticonderoga and Crown Point to the Anglo-American arms. In this expedition Stark, as usual, displayed the hardihood of his northern Rangers with all the pride of a soldier. Had these successes been followed up with the required promptitude, the noble Wolf might have been spared the disasters of Quebec ; but General Amherst went into winter quarters early in autumn, leaving that officer without the co-operation he had been led to expect for the reduction of Canada.

The final peace concluded between the two countries closed this hazardous and bloody species of warfare, in which, however conducted, while allies are made of the original occupants of the soil, atrocities too terrible for detail must ensue. The frontier settlement, the defenceless pioneer, and the insufficient garrison, are each and all exposed to the most shocking cruelties, and cold-

blooded outrage. The historian and the poet have each celebrated the destruction of Wyoming, the burning of Schenectady, and the fate of Jane M'Crea; but these records, while they cast a veil of interest over the scenes they delineate, can in nowise soften their more than tragic terrors.

A *peace of twelve* years ensued during which the colonies had time to recover from the protracted and exhausting warfare in which they had been engaged. Major Rogers disbanded his corps of Rangers, in which Captain Stark had served through the "seven years' war," and now entered permanently into the British service—where the war of the Revolution found him opposed to his old brother in arms.

Melancholy as are the details of the French and Indian war, it nevertheless developed largely the resources of our own people; and by rendering them familiar with war, and the best modes of conducting it in a new and widespread territory—by making them at home in the camp, and in military usages, drew their attention from the pettiness of sectarian and civilian life, and from the meanness of trade, conducted, as it then was, not as a broad system of commerce, but as a species of subordinate barter, developed or hindered by the caprice or policy of the higher power across the water. These things would have naturally served to narrow down the views of men, and, by confining them to the usages of a people condemned to the thousand toilful expedients of a new country, would have tended greatly to throw back the progress of enlightened civilization; but the intervention of a war brought them into intimate contact not only with the exasperated original owners of the soil, which must have called forth all their sagacity and all their hardihood, but likewise into companionship with the first representatives of the two most enlightened and polished nations on the globe.

The subsequent twelve years of peace gave them time

to rally from the sufferings of warfare—gave them leisure to cultivate the earth, become familiar with the needs and the blessings of life—time to rear families and deepen the sentiments of love and attachment to the soil. The strong men, who were to be the hereafter fathers of the republic, were found, at this period, busy in all the offices of good citizenship—"diligent in business"—gathering thought and strength from the experience of the past, and looking to the future, not with idle discontent, but with the composure of men willing to bide their time, knowing their own strength. We find Stark not inactive; subsequently, when disappointment and injustice compelled him to retire for awhile from the high and honourable duty of a soldier, he marshalled forth his *four sons*, and sent them, with a father's and a patriot's "God speed," to fight a good fight for their country.

The sword had been beaten into ploughshares, and the spear into pruning-hooks, and we were loth to see too much even when feeling most the evils of the measures of the British government in regard to her colonies. The blessings of peace were too sure and immediate to be lightly hazarded, and our people remonstrated, appealed, and forbore till the iron entered the very soul—till not to resist was to betray the great interests of humanity, to be false to God, to our country, and our children. We have been called an irritable, unmanageable people—we say nothing of what we are now, but prior to the Revolution, we were certainly a good-natured, rather tame people, in our subordination. We loved England so well, beholding in her all that was great as a nation, and powerful in intellect, and were proud of our relation to her, and childishly—we had almost said foolishly—were we attached to her institutions. We loved her laws when wisely administered, and that we might keep fast hold of the liberty therein guaranteed, we were finally roused to resistance; not to escape her authority, but that we might cling to the rights of Bri-

tish subjects—good-natured as we were, affectionate and devoted as we were in our attachment to England, ours was no blind devotion, no imbecile amiability—our isolated position rendered us clear in our views of legislative justice, and firm in our exactions of right; when, therefore, the emergencies of the times made it fitting and necessary, not only for us to make a stand against oppression, but also to put forth our strength for a national birth, we were not easily soothed, nor easily terrified into submission.

At length the affairs of the country reached their crisis—the 19th of April witnessed the first blood shed, not in rebellion, but for the defence of human rights upon this continent—not for glory, nor territory, nor perishable goods, but for the great and inalienable rights of free-born men; the blood shed, was not for ourselves alone, not for our children only, but for all the great family of man, who should henceforth learn to hold fast to the principles of human and national justice. It would be well if England could learn from her experience through us, to loose her iron grasp upon unhappy Ireland, before her terrible day of retribution shall come.

The battle of Lexington passed like a thrill throughout the country. Every portion of it was ready with its co-operating response, and Stark, within ten minutes of the tidings, had buckled on his sword, and was on the way to the spot where brave hearts and true service were most needed. On his way, he called upon all who loved their country and its free heritage, to meet him at Medford—while he should go on and see what must first be done. Twelve hundred men answered the summons, and from these he organized two regiments ready for action under the provincial authority.

Then came the ever memorable seventeenth of June, in which battle, the thoroughly drilled and finely ordered royal army, found itself worsted by men who came to the contest fresh from the recently turned furrow, stained with

the dust of travel, and the effects of labour—who had dropped the implements of trade, or turned aside the learned tome to grasp sword and musket—who stood up before a disciplined and lavishly accoutred soldiery, in the plain garb of citizen and yeomen, with powder-horn in lieu of cartridge-box, and bullet *hammered* down to the size of the rusty and uncouth musket—men who found no time for elaborate defence, but with sinewy hands wrested the rail fence from its position and planting it by the side of a stone wall, filled the space between with the new hay, which the rake and scythe had but just left, and behind this hasty breastwork, stood up for God and the right. Onward came the foe, in full military order, with banner and spirit-stirring drum, and fife, and many a jest at the expense of those who came forth to the British soldier, a whining, nasal, raw, and ludicrous throng, who talked in this wise :

“Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap’n Good’in,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin’.”

Onward they came, each with his bold, handsome front, till the sturdy yeomen, bearing his horn of powder, could see “the white in the eye of his foe,” and then arose a volley that caused these stout men to stagger backward, and to feel that an uncouth garb, and an uncouth tongue, are only ridiculous when debased by an internal debasement—but when armed with the majesty of a noble purpose, and swelled by the eloquence of a high sentiment, become more than regal in their calm and sublime energy. Stark with his New Hampshire volunteers, fully sustained the reputation acquired in the seven years’ war. He was in the hottest of the battle, and his stout heart forgot, as we have before related, every feeling but the patriot soldier, in this great stand for freedom. The brave soldiers of the British moved up company after company, against

these rude fighters behind the grass fence, only to be shot down the moment presented, till scarcely a half dozen was left in a company to tell the tale of those stout farmers behind their embankment of hay.

The contest for our rights continued with various success, and we find Stark always ready at his post, prepared for danger, and efficient in every service of trust or difficulty. Sixteen years after his exploits at Ticonderoga, in the French war, he is again upon the old battle-field, and hears the declaration of our independence read to his brave soldiers, who listened with shouts of applause. Then follow the disasters of New York—the army is impoverished, disheartened, and compelled to retreat before a foe flushed with victory, and made brave by all the comforts and appliances of a well appointed army. The strongest hearts are well nigh crushed at the difficulties which surround us. Various expedients are devised—Washington, wonderful as he was, for that god-like state of mind enjoined by Jesus—“in your patience, possess ye your souls,” must have often been tempted to despair in that gloomy and most portentous period. Impelled to action he could not as yet risk his naked, barefoot, and hungry men, worn by disease and travel, and shivering with cold, before his powerful adversary. Stark writes of this period, “Your men have long been accustomed to place dependence upon spades and pickaxes for safety, but if you ever mean to establish the independence of the United States, you must teach them to rely upon their fire-arms.”

Washington, nothing irritated at the boldness of his officer, hailed with joy the spirit of daring which it implied, wrote instantly in return—“This is what we have agreed upon. We are to march to-morrow upon Trenton. You are to command the *right wing* of the advanced guard, and General Greene the left.”

The success of this most difficult enterprise is one of

the proudest triumphs of the American arms, and can only be appreciated by a survey of the whole mass of suffering and disheartenment to which these staunch advocates for freedom were subjected at the time. Then followed the battle of Princeton, and these signal tokens of success infused life and hope into the whole country. In the midst of these better auspices, the army seemed likely to disappear at the moment of our greatest need. The term of enlistment of the men had expired, and we cannot wonder that people who had suffered so much should desire a momentary respite from their toil. Temporary enlistments were effected through the personal and sectional influence of the patriots of the day. Hundreds, whose names have never reached us, threw their whole fortunes into the cause. Women denied themselves the elegancies and luxuries of life, to promote the great national cause. Stark stood foremost on this occasion. The enthusiasm of his men for their leader induced the regiment, to a man, to re-enlist for six weeks, till the country should find space to breathe.

In the mean while he returned to New Hampshire, confident of raising his old friends and companions in arms once more to the cause. His success was complete, and the delight of the patriot and the soldier may well be conceived. It was at this moment of triumph, when the veteran of so many battles placed himself in the midst of a willing soldiery, that Stark found himself superseded by his juniors in years and by tyros in the art of war. He repaired to the council, and protested against the insult and injustice. Finding remonstrance of no avail, he threw up his commission, and retired to his farm, where he armed every retainer of size and strength for battle, and sent them forth to the great work; he girded his four sons, and then turned himself to his bereaved household, and resumed the spade and scythe in lieu of sword and cannon. It was in vain that the chivalrous Schuyler, who

subsequently suffered from a like injustice, urged him to remain in the service; the reply of Stark is like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"An officer who cannot maintain his own rank, and assert his own rights, cannot be trusted to vindicate those of his country."

He continued to watch the operations of the army, and point out what seemed, in his judgment, essential to its well-being; and always declared his readiness to take the field whenever the country should require his services.

The summer of 1777 opened with its full share of disheartenment to our people. It seemed next to an impossibility to keep an army in the field under the pressure of poverty, and the scantiness of munitions of war. A triumphant and fully supplied enemy was penetrating the heart of the country by the way of Canada, and the demonstrations of Lord Howe left no doubt of a design to conjoin the two forces by means of the Hudson, and thus totally divide the country into two sections. The want of military enterprise in Burgoyne, which led him to act in detachments, instead of precipitating himself *en masse* upon our territory, was undoubtedly the secret of our safety. The region of Lake Champlain, so often the field of battle, became once more the theatre of war. Ticonderoga is again lost, and still the foe advances onward. Vermont is in imminent peril;—they apply for protection, or declare they must abandon their homes, and seek refuge east of Connecticut river. All is dismay—the northern army is accused of pusillanimity—and a deputation is sent to Exeter, to demand succour from the Assembly. John Langdon is speaker of the house—a merchant of Portsmouth, and full of devotion to the cause—he rises in his seat—hear him.

"I have three thousand dollars in hard money; I will pledge my plate for three thousand more; I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which shall be sold for the

most it will bring. These are at the service of the state. If we succeed in defending our firesides and homes, I may be remunerated; if we do not, the property will be of no value to me. Our old friend Stark, who so nobly maintained the honour of our state at Bunker Hill, may safely be entrusted with the conduct of the enterprise, and we will check the progress of Burgoyne."

The pride of Stark half revolted at this partisan warfare, into which the raising of troops by the New Hampshire Assembly would thrust him; but the urgencies of the country left small space for punctilio, and he accepted the command of the forces thus raised, stipulating only that he should act entirely under the command of New Hampshire, should not be obliged to join the main army, but be allowed the defence of the New Hampshire Grants, as Vermont was then called. His stipulations were fully acceded to, and John Stark is once more in the field at the head of his enthusiastic followers. The militia flocked to his standard without delay, and he appears upon the grand scene so renowned in our history.

Arrived at Bennington, he is met by General Lincoln, with orders from General Schuyler to conduct his militia to the west bank of the Hudson. Stark stated the orders under which he acted, and the perils to which the people of Vermont would be exposed in the presence of a triumphant soldiery, unless he remained for their defence. He refused, under existing circumstances, to leave this portion of the country unprotected, and declared his intention to resist the progress of Burgoyne here, before he should make farther way into the country. This, at the time, was regarded as an infringement of military subordination, and was strongly reprehended; but subsequent events justified the decision of Stark, and Washington himself signified his approval.

Burgoyne, flushed with success and confident in the aid of the tories, who every where welcomed his approach,

and contributed to the support of his army, detached a party of six hundred men, under the command of Colonel Baum, to obtain a supply of stores and provisions known to have been collected at Bennington. General Stark became apprized of this circumstance, and that a party of Indians, tories, and British were within twelve miles of Bennington, and a much larger force, with artillery, and all finely accoutred, were rapidly on their way to Bennington.

On the 14th of August, Stark moved forward to the support of Colonel Gregg, who had been ordered to the defence of Bennington. He met the detachment in full retreat, and Stark instantly halted and prepared for action. A battle of little moment followed, making two upon the fourteenth. The next day was rainy, and each party was content to act mostly upon the defensive. Some skirmishing took place, and many of the Indian allies of the enemy began to desert. On the morning of the sixteenth, the crisis of the great battle of Bennington took place. It is not our design, in a limited sketch like this, to give the details of the engagement; suffice it to say, that the disposition of his forces, the order and skill with which Stark moved on with his ill-appointed soldiery in the face of the lavishly-appointed foe, infusing into them, by his own hardy enthusiasm, the bearing and the courage of veterans of the field—they mounted breastworks, often with neither sword nor bayonet—without artillery confronted the cannon's mouth—and, impelled by the hope of freedom and by devotion to their commander, accomplished the labour of disciplined troops.

Stark says—"The action lasted two hours, and was the hottest I ever knew. *It was like one continued* clap of thunder." It commenced at three o'clock—the day was excessively hot—and lasted, as we have seen, two hours, when a total rout of the enemy took place, and a hot pursuit, which lasted till dark, when Stark drew off his men, lest they should fire upon each other. On this occasion,

our forces captured seven hundred prisoners, four pieces of brass cannon, many hundred stand of arms, broadswords, drums, &c.

By this brilliant achievement Stark at once placed himself in the front rank of military leaders, and taught Congress to feel its obligations to the man they had injured. A vote of thanks immediately followed, although Stark did not condescend to report his victory; and he was at once reinstated in the American army as brigadier-general. Too true in his patriotism to hazard collisions of any kind that might interfere with the great cause so dear to his heart, Stark, after being farther reinforced—for such was his popularity the people thronged in crowds to put themselves under such a leader—moved forward to the headquarters of the army, at Behmus's Heights, under General Gates.

Subsequently, we find him in active service, raising recruits, vigilant in all occasions, and, as ever, doing brave service for his country, with little thought for himself. Stationed at West Point, he became one of the court-martial appointed for the trial of Major Andre. Painful as must have been the conviction, he fully concurred in the decision of that body, by which this most accomplished youth was sacrificed to the usages of war.

The final surrender of Cornwallis virtually closed the war, and Stark, impaired in health, and worn by a long life of hardship and warfare, returned once more to his farm. The veteran of two protracted wars, who had passed fifteen years in the field, lived to see that of 1812; making the three great eras in our national history. He was now full of years and honours. John Stark, the hero of Bennington, was sought and revered by the greatest in the nation, renowned as a patriot, idolized as a leader, and affectionately cherished by friends and neighbours; yet the hero of so many wars, the man foremost in danger and stoutest in peril, could count no scars, for he had

never been wounded. He had passed unscathed amid the "iron sleet," where he had been most prodigal of his presence, and not a weapon had taken effect upon this modern Achilles, who never showed a heel.

When the news reached him of the capitulation of General Hull, and the loss of the cannon which he had won at Bennington, "my guns," as he fondly called them, the old warrior, fired with indignation, started from his chair, eager for the rescue; but he was no longer for the armed host—

"Full seventy years he now had seen,
And scarce seven years of rest."

The battle rolled afar off, and he like the worn heroes of Ossian, could but lean upon his spear, and enjoy the repose of heroes. He lived to the age of ninety-four, the last but one survivor of the generals of the Revolution. His tomb is built upon the banks of the Merrimack, upon a rising ground commanding a view of a long reach of river and country. His monument is an obelisk of granite, (granite only should be the material to commemorate the great men of our Revolution:) the inscription simply—

MAJOR-GENERAL STARK.

We could wish it were less, and yet more than this,

JOHN STARK.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM MOULTRIE.

THE name of Moultrie is honourably associated with one of the earliest and best fought battles of the Revolution. It was under his eye and direction—the result of his skill and spirit—that a British fleet, hitherto deemed invincible, was dispersed, in shame and confusion, before one of the feeblest fortresses that was ever thrown up on the shores of America. A great victory in the south, following close upon that in the north, at the heights near Boston, fitly preluded that grand declaration of a nation's rights, which must always make 1776 famous in the annals of liberty. Were there nothing else in the life and career of William Moultrie, his gallant defence of the Palmetto fortress of Carolina, in the opening of the Revolution, against the combined land and sea forces of Great Britain, led by Sir Peter Parker, would render him honourably dear to all succeeding time. But he had other claims to the gratitude of his country, which we shall endeavour briefly to unfold.

William Moultrie came of a good Scotch ancestry. He was born in 1731. Of his early life we have few or no memorials. His education was respectable, and quite as good as it was in the power of the colony of South Carolina in that early day to afford. He soon won the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens; and we find him seeking a military reputation as a captain of volunteers against the Cherokee Indians, in 1761. He was now thirty years old, of hardy, vigorous frame, and a cool, determined, deliberate courage. His first campaign increased his military ardour, and taught him some of the best lessons of his art. It was a service at once arduous

and perilous. The Cherokees inhabited the mountain regions of South and North Carolina. The settled abodes of the Europeans were chiefly along the sea. But few settlements had been made in the vast forest region which lay between the mountains and the seaboard. The troops of the colony, seeking their wild adversaries in their native fastnesses, were compelled to traverse a dreary interval of waste, and to encounter a thousand privations. But the training was of vast benefit to the Carolinians in preparing them for the encounter with a more powerful foe. It was in this school that Moultrie was prepared for good service during the Revolution. Here, also, Marion, Pickens, and Huger, who afterwards distinguished themselves in defence of the national independence, were initiated into the first duties of the soldier. Marion was the lieutenant of Moultrie, on this expedition, which was conducted by Colonel Grant, of the British army, and Colonel Middleton, of the provincials. It was Marion who led the forlorn hope at the battle of Etchoe. Here, in one of their most difficult passes, the key to several of their towns, the Cherokees made their most formidable stand. They held the heights, and were ambushed in forests that seemed almost inaccessible. The forlorn hope suffered terribly at the first fire; but the Indians were beaten with considerable slaughter. Severe, indeed, was the punishment that followed. Their towns were burnt, their cornfields and granaries destroyed, and, in the destitution of their wretched women and children, they were compelled to sue for peace. In thus teaching the provincials to fight their own battles, the British were paving the way, unconsciously, to the independence of their colonies. Moultrie was one of those who profited by their lessons to their own cost. This first taste of war was grateful to his temper; and his conduct, in this campaign, naturally taught his countrymen where to look for valiant

service and good conduct whenever the exigencies of the state rendered military talent desirable.

It was not long before the popular presentiment counselled timely preparation for the necessity. The mother country was gradually drawing her vast and powerful folds around the infant liberties of the colonies. But they were not wanting to their inheritance of mind and freedom; nor so wholly feeble and deficient of resources, as the foreign ruler fancied them to be. They began to discover that, only *officered* by the British, they had, for some time past, been fighting their own battles, with their own men and money, against the French and Indians. This discovered, and it was easy to understand how they should use the sinews of their strength against *any* enemy. Besides, the burden of their struggles, thrown wholly upon themselves, it was quite as natural that a shrewd people should ask in what lay the advantage of their connection with a power which they knew only by exaction and monopoly. It needed but a conviction of their own strength, to see it fully exercised for their emancipation, as soon as it was fairly understood that the tie which bound the parties together was no longer equally profitable to both. This conviction was not yet reached by the provincials; but the unwise tyrannies of Britain were fast forcing it upon them. Inevitable in the end, in the progress of a few years, it was yet in the power of a prudent administration to have retarded the event which their cupidity contrived to hasten.

Suffering less than her sister colonies—something of a favourite, indeed, with the mother country—South Carolina was yet among the first to declare her independence. Her proceedings in this great national cause are to be read in her histories. It suffices here to say, that William Moultrie was one of those whom she called to her earliest councils in the day of her trouble. He was returned to

the provincial Congress, in 1775, from the parish of St. Helena. The acts of this Congress furnish an honourable record of the spirit and the wisdom of the time and people. The progress of events kept him active. Britain, rashly resolving to coerce rather than conciliate, the colonists began to look around them for weapons of defence. The South Carolinians were greatly deficient in supplies of this nature. But the king's stores were tolerably well provided, and Moultrie was one of a party of patriotic citizens to apply the wrench to bolt and bar, at midnight, when it became necessary to relieve the public arsenals of their hoarded arms and ammunition. The king's stores were disburdened, by this bold proceeding, of twelve hundred stand of arms, and some three thousand pounds of powder. "Fairly entered upon the business," says Moultrie himself, in his Memoirs, "we could not step back, and not brake open the magazines." The news of the battle of Lexington led to the organization of the militia as regular troops, and Moultrie was elected to the colonelcy of the second regiment of South Carolina. He designed the temporary flag of the colony, under whose folds its first victory was gained. This was a single field of blue, with a silver crescent in the dexter corner, the design suggested by the uniform of the state troops, which was blue, and by the silver ornament upon their caps. Two British sloops-of-war occupied the harbour of Charleston, and, daily, by their threats, kept the citizens in alarm, lest the town should be bombarded. It was necessary to curb this insolence; and Moultrie was despatched, under cover of a stormy night, with a select body of troops, and a few pieces of artillery, to Haddrill's Point, from which these vessels might be commanded. A rude breastwork was rapidly thrown up, the guns mounted, and, at daylight opening with long shot upon the enemy, they were compelled to haul off to a more respectful distance.

These were acts quite too decisive to suffer the colony

long to escape the vengeance of the mother country. It was soon understood that an expedition was preparing against the south. The wealth and supposed weakness of Charleston, seemed to invite assault; and the Carolinians began to provide against it. Moultrie, who had driven the sloops down the bay, by his fort on Haddrill's Point—who had taken possession of Fort Johnson, which the British had been compelled to abandon, in anticipation of his attack—upon whom, during the absence of Colonel Gadsden at Philadelphia, had devolved the charge of both the local regiments—and who was, even at this time, a member of the legislative council—in other words, a “council of safety,” to which all provincial measures, in the extremity of affairs, had been confided by the popular government—Moultrie was despatched to Sullivan's Island, to superintend the erection of temporary defences in that quarter. Sullivan's Island was regarded as the key to the harbour. Lying within point-blank shot of the channel, it was particularly susceptible of employment in retarding or harassing an enemy's fleet; and the difficulties of the bar, which was unfavourable to the passage of very large vessels of war, increased the value of the position, as a key to the entrance. Hither, accordingly, he proceeded early in March, 1776. The island, which is now occupied by a pleasing summer village, was then a wilderness, having in its bosom, upon the spot subsequently covered in great part by the fortress, a deep morass, which was sheltered by massive live-oaks, and by a dense covert of myrtle, sprinkled with palmetto trees. The palmettos were soon hewn down, and made to serve as the outer wall of the fortress, which was rendered dense and massive by sand and earth thrown into the spaces between the logs. These were fastened together, in alternate layers, rudely notched at the extremities, and secured by pegs of wood. Upon its density, and the soft porous character of the palmetto timber, which did not fracture

when wounded by shot, rather than the strength of the works, did the garrison rely for safety. It was at best a cover, rather than a shelter. The common opinion was, that a British frigate would knock it about the ears of the defenders in half an hour. To one who uttered this opinion in the ears of Moultrie, he answered, that he "could still fight the enemy, and prevent their landing, from behind the ruins." His coolness during all this time, and when all other persons were excited, led to suspicions of his energy. He was somewhat phlegmatic in his moods, and was thought to take things quite too easily. Indeed, it must be admitted that his good temper was sometimes too indulgent. He was not sufficiently the disciplinarian, and did not succeed in extorting and extracting from those about him, what they might have done, and what the emergency seems to have required. But his coolness and fortitude amply compensated for this deficiency, and had the happiest effect in inspiring his men with confidence. "General Lee thinks me quite too easy," says Moultrie himself, good-naturedly enough;—"for my part, I never was uneasy." In this respect he certainly was a philosopher. Charles Lee would have had the post abandoned without an effort. He had a profound faith in British frigates, to do any thing; and pronounced the fort on Sullivan's Island to be a mere slaughter-pen. To his exhortations that the place should be abandoned, Governor Rutledge opposed a steady refusal. He had asked Moultrie if he could defend it. The reply was affirmative. "General Lee wishes you to evacuate the fort. You will not do so without an order from me; I will sooner cut off my hand than write one." He knew Moultrie. Lee was particularly anxious, finding that he could not effect this object, that the means of retreat should be furnished for the garrison. Moultrie never gave himself any concern on this account; and this led to Lee's impatience with him. "I never was uneasy," says he, "at having no re-

treat, as I never imagined that the enemy could force me to this necessity. I always considered myself able to defend the post." Lee thought otherwise; and, even had the post been defensible, did not conceive Moultrie to be the man for such a trust. His phlegm and coolness annoyed the impetuous and restless spirit of this mercurial soldier. Moultrie says—"General Lee does not like my having command of this important post. He does not doubt my courage, but says I am 'too easy in command.'" A little of that calm of temper, which was so conspicuous in Moultrie, might have saved Lee himself from all his mortifications.

Moultrie's confidence in himself and companions was soon put to the heaviest test. The British fleet, more than fifty sail, vessels of war and transports, appeared before the bar. Some days were employed in effecting their entrance. At length, on the 28th day of June, 1776, the grim array, consisting of two fifty-gun ships, four frigates, and a number of smaller vessels, including a bomb ketch, called the *Thunder*, advanced to the assault. Their thunders soon opened upon the little fortress, to which they pressed forward, with flying vans, and all the pomp of streamers, as if rushing on to certain victory. The phlegm of Moultrie did not desert him in the slightest degree, at this fearful moment. That he was actually suffering from the gout, during the battle, did not lessen his enjoyment of it. With pipe in mouth, he coolly superintended the mixing of certain buckets of "grog,"—a mixture of Jamaica rum and water, with possibly a moderate infusion of molasses, by way of reconciling the beverage to every taste. He knew the necessity for some such cheering beverage for his men, at such a season, exposed as they were to the burning sun of a Carolina June, usually the hottest period of the year. The approach of the enemy occasioned no precipitation in his movements. Not a shot was prematurely discharged from the fort. Not a fuse lighted, until

it was very sure that every shot would tell. The moment was one of intense anxiety to all, seemingly, but himself. The wharves of the city, its steeples and housetops, were thronged with the inhabitants, doubtful of the conflict, and looking momentarily to the necessity of meeting the successful invader at the water's edge, in a last struggle for their homes. Moultrie was not without his emotions. He could see these anxious multitudes. It was the city of his love that he was commanded to defend, and his heart was full of the twofold convictions of duty and affection. But his was the courage which declares itself in a perfect self-possession. As soon as his cannon could be trained to bear, he gave the word for action, and thirty pieces, eighteens and twenty-fours, sent out their destructive missiles upon the advancing frigates of the enemy. These still continued on their way, until abreast of the fort, when, letting go their anchors, with springs on their cables, they poured forth their terrors in a broadside, which made the lowly fortress tremble to its foundations. Then it was discovered, for the first time, that riflemen could make the very best artillerists. Very brief had been the training of the troops of Carolina at the cannon; but every man was a marksman. Accustomed to the deadly aim of the rifle, they applied their skill to the larger implements of death. Dearly did the British frigates suffer from this peculiar training. Hot and heavy was the fire from the fort, and terrible the havoc that followed. There was no random firing that day. The officers themselves sighted the pieces ere the match was applied; and now might the slight form of Marion be seen, and now the more massive figure of Moultrie, as removing the pipes from their mouths, they ranged the grim outline of the twenty-fours, and despatched its winged missiles to the work of destruction. The Thunder bomb was soon in a condition to spout no more thunder. Her sides shattered, her beds disabled—she drifted out of the field of conflict, no longer an object

of fear or attention. Her shells had done but little injury. The morass which occupied a portion of the interior of the fortress, had received the greater number of them, and its moist ooze had kindly extinguished their burning matches. Few of them had burst within the enclosure, and these, fortunately, without effect. The attention of the garrison was given to more imposing game. The fifty-gun ships demanded their greatest consideration. "Mind the commodore!" was the cry that ran along the walls, and declared a proper sense of what was due to superior dignity. "Mind both the fifty-gun ships!" was the echo, which betrayed a desire for impartiality in the treatment of the strangers, for which, it is very sure, that neither of them was properly grateful. Never was such havoc wrought in British ships before. At one moment, the commodore swung round with her stern to the fort, drawing upon her the iron hail from every cannon which could be trained to bear. She paid dearly for the distinguished attention she received, and would have been destroyed, but for the scarcity of powder in the fortress. Despatches were sent to the city for a new supply, and in the midst of the action, Marion volunteered to obtain some from a small sloop which lay between Haddrill's and the fort. He succeeded in his quest; and five hundred pounds were sent from Charleston. But all this was inadequate to the work in hand. It was necessary to economize it well, to time every discharge, and to see that none was idly expended in the air. "Be cool, and do mischief," was the advice of Rutledge to Moultrie, accompanying the gunpowder. It was just the policy of our commander. His coolness, though quite annoying to the impetuous Lee, was quite as much so to the British commodore. Yet so deliberately was it necessary that they should use their cannon, that, at one moment, it was thought that the fort was silenced; but the shouts of the British crews, at this fond but delusive suggestion, were soon silenced in the

terrible answer, written in flame and iron, that came rushing and rending through the shattered sides of their vessels. At another moment, their united broadsides, striking the fort at the same instant, gave it such a tremor, that Moultrie himself was impressed with the fear that a few more such would bring it down about his ears. But his men were not troubled with this apprehension. They caught his infectious coolness, and, when a random shot, taking in its flight a coat which one of the soldiers had thrown aside, the more coolly to perform his task—they could turn from the foe in front, with a merry laughter, crying to one another to watch the progress of the coat, as it sped into a neighbouring tree. Their *sang froid* was by no means shared by their anxious brethren who beheld the progress of the battle from the distant city. These, as the guns of the fortress ceased to respond, except at long intervals, to the unceasing cannonade of the British, sunk into despondency; and their hearts utterly fell, when, smitten by a cannon ball, the crescent flag of Moultrie disappeared before their eyes. It fell without the fortress and upon the beach. It was not suffered to lie there; but, while the British shouted with new hopes of victory, and while their volleys still filled the air with missiles, Serjeant Jasper leaped over the battlements, and, in spite of their fire, proudly replanted the banner once more upon the ramparts. This was an incident—an achievement—to inspire confidence, and to warm every heart with exulting courage. And other examples, akin to this, were not wanting to this famous occasion. A brave fellow, named McDaniel, a serjeant also, was shattered by a shot that raked the embrasure at which he stood. He cried to his comrades as he was borne away from the platform—“I die, comrades, but you will fight on for liberty and our country.” And they did fight on. For nearly twelve hours did the strife continue—three hundred against thirty cannon—three thousand men against four hundred. The

battle began at ten o'clock in the day, and continued more or less violently while the day lasted. It did not close with the approach of darkness. It was then that the British commodore concentrated all his resources for a final effort. The cannonade, incessant as it had been, was now a continued volley of flame and thunder. Broadside after broadside tried the nerves of the little garrison; but, while they shook their slight bulwarks to the centre, failed to affect the brave defenders. Night came on, and still the battle lighted up the gloom. The British, loth to quit, still clung, like their own bulldog, to the enemy whom they could no longer hope to subdue. Their plans and hopes had equally failed them. They had made no impression on the fortress—they had slain but few of the garrison—their land forces had not succeeded in a design to cross a frith or arm of the sea, in order to take the fortress in the rear. Their failure in these objects implied, not only the utter defeat of their plans, but a terrible loss to them in *materiel* and *personnel*. Three vessels, the *Acteon*, the *Sphynx*, and *Syren*, that had been sent round to attack the western extremity of the fort—which was unfinished—had become entangled with a shoal, and ran foul of each other. The *Syren* and *Sphynx* succeeded in extricating themselves, but not till they had so severely suffered as to be put *hors de combat*; while the *Acteon* stuck fast, and was abandoned by her crew, and destroyed; but not before a detachment of the Carolinians had boarded her, and discharged her loaded cannon at her retreating consorts. It was half past nine o'clock, before the shouts of the garrison announced the withdrawal of the enemy's shipping from before the fortress, by which they had been so roughly handled. The fifty-gun ships had been the slaughter-pens. Never had been such a carnage in proportion to the number of persons engaged in ships of war before. The *Bristol* alone had forty men killed, and seventy-one wounded. The *Experiment* suffered in like

manner. The commodore himself lost an arm ; and Lord William Campbell, late governor of the province, was mortally wounded. Never was so great a victory obtained at so small a cost. The garrison lost but ten men slain, and twice that number wounded. The soft spongy wood which formed their walls, and which closed over the enemy's shot without splintering, and the morass in the interior of the fort, in which the shells buried themselves without exploding, were among the causes which contributed to their fortunate escape from harm. A few hours left only the *debris* of the British fleet in the harbour of Charleston. The assailants withdrew as soon as possible, without renewing the attack ; leaving the Carolinians to a long period of repose, which was due entirely to this gallant action. Lee, who would have foregone the opportunity entirely, received, as general of the army of the south, the thanks of Congress for an affair, the honours of which were chiefly due to Moultrie. But the latter was not left unhonoured. From that moment, he secured the lasting gratitude and affection of his countrymen. It will not be out of place, even in a biography so brief as this, to advert to some of the scenes, more mild and grateful in character, that followed this fearful conflict, and displayed to Moultrie, and his garrison, the feelings of those in whose behalf they had done such gallant service. The citizens crowded down to the island, the day after the battle. They had beheld its closing event, in the explosion of the *Acteon*,* and their impatience was no longer to be restrained. Each day brought new proofs to the brave garrison of the esteem in which they were held. The thanks of the governor ; the compliments of General Lee, who affirmed that “no men ever did, and it was impossible

* Moultrie thus describes the event in his *Memoirs*.—“She blew up, and from the explosion issued a grand pillar of smoke, which soon expanded itself at the top, and, to appearance, formed the figure of a palmetto tree. The ship immediately burst into a great blaze,” &c.

that any men ever could, behave better," were but natural ebullitions of justice, heightened in their value by the warm sympathies, and the tearful eyes of admiring beauty. One of the ladies of Charleston—Mrs. Barnard Elliott—a lady held in immemorial esteem, presented a pair of colours to the regiment, with a speech, in which she confidently invoked its courage to defend them, "as long as they can wave in the air of liberty." The promise was frankly made, and never were colours more honourably supported. Subsequently, planted by a storming party upon the British lines at Savannah, the ensign bearers, Lieutenants Bush and Hume, were both shot down; Lieutenant Gray, making an effort to carry them forward, shared the same fate. Serjeant Jasper, to whom Governor Rutledge gave a sword after the battle of Fort Moultrie, seizing one of the flags from the falling Hume, received his death wound also; but he bore away the precious ensign in safety. They were both subsequently lost at the surrender of Charleston, and are now among the innumerable trophies of British triumph in the Tower of London.

Moultrie received the thanks of Congress after Lee. The fort which he had so well defended, was called by his name, under legislative enactment. He rose, in spite of his easy disposition, in the estimation of General Lee, who proposed to him to lead an expedition against St. Augustine. Moultrie's brother held the place as a British loyalist. Lee apprehended that this might be a difficulty, and approached the subject with much hesitation and delicacy. Moultrie soon reassured him in this respect. "I told him that my brother being there, would be no objection with me." A severe sense of moral duty was, with him, by no means inconsistent with a good-natured and easy disposition. But there were other and more serious objections to the enterprise. There was no *materiel* for the service. Eight hundred men were necessary, and so many articles to be procured, which the poverty of the

colony could not furnish, that, without declining the duty, Moultrie showed himself disposed to waive it. "I told him I knew what it was to march an army through the wilderness. I had been warring against Indians. I had seen an army of three thousand men, in an enemy's country, reduced to a single day's provisions." These and other arguments arrested the expedition.

Moultrie, with his regiment, was now put on the continental establishment. He was transferred to the command of a body of North Carolinians, at Haddrill's Point. He was made a brigadier, and from this moment, is to be found contributing, by daily service, to the military interests of Carolina and Georgia. His duties were tedious and troublesome, rather than perilous or exhausting. The battle of Fort Moultrie afforded a three years respite to the state, from the trials and terrors of warfare. Occasional difficulties with the Indians and the loyalists, while they required vigilance, readiness, and a continual watch, did not frequently compel the Carolinians to buckle on their armour. The Cherokees were severely scourged by General Williamson, and a second invasion of the loyal territory of Florida was projected, but, owing to deficiency of resources, such as Moultrie had pointed out, resulted only in failure. The campaign of 1779 opened with a renewal of British hostilities against South Carolina. The fruit was now nearly ripe for the spoiler. General Lincoln, a brave and worthy gentleman, was sent to take charge of the army in Carolina. Moultrie, to whom it might have been quite as well to have confided this trust, with the commission of a major-general, if necessary, was stationed at Port Royal Island. Here he encountered a British force superior to his own, led by Major Gardner, whom he defeated in a sharp encounter, and drove from the island. The British suffered severely, and lost nearly all their officers. The troops of Moultrie, all of whom were militia, sustained but little loss. This attempt of the British, pre-

faced a more vigorous effort. Savannah had fallen into their hands the year before. From this point they prepared to penetrate Carolina in force. Lincoln, at the same time, passed into Georgia, with the view to diverting the enemy from his objects; and, if possible, of confining his operations to the sea-coast of Georgia only. One of his detached bodies, however, under General Ash, suffered a surprise, which greatly enfeebled his strength, and encouraged his opponent. General Prevost, the active commander of the British, aware of Lincoln's absence with the great body of the American force, in the interior, suddenly resolved upon throwing himself between him and the seaboard, and pressing forward to Charleston. His object was a *coup de main*. But Moultrie lay in his path with a thousand militia. He succeeded in retarding the advance which he could not resist, and thus gained time for the citizens to put themselves in trim for the reception of the foe. His despatches apprized Lincoln of the British enterprise, and summoned to his assistance Governor Rutledge, at the head of the country militia. Five large bodies of men were accordingly in motion at the same moment, all striving for the same point. The British, amounting to three thousand men, pressed rapidly upon the heels of Moultrie. One or two skirmishes, which took place between small parties, soon satisfied the latter that it would not be prudent, with his inferior force, wholly of militia, to attempt a stand short of Charleston. He had prepared to try the strength of the enemy at Tulifinall, but was discouraged by the result of a skirmish between his own and the British light troops. He has been censured for not having done so, and it has been suggested, that, in the frequent swamps and dense forests through which his progress lay, there were adequate covers and fastnesses, in which to baffle and arrest an enemy. But the routes were various. His opposition might have been turned, and the prize was quite too important—the safety of Charleston—to peril by

any rash confidence in the coolness and temper of an inexperienced militia. He reached Charleston but a little while before Prevost appeared in sight. He found the citizens in great consternation, and proceeded to reassure them, and put the town in a posture of defence. On the 11th of May, the advance of the British army crossed Ashley river. Their cavalry was encountered in a spirited skirmish by the legion of Count Pulaski. Unprepared for a siege, the hope of Prevost was in the vigour of a prompt assault. To meet this, the garrison stood to their arms all night. The next day the place was formally summoned. In the panic of the citizens, the proposition of surrender was really entertained. Fortunately, the negotiation was left to Moultrie. Prior to this, all things were in confusion. A question as to the proper authority arose in the minds of many. Orders were brought to the military, equally from the governor, the privy council, and the brigadier. Moultrie gave a proof of his decision at this moment. "Obey no orders from the privy council," was his stern command, as he rode along the lines. "It will never do," were his words to the governor and council, "we shall be ruined and undone, if we have so many commanders. It is absolutely necessary to choose one commander, and leave all military affairs to him." He was unanimously appointed to the station, and soon closed the negotiations with the enemy, by a stern and laconic answer, which silenced all the arguments of the timid. "We will fight it out!" The resolution was, in fact, victory! Prevost had no time for fighting. Lincoln was rapidly approaching with four thousand men; and, fearful of a foe so powerful in his rear, and with no longer a hope of effecting any thing by *coup de main*, the British general suddenly recrossed the Ashley in the night. He retired to James's Island, where he was watched closely by the Americans under Lincoln. An attempt made upon his entrenchments at Storo Ferry, in which Moultrie attempted

to co-operate, but failed to reach the field in due season, was creditable to the spirit of the American troops, but did not realize the wished-for consequences. It sufficed, however, with the vigilant watch maintained upon the British, to discourage their enterprise; and they gradually drew off, by way of the Sea Island, to their *point d'appui*, in Georgia. And thus ended the second expedition against the metropolis of Carolina.

In the whole anxious period in which the presence of the enemy was either felt or feared, Moultrie exhibited the cool, steadfast courage by which he was distinguished, with all the unremitted vigilance and activity which characterized the zeal of one having deeply at heart the great interests which are confided to his hands. Hitherto, he had successfully opposed himself to the progress of the enemy;—but the fortune of war was about to change. Baffled twice in their attempts upon Charleston, the British prepared themselves, with all their energies, for a third effort. The absolute possession of Georgia, and the melancholy failure of the united forces of France and America against the British garrison at Savannah, greatly encouraged the undertaking. The southern army was seriously diminished in consequence of this latter misfortune; and neither in the munitions of war, nor in the number of troops, was Carolina prepared to resist the powerful armament which Sir Henry Clinton brought against her metropolis. On the 11th of February, 1780, the British force, amounting to more than ten thousand men, were within thirty miles of Charleston. Their fleet, availing themselves of favourable winds and tides, hurried past Fort Moultrie without repeating the error of Sir Peter Parker, in stopping to engage it. Their ships suffered considerably from its fire, and one was destroyed, but the mischief done was not such as to embarrass or retard their progress. The British army, occupying a neck of land, lying above the city, and between the rivers Ashley and Cooper, opened

their batteries on the 12th of April. To oppose their formidable armament, the Charlestonians could bring into the field but five thousand men. The approach of summer, with the appearance of small-pox in the capital, effectually discouraged the militia of the interior from hastening to the defence. The garrison was accordingly composed wholly of citizen militia, including a force of less than a thousand men from Virginia and North Carolina. Lincoln was still first in command; Moultrie second, but enjoying, perhaps, something more than a secondary influence. Sir Henry Clinton was a slow and cautious commander. The fortifications of Charleston were field-works only. A force so powerful as that of the British should have overrun them in a single night. Yet the siege continued for six weeks. The city was finally reduced by famine; but not until the works were completely overawed by the besiegers, and their artillery rendered almost useless. General Moultrie was conspicuously active during the siege. Philip Neyle, one of his aids, was slain; and he lost a brother, Thomas Moultrie, the only victim in one of the most successful sorties which were made by the garrison. He himself had a narrow escape on one occasion, having just left his bed, when it was traversed and torn asunder by a cannon shot. This was not his only escape. His coolness and phlegm did not desert him, as he walked the ramparts, or passed from them to the city, not heeding the covered way, though the route which he took was one which was completely commanded by the bullets of the Hessian yagers. It was thought miraculous that he should have escaped their aim.

After the city had been surrendered, the prisoners of war were commanded to deliver their arms at a certain depot, where a considerable quantity of gunpowder had also been accumulated. They were received by a British guard of fifty men, stationed in the building. This humiliating necessity, always calculated to mortify a brave

people, produced in the Charlestonians a certain degree of recklessness. Their muskets were frequently charged to the muzzle with their remaining cartridges, and flung indifferently into a promiscuous heap. The consequence was an explosion. The powder was fired, and the building thrown into the air, destroying the entire guard of fifty men, at a single blow. Their dismembered fragments were found far from the scene of explosion. One poor wretch was flung with such violence against the steeple of a neighbouring church as to impress it distinctly with the bloody outlines of his mangled carcass. The neighbouring houses were thrown down in the earthquake that followed, or set on fire by the rising flames. As the fire spread on every side, another of the magazines became endangered, and produced general consternation. The British troops regarding these events as the result of design on the part of the citizens, turned out tumultuously; and Moultrie himself was arrested by a Hessian officer, who charged the treachery upon him. Seized and put in close confinement, he might have incurred the worst peril from the suspicions of the ignorant Hessians, but that he contrived to convey to the British general (Leslie) an account of his predicament, and he immediately ordered his release. Of Moultrie's coolness at this juncture, an anecdote remains which is worth telling. While the alarm was wildest, he met a British officer, who asked him what quantity of powder was in the magazine supposed to be endangered. When answered that there were ten thousand pounds, he exclaimed—"Sir, if it takes fire, it will blow your town to hell!" "It will certainly make a hell of a blast," was the reply of Moultrie, in a similar spirit, and continuing his walk. The *blow* and *blast* were equally spared to the terrified city. The flames were extinguished, the magazine saved, and the powder preserved for mischief of another sort.

Moultrie remained a captive for two years in the hands

of the British. They were prepared to take him more nearly to their affections. They knew his *value*, and were disposed to secure his support for the crown; but they made one mistake, in not having duly known his *worth*. Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour's written proposals to his son are still on record. He writes thus—"Mr. Moultrie, your father's character and your own have been represented to me in such a light that I wish to serve you both. What I have to say, I will sum up in few words. I wish you to propose to your father to relinquish the cause he is now engaged in, which he may do without the least dishonour to himself. He has only to enclose his commission to the first general (General Greene, for instance)—the command will devolve on the next officer. This is often done in our service. Any officer may resign his commission in the field, if he chooses. If your father will do this, he may rely on me. He shall have his estate restored, and all damages paid. I believe you are the only heir of your father. For you, sir, if he continues firm, I shall never ask you to bear arms against him. These favours, you may depend, I shall be able to obtain from my Lord Cornwallis. You may rely upon my honour—this matter shall never be divulged by me."

Young Moultrie was fashioned in the same mould with his sire. The process described as so innocent by Balfour—"as easy as lying," in the words of Hamlet—was but little to his taste. He at once declined the dishonourable service, saying, that he should convey no such proposal to his father, whom, he was very sure, would never listen to it. But the arch-enemy was not to be so easily baffled. The attempt was renewed through another medium. Lord Charles Montague—formerly a governor of the province—was the personal friend of Moultrie. They had served together on the provincial establishment; and frequent intercourse, and a real esteem, had cemented their intimacy into friendship. The British authorities

determined to avail themselves of this medium to dishonour both the parties. Montague, after requesting an interview with Moultrie, which seems to have been declined, writes him thus. We make extracts from his letter only.

“You have now fought bravely in the cause of your country for many years, and, in my opinion, have fulfilled the duty which every individual owes to it. You have had your share of hardship and difficulties; and if the contest is still to be continued, younger hands should now take the toil from yours. You have now a fair opening for quitting that service with honour and reputation to yourself, by going to Jamaica with me. The world will readily attribute it to the known friendship that has subsisted between us; and by quitting this country for a short time, you would avoid any disagreeable conversations, and might return at leisure, to take possession of your estates and family.”¹

In proof of his sincerity, Montague offers to yield to Moultrie the command of his regiment, and serve under him. He appeals to him by his old friendship—by their long and pleasant intimacy—and by the great importance, to both nations, of conciliation and peace. But the very earnestness of his appeal, betrays his own doubts of his success. Moultrie acquits him of having voluntarily conceived the application. His answer, from which we extract passages only, is full of the mild majesty of an indignation sobered by a contempt of the occasion which provokes it.

“I flattered myself that I stood in a more favourable light with you. . . . You are pleased to compliment me with having fought bravely in my country’s cause. . . . In your opinion, I have fulfilled the duty that every individual owes it. . . . I differ very widely from you in thinking that I have discharged my duty to my country, while it is still deluged with

blood, and overrun by British troops, who exercise the most savage cruelties. . . . When I entered into this contest I did it after the most mature deliberation, and with a determined resolution to risk life and fortune in the cause. The hardships I have gone through, I look back upon with the greatest pleasure and honour to myself. I shall continue as I have begun; that my example may encourage the youth of America to stand forth in defence of their rights and liberties. You tell me I have a fair opening for quitting that service with honour and reputation, by going with you to Jamaica. Good God! is it possible that such an idea can arise in the breast of a man of honour! I am sorry you should imagine I have so little regard for reputation as to listen to such dishonourable proposals. Would you wish to have the man whom you have honoured with your friendship play the traitor? Surely not! You say that, by quitting this country for a short time, I might avoid disagreeable conversations; and that I might return at my leisure, and take possession of my estates, for myself and family! *But you have forgot to tell me how I am to get rid of the feelings of an injured and honest heart—and where I am to hide myself from myself!* Could I be guilty of so much baseness, I should hate myself, and shun mankind. *This would be a fatal exchange for my present situation—with an easy and approving conscience—having done my duty, and conducted myself as a man of honour.* . . . I wish for a reconciliation as much as any man, but only upon honourable terms. The repossessing my estates—the offer of your regiment—the honour you propose of serving under me—are paltry considerations, to the loss of my reputation. No! not the fee-simple of all Jamaica should induce me to part with my integrity. . . . My Lord, as you have made one proposal, give me leave to make another, which will be more honourable to us both. . . . I would have you propose the withdrawing of the British

troops from the continent of America, allow its independence, and propose a peace. This done, I will use all my interest to accept the terms, and allow Great Britain a free trade with America.”

This performance, equally unaffected, unstudied, and noble, deserves to be kept on record. It shows the most sterling stuff for a national character. It is worthy of the best patriotism of our country. It silenced the tempter. It showed not only a virtue above temptation, but an intelligence which no subtlety could deceive. Moultrie was not to be lured to Jamaica by the suggestion that he should not, in this way, be serving the British cause against his countrymen. For every tenderly-conscienced American whom this plausible suggestion seduced from his duty, an English soldier was relieved of service in the West Indies, to fight against America at her own firesides.

The two years that Moultrie remained in captivity, were very far from being years of idleness and repose. He was busy in a constant warfare with the British authorities, in urging justice for the prisoners, and for the people of the country; in vigilantly keeping the enemy to the terms of the capitulation, and in remonstrating against the repeated violation of the guaranties. His correspondence, preserved in his “Memoirs,” is singularly voluminous and valuable. These “Memoirs,” in two octavos, form one of the most interesting and useful bodies of historical material. He preserved his papers with remarkable care, and notes events with singular circumspection and accuracy. He is not a practised writer; but he is clear, frank, unaffected; and his pages are interspersed with frequent instances of a quiet humour, which make his recitals cheerful and attractive.

By the terms of a cartel made on the 3d May, 1781, Moultrie was suffered to go to Philadelphia. An exchange of the prisoners taken with Burgoyne, occasioned his final release from captivity; but this event did not take

place, nor was his parole cancelled, until the close of February, 1782. He was promoted by Congress to the rank of major-general; but the day of active service and farther distinction was gone by. While Moultrie remained a prisoner, the most exciting events in the war were in progress. Gates had been defeated at Camden; Greene had succeeded to the command. The battles of Hobkirk, King's Mountain, Cowpens, Guilford, had taken place; and nothing remained of the conflict, but the closing scenes; the two armies, exhausted combatants, sullenly gazing on each other, with unsubdued ferocity, but without the vigour to renew the combat. A single extract from the "Memoirs" of our veteran will not only afford us a just picture of this condition of the two armies, and of the field of struggle, but will show Moultrie's manner as a writer. He prepares to visit the camps of Generals Greene and Marion, and leaves Winyah late in September. "It was the most dull, melancholy, and dreary ride that any one could possibly take, of about one hundred miles, through the woods of that country which I had been accustomed to see abound with live-stock and wild fowl of every kind. It was now destitute of all. It had been so completely chequered by the different parties, that not one part of it had been left unexplored. Consequently, not a vestige of horses, cattle, hogs, or deer, was to be found. The squirrels, and birds of every kind, were totally destroyed. The dragoons told me that, on their scouts, no living creature was to be seen; except now and then a few camp scavengers, (turkey buzzards,) picking the bones of some unfortunate fellows, who had been shot or cut down, and left in the woods above ground. In my visit to General Greene's camp, as there was some danger from the enemy, I made a circuitous route to General Marion's camp, then on Santee river, to get an escort; which he gave me, of twenty infantry and twenty cavalry. These, with the volunteers that attended me from George-

town, made us pretty strong. On my way from General Marion's to General Greene's camp, my plantation was in the direct road, where I called and stayed a night. On entering the place, as soon as the negroes discovered that I was of the party, there was immediately a general alarm, and an outcry through the plantation, that '*Maussa was come! Maussa was come!*' and they were running from every part with great joy to see me. I stood in the piazza to receive them. They gazed at me with astonishment, and every one came and took me by the hand, saying, 'God bless you, Maussa! we glad for see you, Maussa,' and every now and then some one or other would come out with a 'Ky!'^{*} and the old Africans joined in a war song in their own language, of 'Welcome the warrior home!' It was an affecting meeting between the slaves and their master. The tears stole from my eyes and ran down my cheeks. A number of gentlemen who were with me at the time, could not help being affected by the scene. I then possessed about two hundred slaves, and not one of them left me during the war, although they had great offers—nay, some were carried down to work on the British lines; yet they always contrived to make their escape and return home. My plantation I found to be a desolate place; stock of every kind taken off; the furniture carried away. My estate had been under sequestration. The next day we arrived at General Greene's camp," &c.

The *bonhommie* of this narrative is delightful. It shows something of that amiable character, which curiously contrasted, in Moultrie, with his firmness of purpose, and inflexible decision. On the 14th December, 1782, the British evacuated Charleston, and the American army under Greene, resumed possession of it. Moultrie was necessarily conspicuous in the triumphant procession. His feel-

* "Ky!" An African interjection, showing a delighted astonishment, equivalent to "Is it possible?—can the good news be really true?"—*Editor.*

ings may be conjectured. He returned to the native city for which he had so frequently fought, now in the smiles, and now under the frowns of fortune. "It was a proud day to me," he exclaims, in the fulness of his heart; "and I felt myself much elated at seeing the balconies, the doors and windows, crowded with the patriotic fair, the aged citizens and others, congratulating us on our return home, saying, 'God bless you, gentlemen—God bless you!—You are welcome home!'"

The close of the revolutionary war did not close the public career of Moultrie. The establishment of a new government—that of a republican state—afforded a grateful opportunity to his countrymen, of which they promptly availed themselves, to acknowledge his great and patriotic service. In 1785, he was raised to the gubernatorial chair of South Carolina, being the third person to whom this honour had been accorded. During his administration, the town of Columbia was laid out for the seat of government. In 1794, he was a second time elected to this office, the duties of which he fulfilled with honour and to the satisfaction of all parties. His career, henceforward, to the close of his life, was one of uninterrupted and honourable repose. Slander never presumed to smutch his garments. Of a calm, equable temper, great good sense, a firm undaunted spirit, a kind heart, and easy indulgent moods, he was beloved by his personal associates, and revered by all. His character is one of those of which his career will sufficiently speak. He lived beyond the appointed limits of human life—dying on the 27th September, 1805, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His name, deeds, and virtues, constitute a noble portion of American character, to which we may point the attention of our sons, with a sure confidence in the excellence of his example.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH REED.

WHEN Washington went into winter-quarters, after the victories of Trenton and Princeton had brought the campaign of 1776 to a close so unexpectedly successful, his thoughts were employed in maturing new plans of military organization, and in obtaining the aid of able associates in the service of the country. More than a year's experience as commander-in-chief, and the disasters as well as the success of the last campaign, had shown him not only the necessities of the service, but the characters and qualifications of men who had been his companions in the councils and conduct of the war. Besides the appointment of additional general officers, a subject which he had greatly at heart was to give increased efficiency to the cavalry service of the army. The necessity for this was strongly felt. The nature of the country, and the manner in which the war was carried on were calculated to give to cavalry service many an opportunity of contributing to the success of the American cause. Well convinced of this, and strengthened in his conviction by the fresh experience of his campaign in the Jerseys, Washington wrote to Congress, on the 22d of January, 1777:—"I beg leave to recommend Colonel Reed for the command of the horse as a person, in my opinion, in every way qualified; for he is extremely active and enterprising, many signal proofs of which he has given this campaign."

In the month of May, 1777, Joseph Reed, of Pennsylvania, was elected by Congress a brigadier in the continental army, and shortly afterwards a resolution was adopted empowering the commander-in-chief to give the

command of the light-horse to one of the generals already appointed. It was in anticipation of such a letter that Washington had said in a private letter :—"If Congress have it not in contemplation to appoint a general of horse, but leave it to me to assign one of the brigadiers already appointed to that command, I shall assuredly place General Reed there, as it is agreeable to my own recommendation and original design." On the day on which Washington received the resolution of Congress, he wrote to General Reed an official letter, assigning to him the command of the cavalry, and in a private letter to him, he added :—"I sincerely wish that you may accept the appointment of Congress and the post I am desirous of placing you in, and must beg to be favoured with an answer immediately on the subject, as the service will not admit of delay. A general officer in that department would not only take off a great deal of trouble from me, but be a means of bringing the regiments into order and service with much more facility than it is in my power, divided as they are, possibly to do."

Such was the distinguished mark of Washington's military and personal confidence in Reed's character as a patriot soldier, and it will accord with the plan of these volumes to show how that confidence had been won, and how it was sustained by the valour and soldierly ability which Reed displayed in subsequent campaigns—to trace their friendship and their companionship in arms.

The story of Reed's military career is in all respects illustrative of a revolutionary period of history. The preparation and aims of his life were purely civil ; the whole course of his education was for a peaceful profession, and when he became a soldier, it was not with any purpose of giving himself up to a new vocation, but because the necessities of a revolution placed him for a time in a new sphere of duties. Civil pursuits were laid aside but not abandoned. At his country's call the unexpected respon-

sibilities of military rank were cheerfully undertaken, without a thought however of entering permanently upon the profession of arms, and without a solicitude for military promotion. His connection with the army of the Revolution had its immediate origin in the personal friendship of Washington, at whose solicitation he accepted the several military appointments which were conferred upon him, and with whom he afterwards continued to serve as a volunteer.

JOSEPH REED was born at Trenton, in New Jersey, on the 27th of August, 1742. Having received a liberal and sound education, he prepared himself for professional usefulness by a thorough course of law-studies, which he completed at the Temple, in London. With the prospects of peaceful pursuits in civil life, he settled in the city of Philadelphia, where he devoted his talents and industry successfully to the practice of his profession. With the progress of political affairs he was at the same time actively conversant, and was among the most strenuous in the province of Pennsylvania in opposing the obnoxious measures of the ministry and the parliament, and in asserting the justice of the colonial cause. His anticipations of the results of the contest between the mother-country and the colonies were at an early period clear and decided. Studious of the course of events, and foreseeing their consequences, he forewarned wherever he thought the warning might prove availing, either to deter the oppressor or to animate resistance.

It was as early as the summer of 1774, and to a minister of the crown, that he wrote :—"A few days ago we were alarmed with a report that General Gage had cannonaded the town of Boston. So general a resentment, amounting even to fury, appeared everywhere, that I firmly believe, if it had not been contradicted, thousands would have gone at their own expense, to have joined in the revenge. I believe, had the news proved true, an

army of forty thousand men, well provided with every thing except cannon, would before this have been on its march to Boston. From these appearances, and the decided language of all ranks of people, I am convinced, my lord, that if blood be once spilled we shall be involved in all the horrors of a civil war. Unacquainted either from history or experience with the calamities incident to such a state, with minds full of resentment at the severity of the mother-country, and stung with the contempt with which their petitions have always been received, the Americans are determined to risk all the consequences. I am fully satisfied, my lord, and so I think must every man be, whose views are not limited to the narrow bounds of a single province, that America never can be governed by force ; so daring a spirit as animates her will require a greater power than Great Britain can spare, and it will be one continued conflict till depopulation and destruction follow your victories, or the colonies establish themselves in some sort of independence."

Such was the bold and manly description which the young American gave of the indomitable spirit of his countrymen—such was the plain language which the colonist in private life addressed to the minister who stood beside the British throne—such was the unavailing warning more than half a year before blood was spilled on the first battle-field of the American Revolution. Writing at the same time to a friend in London, Mr. Reed said:—"In my opinion, the first drop of blood spilled in America will occasion a total suspension of all commerce and connection. We are indeed on the melancholy verge of civil war. United as one man, and breathing a spirit of the most animating kind, the colonies are resolved to risk the consequences of opposition to the late edicts of parliament. All ranks of people, from the highest to the lowest, speak the same language, and, I believe, will act the same part. I know of no power in this country that

can protect an opposer of the public voice and conduct. A spirit and resolution is manifested which would not have disgraced the Romans in their best days."

It was to his friend and fellow-patriot, Josiah Quincy, that Reed wrote: "All now is union and firmness; and I trust we shall exhibit such a proof of public virtue and enlightened zeal in the most glorious of all causes, as will hand down the present age with the most illustrious characters of antiquity. * * * England must see that opposition to parliamentary tyranny is not local or partial. I congratulate you, my dear sir, upon the rising glory of America. Our operations have been almost too slow for the accumulated sufferings of Boston. Should this bloodless war fail of its effect, a great majority of the colonies will make the last appeal, before they resign their liberties into the hands of any ministerial tyrant."

How true and earnest a sympathy dwelt in the hearts of the men of those times, and how solemn were their forebodings and their hopes, may be seen in the impressive response of Quincy, whose words sound with a deeper awe, proving as they did almost the last utterance of the dying patriot.

"I look to my countrymen with the feelings of one who verily believes they must yet seal their faith and constancy with their blood. This is a distressing witness indeed. But hath not this ever been the lot of humanity? Hath not blood and treasure in all ages been the price of civil liberty? Can Americans hope a reversal of the laws of our nature, and that the best of blessings will be obtained and secured without the sharpest trials? Adieu, my friend, my heart is with you, and whenever my countrymen command, my person shall be also."

When Washington came to Philadelphia as a delegate from Virginia to the first continental Congress, there appears to have grown up during his abode there an intimacy between him and Joseph Reed, and it was in the

sympathies and conferences of those times that the foundation was laid of a confidential friendship which was strengthened by the union of counsels and efforts in the most anxious hours of the Revolution. When by virtue of his appointment as commander-in-chief, Washington proceeded to the seat of war, he was accompanied by several of his personal friends. Among them Mr. Reed found himself attracted to the camp at Cambridge and Washington's head-quarters by the joint motives of private friendship and public zeal. It was unexpected news to his family and the friends he had left in the quiet homes where the war had not yet reached, when intelligence was brought that he had accepted from Washington the appointment of his military secretary. This unpremeditated and unlooked-for step was the beginning of a military career which made Joseph Reed one of the generals in the war of American independence. It was probably with no thought of changing civil for military life that he had left his home, but in reply to some friendly remonstrance against the step he had taken, he wrote: "I have no inclination to be hanged for half-treason. When a subject draws his sword against his prince he must cut his way through, if he means afterwards to sit down in safety. I have taken too active a part in what may be called the civil part of opposition to renounce without disgrace the public cause when it seems to lead to danger, and have a most sovereign contempt for the man who can plan measures he has not spirit to execute."

Mr. Reed was thus brought into relations of constant and domestic intimacy with Washington. He was a member of his family, and the duties of the secretaryship were such as not only to lead to intercourse of a most confidential nature, but to enable the secretary to give valuable assistance to the commander-in-chief amid the manifold and perplexing cares of his station. The office was also important as giving Mr. Reed a kind of military

apprenticeship, and of bringing into exercise the talents and energies which he possessed for a soldier's life. It was in this first service, and in such close connection with Washington that he learned a soldier's duties, and acquired apparently that taste for a soldier's life, which during an important part of the war led him away from civil into military service. When the pressure of public and private business made it necessary for Reed to return for a season to Philadelphia, the value of his services and the strength of Washington's affection for him are best shown by the extended and confidential correspondence which was maintained between them. To no one did Washington more freely unbosom himself in his most anxious hours—from no one did he more freely invite unreserved and candid counsel. It has been remarked that Washington wrote to his first secretary with an openness, a carelessness, a familiarity, and a jocularly of tone which he seems never to have used to any other person, and which places his character almost in a new light.

In the early part of 1776, the office of adjutant-general became vacant by the promotion of General Gates, and Washington's mind immediately turned to his favourite secretary as his choice for this important and difficult post. During a visit to Philadelphia he held a personal conference with Congress, and, at his recommendation, Joseph Reed was elected adjutant-general of the continental army. Thus it is that in periods of revolutionary changes, men become soldiers almost unawares. The appointment, sudden and unsolicited, gave a new direction to Reed's life. The manly affection with which he communicated it to his wife is at once characteristic of the man and of the times.

“You will be surprised,” he wrote to her, “but I hope not dejected, when I tell you that a great revolution has happened in my prospects and views. Yesterday the general sent for me, and in a very obliging manner

pressed me to accept the office of adjutant-general, which General Gates lately filled. The proposal was new and surprising, so that I requested till this day to consider of it. I objected my want of military knowledge, but several members of Congress and the general treated it so lightly, and in short said so many things, that I have consented to go. The appointments of the office will help to support us till these calamitous times are at an end. Besides, this post is honourable, and if the issue is favourable to America, must put me on a respectable scale. Should it be otherwise, I have done enough to expose myself to ruin. I have endeavoured to act for the best, and hope you will think so.”

In a few days after his appointment, Colonel Reed joined the army and entered on his new duties. The adjutant-generalship of even a well-disciplined and veteran army is a post of high responsibility and of arduous labours. The toils and responsibilities of the office were greatly aggravated in an army like the continental army, composed not only of raw and untrained troops, but of elements in all respects heterogeneous. The task of discipline was most discouraging, but the share of it which belonged to the adjutant-general was executed with a vigilance and energy which justified Washington's choice; and when the office was resigned, Reed was entitled to say to Congress: “I have the satisfaction of reflecting that, during my continuance in office, the army never was surprised, (for Long Island was a separate command, and I was not there till I accompanied the general,) that I never was absent one hour from duty during the whole summer, fall, and winter, till sent to stir up the militia of Jersey.”

It belongs to history or to more elaborate biography than a work like this, to trace the course of the campaign in New York and New Jersey, and the services of the general and staff officers who shared in it with Washington.

It will be appropriate here rather to notice some of the interesting incidents connected with the history of that period, especially those in which the subject of this notice bore a part.

When Lord Howe arrived in America, as the British commander-in-chief and commissioner, it is well known that at the outset difficulties in the way of the proposed negotiation arose from the reluctance to recognise in any way the official rank and title of the American commander-in-chief. To Reed, as adjutant-general, was intrusted the conduct of the first interview. It took place on the 14th of July, about half-way between Governor's Island and Staten Island, where the boats met. The particulars are thus given by Colonel Reed:

“After I had written my letter to you, a flag came in from Lord Howe. The general officers advised the general not to receive any letter directed to him as a private gentleman. I was sent down to meet the flag. A gentleman, an officer of the navy, met us, and said he had a letter from Lord Howe to Mr. Washington. I told him we knew no such person in the army. He then took out a letter directed to George Washington, Esquire, and offered it to me. I told him I could not receive a letter to the general under such a direction. Upon which he expressed much concern; said the letter was rather of a civil than military nature; that Lord Howe regretted he had not come sooner; that he had great powers, and it was much to be wished the letter could be received. I told him I could not receive it consistently with my duty. Here we parted. After he had gone some distance he put about, and we again met him. He then asked me under what title General—but catching himself—Mr. Washington chose to be addressed. I told him the general's station in the army was well known; that they could be at no loss; that this matter had been discussed last summer, of which I supposed the admiral could not be ignorant.

He then expressed his sorrow at the disappointment, and here we parted. I cannot help thinking but that we shall have a renewal of it to-day, or a communication of the business in some other way. For though I have no hopes that the letter contains any terms to which we can accede, or, in short, any thing more than a summons of submission, yet the curiosity of the people is so great, and if it is, as may be supposed, couched in strong and debasing terms, it would animate the army exceedingly to do their duty."

Reed's first service in battle was at the time of the series of engagements on Long Island, at the close of the month of August, 1776. He accompanied Washington when he crossed over from New York to Brooklyn, and remained on Long Island till the embarkation of the whole American forces was effected, and the troops landed in New York. Disastrous as had been the result of the battle of Long Island, it was the first time in the war that American soldiers had met the enemy in the field, and it had in some measure given proof of their ability to encounter a disciplined army in open conflict. The heavy loss upon Long Island had however dispirited the troops, and this became evident in the disorderly flight, which Washington witnessed with so much indignation, when the advance guards of the British army landed on New York Island. The engagement that unexpectedly occurred on the 17th of September, had a happy effect in restoring the confidence of the American soldiers, and proving their strength. It was indeed their first successful encounter in open field. Colonel Reed was so fortunate as to participate in it. Speaking of it, he said:—"It hardly deserves the name of a battle; but as it was a scene so different from what had happened the day before, it elevated the spirits of our troops, and in that respect has been of great service." A report was brought to head-quarters that the enemy was advancing in three

large columns. The frequency of false alarms of the kind causing some distrust, the adjutant-general went down to the most advanced post, and while conversing with the officer of the guard, the enemy's advance appeared and gave their fire, at the distance of about fifty yards. The fire was returned, and the men held their ground, until being overpowered with numbers they were forced to retire,—the enemy continuing to advance rapidly. The British bugles were sounded, as in a fox-chase, as an insult to their retreating foe. The adjutant-general hastened to head-quarters to obtain Washington's orders for a proper support to the guards that had been driven in, and returned, in company with Putnam and Greene, with a detachment of Virginians, commanded by Major Leitch. These were joined by a party of Connecticut troops, led by Colonel Knowlton. "In a few minutes," as Reed described it, "our brave fellows mounted up the rocks, and attacked the enemy with great spirit, and pressing on with great ardour, the enemy gave way, and left us the ground, which was strewn pretty thick with dead, chiefly the enemy, though it since turns out that our loss is also considerable. The pursuit of a flying enemy was so new a scene that it was with difficulty our men could be brought to retreat, which they did in very good order. You can hardly conceive the change it has made in our army. The men have recovered their spirits, and feel a confidence which before they had quite lost." This advantage was not gained, however, without the loss of Knowlton and Leitch, who both fell mortally wounded. "Our greatest loss," said Reed, "is poor Knowlton, whose name and spirit ought to be immortal. I assisted him off, and when gasping in the agonies of death, all his inquiry was, if we had driven the enemy."

Reed continued to share with Washington the cares and dangers of the campaign of 1776, and remained with

him until he was despatched, during the retreat through New Jersey, to use his influence with the legislature of that state to raise more troops. It was at that time that he proceeded to carry into effect the intention which he had already communicated to Washington, of resigning the commission of adjutant-general. Believing that the active operations of the campaign were over, and that both armies were about to go into winter-quarters, Col. Reed sent his commission in a letter to the president of Congress. At midnight of the same day he received an express from Washington, informing him that the enemy, encouraged by the broken state of the American army, had changed their plan, and were advancing rapidly towards the Delaware. On receiving this intelligence, he instantly despatched a messenger to recall his resignation. The messenger reached Philadelphia before the session of Congress was opened for the day, and returned with the commission, with which Reed rejoined Washington at Trenton. After a few days he was ordered by the commander-in-chief, as the bearer of a special message to Congress, to urge the necessity of hastening on the reinforcements to the army, now alarmingly diminished. This appeal brought out a body of Pennsylvania militia, which were posted under the command of General Cadwalader, at Bristol, where the adjutant-general was sent by Washington to assist in organizing these new levies. His knowledge of the country and acquaintance with the inhabitants, enabled him also to render important service, by obtaining accurate information for Washington respecting the movements of the enemy. During the campaign Reed appears to have been the earnest advocate of offensive operations, wherever there was a reasonable prospect of success. This was characteristic of a spirit that appears to have been full of enterprise and energy, and of an ardent and somewhat impetuous temper ; he thought, too, that the state of the American cause left no choice

but to run the risk of striking a bold and decisive blow. "The militia," he argued, "must be taken before their spirits and patience are exhausted; and the scattered, divided state of the enemy affords us a fair opportunity of trying what our men will do when called to an offensive attack." His great solicitude at this time especially was for resuming offensive operations, and it was from Bristol, on the 22d of December, he wrote to Washington: "Will it not be possible, my dear general, for your troops, or such part of them as can act with advantage, to make a diversion or something more, at or about Trenton? The greater the alarm, the more likely will success attend the attacks. If we could possess ourselves again of New Jersey, or any considerable part of it, the effects would be greater than if we had never left it."

It was with the frankness of a true friendship, and with confidence in the wisdom and good feeling of Washington, that Reed added: "Allow me to hope that you will consult your own good judgment and spirit, and not let the goodness of your heart subject you to the influence of opinions from men in every respect your inferiors." On the same day that this letter was written to urge a movement which, perhaps, was already in contemplation at headquarters, Washington sent for Reed, and communicated to him the outlines of a plan of attack on the Hessians at Trenton. The adjutant-general was then sent to assist in the command of an attack to be made simultaneously on the Hessians under Count Donop, posted lower down. The latter movement having failed in consequence of the state of the river, Reed rejoined the main body of the army in time to share in the battle of Princeton, and the operations that led to it.

The success of military operations being always more or less dependent on accurate topographical knowledge, this was especially the case at the close of the campaign of 1776, and to the knowledge thus needed it was hap-

pily in Reed's power to contribute largely. Trenton was his birth-place, the home of his boyhood,—Princeton was his abode during his college years, and how little could he have dreamed, in the early days of his life, in the times of colonial loyalty, that the familiarity which, as a youth, he was, unconsciously almost, acquiring with the roads, and water-courses and fords, would one day enable him to do good service to his country in her hour of peril. The ravages of the enemy had struck such terror among the people, that no rewards could tempt any of them to go into Princeton, where the main body of the British army had advanced, to obtain intelligence. The adjutant-general having secured the services of six horsemen, volunteers from the Philadelphia troop, went to reconnoitre the enemy's advance-posts; and this little party did not return until, besides accomplishing their special object, they had distinguished themselves by an adventure, the intrepidity of which was as remarkable as its success. The party had advanced to within about two miles of Princeton, near enough to have sight of the top of the college buildings, when a British soldier was seen passing from a barn to a farm-house. Two of the party were sent to bring him in, but others being seen, the whole of the small party was ordered to charge. The charge was made, and twelve dragoons, well armed, with their pieces loaded, and with the advantage of the house, surrendered to seven horsemen, six of whom had never seen an enemy before, and, almost in sight of the British army, were carried off and brought prisoners into the American camp at Trenton on the same evening. The intelligence gained by this gallant adventure, under Reed's command, was that Cornwallis had reached Princeton with a large reinforcement, and that the whole British force, amounting to some seven or eight thousand men, were soon to march to dislodge Washington from Trenton.

It was undoubtedly the most critical moment in the American Revolution, when the advance division of the British army made its appearance in Washington's front, as he was posted near Trenton, with nearly the whole force on which the cause of American freedom depended. It is easy now to see how narrow was the escape from utter ruin, for the fresh-won victory at Trenton might have proved the delusive prelude to the slaughter or the surrender of the American army. Washington's position was apparently a strong one, but the real danger of it was felt, when Reed, from his intimate knowledge of the country, suggested that while the stream, behind which the army lay, was not fordable in their front, or the immediate neighbourhood, there were fords at no great distance,—that if the enemy should divert them in front and at the same time throw a body of troops across the Assanpink, a few miles up, the American army would be completely enclosed, with the Delaware in their rear, over which there would be neither time nor means to effect a retreat. The adjutant-general was accordingly ordered to ascertain the condition of the fords, one of which, at a distance of only three miles, was found to admit of an easy passage. The campaign which had begun with the surprise in the battle of Long Island, might have ended with a surprise far more disastrous, for it would have been without the possibility of retreat. The position of the army was untenable. To await for defence was to await destruction. When the sun went down on the 2d of January, 1777, the advance guards of the two armies were separated only by a narrow stream: the sentinels were walking within sound of each other's tread; the American and the British fires were burning so near that they seemed like the fires of one encampment. From that extremity of danger came the final glory of the campaign, for the midnight march on Princeton was resolved upon. The only letter or written order

which is known to remain as a memorial of the doings of that night of anxiety and of peril, is the adjutant-general's letter to Putnam. It was probably written when the midnight march had just begun—when the fires of the abandoned American camp were still burning.

“ East side of Trenton Creek, January 2d, 1777.

“ Twelve o'clock at night.

“DEAR GENERAL PUTNAM,—The enemy advanced upon us to-day. We came to the east side of the river or creek which runs through Trenton, when it was resolved to make a forced march and attack the enemy in Princeton. In order to do this with the greater security, our baggage is sent off to Burlington. His excellency begs you will march immediately forward with all the force you can collect at Crosswicks, where you will find a very advantageous post: your advanced party at Allentown. You will also send a good guard for our baggage, wherever it may be. Let us hear from you as often as possible. We shall do the same by you.

“Yours, J. REED.”

This letter is quoted, not because the plan of this work admits of the introduction of original documents, but because no language of mere description presents the doings of that important night so vividly to the imagination.

Having transmitted the commander-in-chief's last order on leaving the banks of the Assanpink, Reed, with the other staff officers, accompanied Washington to Princeton, and on that well-fought field bore his part in a battle to which his knowledge of the country had contributed.

After a campaign so gloriously ended, and when the army was fairly settled in winter-quarters, the adjutant-general of the army of 1776 was well entitled to carry

into effect his postponed purpose of resigning his commission. From the first to the very last of the difficult service of that doubtful, and at one time almost desperate campaign, he was in the unintermitted discharge of his duties—ever active, enterprising, and intrepid. Enjoying Washington's confidential friendship, he knew, as the world has since known from the published correspondence, the deep cares—the thoughtful forebodings that saddened Washington's heroic mind. With Washington, Reed thought that, unless their countrymen rallied so as to give the enemy some successful stroke, the cause was hopeless. In the gloomiest days of the Revolution, Reed never ceased to be what he had been in more hopeful seasons, the earnest advocate of bold offensive operations, and his only fear was the apprehension of the predominance of undecisive counsels. The gloom which hung over the country, as it witnessed the fading fortunes of a retreating army, never daunted him, and when there was least encouragement for activity, his zeal and patriotism displayed their highest energy. With feelings as ardent in private as in public life, he took not from his country's service one hour for domestic use, though his unprotected family were fugitives before a victorious enemy whose ravages struck dismay wherever they moved amid a helpless people.

It was immediately at the close of this campaign that Washington recommended Congress to confer upon Reed the command of the cavalry in the continental army. It was an honourable tribute to his services, and showed the high sense which Washington entertained of his character as a soldier, and of his zealous fidelity to their common cause. The public sentiment was expressed in the vote of Congress, by which the late adjutant-general was elected a brigadier, and a special power of appointment being given to Washington, he was enabled to accomplish his wish of placing General Reed in command of the cavalry.

It is a fact honourable to both parties, and especially to the magnanimity of Washington, that at the very time he was applauding the services of General Reed, and not only recommending him to Congress, but himself promptly conferring a distinguished command in the army, their private friendship, which had been marked with so much of mutual esteem and confidential intimacy, was interrupted by a painful misunderstanding. There is something both in the conduct of the parties during this temporary and accidental alienation, and in their reconciliation, so finely illustrative of the lofty spirit of the heroic age of our American annals, that it may well be referred to as giving to later times a salutary lesson. The circumstances were briefly these: during the retreat through the Jerseys, Reed wrote to General Charles Lee, with whom he was on familiar terms, lamenting the loss of the garrison at Fort Washington, and referring to the suspense in which, on that occasion, the mind of the commander-in-chief had been held by the conflicting opinions in his council. Lee's answer was full of characteristic extravagance of language, denouncing what he called "the curse of military indecision—that fatal indecision of mind, which is a greater disqualification than stupidity or cowardice." This letter reached head-quarters while the adjutant-general was absent on his mission to the Jersey legislature, and, with the thought that it was official and not private, was opened and read by Washington, who, conjecturing that it must be the echo of some unfriendly expression on the part of one whom he had believed to be one of his nearest friends, was deeply wounded. The matchless mastery over his feelings, which crowned Washington's character with such placid dignity, was not, however, disturbed, and his sense of wrong was simply shown by inclosing Lee's letter in a note to General Reed, in which the familiar and

affectionate cordiality of his former and frequent correspondence was changed to cold and formal courtesy.

Distressed as Reed was at thus finding himself the victim of false appearances, and Washington's cherished friendship for him forfeited by a misapprehension, he did not lose his self-control, but calmly resolved to reserve himself for the means of a simple and manly explanation, by obtaining his own letter to Lee, and by placing it before Washington's eyes, to convince him that, natural as was his conjecture, it was a mistaken one. This was unhappily frustrated by Lee's capture, and the multiplied movements of the army at the close of the campaign allowed neither time nor opportunity for mere personal cares. Now, what is noticeable and worthy of all imitation is that this private estrangement of the two friends did not in the smallest measure effect their official relations: it cannot be discovered that it was allowed by either of them to injure or even embarrass the public service. At no time did Reed render to Washington more active and untiring support and co-operation—never did he counsel or labour more earnestly to retrieve the fortunes of Washington's most arduous campaign. At no time did Washington place more unreserved confidence in Reed's public zeal and patriotism, and when the campaign of 1776 had been brought to its triumphant close, it was, while the occasion of his private dissatisfaction remained yet unexplained, that Washington paid to Reed's military character and services the high tribute of raising him to one of the most responsible and honourable stations in the army. Such was Washington's magnanimity—such was the heroic elevation of his sense of public duty, beyond the reach of the common passions and frailties of humanity!

Having been disappointed in obtaining the letter to Lee, General Reed sought the only means of explanation left, by frankly stating to Washington the real character

of the expressions he had used. This explanation was welcomed with the same candour with which it was given, and Washington hastened to express the gratification which he felt in finding himself relieved from the painful influence of his misapprehension. All doubt and suspicion was dispelled, and they were friends again as of old, with all the affection and cordiality and confidence of their well-proved friendship restored for ever.

It is a curious and striking illustration of revolutionary times—their influence on the currents of men's lives, and the strange blending of civil and military occupations, that within the short space of about two months, Reed was elected a brigadier, and appointed by Washington general of cavalry, and also unanimously chosen, by the Executive council of Pennsylvania, Chief Justice of that state. His unpremeditated soldier's life had won for him a soldier's honours, and his purposed professional career had secured such confidence as to place the highest judicial office in his state at his disposal.

The lust for office or rank appears not to have been an element in General Reed's public career, and it may perhaps be regarded as an example of primitive American republicanism, that he declined the several appointments just mentioned. In declining the military appointments, it was not his intention to separate himself from military service, which he knew that his intimate relations with Washington would always enable him to find as a volunteer. He accordingly joined the army again, at the first news of the approach of the British army before the battle of Brandywine. The plan of this work being not so much to give a biographical detail of the services of the generals of the Revolution, as to pourtray their characters and illustrate their lives, it will be enough to say, that during the campaign of 1777, General Reed's services displayed that same active intrepidity—the unwearied passion for military enterprise and adventure, which had attracted

Washington's admiration in the campaign of 1776, and caused him to select Reed for the command of the cavalry. Wherever we follow him in the military memorials of that campaign, we find him at one time rescuing his family at the approach of the British advance guard, who were in possession of his house on the Schuylkill within fifteen minutes after he had quitted it; then rallying a small party with which he returned and carried off some prisoners; we find him again charged with the duty of reconnoitering with a party of Pulaski's horsemen, before the battle of Germantown, or with Lee's dragoons, to find plans of relief to the forts on the Delaware. His love of a soldier's life appears to have gone on increasing with his continuance of service, and perhaps with some consciousness of military talent. He appears too to have been actuated by a zeal to change, as far as possible, the defensive character of the American operations; and now, as in the previous year, he is the advocate of offensive movements, suggesting or supporting plans of attack. When, at the battle of Germantown, the halt took place in consequence of Musgrave's regiment throwing itself into Chew's house, and the military scruple was suggested, that a fort in the enemy's possession must not be left in their rear, it is upon Reed's lips that an historian has placed the exclamation, uttered in the council of war—"What! call this a fort, and lose the happy moment!"

The same earnestness for active operations of attack, and the fertility of invention of military plans, are shown in the remarkable letter addressed to Washington, in anticipation of the army going into winter-quarters after the campaign of 1777. The prospect of attacking the British army within their intrenchments in Philadelphia had been abandoned, but General Reed, remembering how the successes at Trenton and Princeton had turned the tide of war a twelvemonth before, was hopeful enough to believe that the British garrison in New York might be surprised,

and that city recovered, together with the capture of valuable military stores there. Having matured this idea in his own mind, he submitted to Washington an elaborate plan for a forced march and attack on New York, accompanied with an amount of military argument and practical detail which shows how deeply his mind had become interested in the science of war, and how familiar with its business. In anticipation of the objection that the British troops would move from Philadelphia to the support of the garrison in New York, he added, "With fifty horsemen and one hundred foot, I will undertake, by the destruction of bridges and the felling of trees, to make the march through New Jersey, at this season, a three weeks' journey for them." The plan was warmly supported by Greene, and some of the most energetic in Washington's council, but it was not thought advisable to attempt it. It would be idle, indeed, now to speculate on what might have been its success, but one cannot forbear thinking how it might have been the means of sparing the miseries of the cantonment at the Valley Forge, and snatching from the enemy a city which remained in their occupation till the close of the war.

Sharing as General Reed did in the most important operations of the campaign of 1777, his time was divided between the duties of camp and Congress, into which he had been elected some time before. A letter from Washington called him to head-quarters, to consult on the subject of winter-quarters: his attendance for this purpose gave him an unlooked-for opportunity of taking part in the last engagement of the campaign, when the British army came out in full force, and the skirmish at White-marsh took place. General Reed was there without any command, being on a visit at head-quarters during an absence from Congress. While observing, at Washington's desire, the movements of the enemy on one part of the ground, a body of Pennsylvania militia was driven in

by a superior force. Rallying a party of the scattered troops, Reed led them on again, but at a second fire they broke and retreated, leaving him on the ground entangled by the fall of his horse, which had been shot under him. That gallant Delaware officer, Allen McLane, seeing his fall, and a party of the enemy advancing to bayonet him, ordered another charge, and at the same instant a single Maryland trooper galloped forward, and extricating General Reed, mounting him on his horse, effected his rescue.

During the sad winter of the Valley Forge encampment, General Reed blended his congressional and military services by his presence at camp as a member of the committee sent there at Washington's solicitation; and it is characteristic that he found his duties in that wretched cantonment, with his former companions in arms, rather than on the floor of Congress. It was at that time one of his cares to devise some means of checking the atrocious system of irregular predatory warfare, which, conducted by refugee officers, and stimulated by Tories in Philadelphia, was spreading desolation and misery in the neighbourhood of the city. "If troops can be raised," said he, "for the special service of covering the country thus exposed, though I have given over all thoughts of proceeding further in the military line, I would, for so desirable an end, accept any post in which I could be useful."

Though General Reed's services had for some time been only as a volunteer, and blended with his congressional functions, his attachment to the army was too strong for him to separate himself from its fortunes, until having accompanied Washington to the battle of Monmouth, he witnessed on that field the close of that part of the war of the Revolution which belongs to the Northern and Middle States. Having had some share in the four campaigns of 1775, 1776, 1777, and 1778, he closed a

military career, which had been extended far beyond his original intention, when he unexpectedly changed a citizen into a soldier's life. He was recalled to civic life, by being elected President of the state of Pennsylvania.

It was just at the time that General Reed's military career closed, that he gave to his country the undying fame of an American patriot's incorruptible integrity. It was on the day before he left Philadelphia for the battlefield of Monmouth that he was approached by the corrupt offer of the British commissioner—ten thousand pounds sterling, and any office in the colonies in the king's gift. The vast temptation came in the insidious form of a proposed remuneration for influence and services to be employed in reconciling the two countries—it came to a man, who, during some of the best years of his life had thrown aside his means of peaceful livelihood for the service of his country—it came to an impoverished soldier, with domestic claims upon him, which perhaps there might, in the future, be nought but poverty to provide for. The temptation was repulsed as promptly and decidedly as it had come insidiously, when he answered—"I AM NOT WORTH PURCHASING, BUT SUCH AS I AM, THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN IS NOT RICH ENOUGH TO DO IT." The answer was made with all the simplicity of a soldier's speech, and it will live for ever with the story of the American Revolution. It gives to a page of our country's annals a glory which makes the splendid contrast to that other page which is black with the record of Arnold's perfidy. The former tells us of a temptation that came of a sudden and insidiously, and how the instinctive innocence of a true man's purity was proof against it: the latter tells how the traitor was his own tempter—the architect of his own treason—the deliberate contriver of the iniquity which has assigned his name to desperate infamy.

When General Reed was withdrawn from military association with Washington and the generals of the

Revolution, by being elevated to the chief magistracy of Pennsylvania, his former companions in arms took fresh hope and confidence from the belief that he would have increased power of giving strength to the common cause, and they continued to look to him as one whose authority would be devoted to the vigorous prosecution of the war. It does not belong to this essay to treat of President Reed's administration, further than to say that in the cabinet as in the field he was the advocate of an active and efficient policy, of vigorous government, and of strict and equal justice. He had to encounter the opposition of open party, of faction, and far more malevolent than all, the unrelenting malice of disappointed toryism; but he went fearless and straightforward on his path of duty, with the avowal of this indomitable resolution:—
“While there is a British soldier left in arms in these United States, not all the efforts of party, secret or open, poverty or danger, shall induce me to relinquish the station in which public confidence has placed me, and in which I can best oppose the common enemy. When these dangers are passed away, I care not how soon I fall into the rank of a private citizen, a station better suited to my talents and inclination.” The confidence of the people, on which President Reed relied, never forsook him, and having been twice re-elected, his administration closed in the same month in which the surrender of the British army at Yorktown really ended the war of the Revolution. It was then that private life was welcome to General Reed.

It may be added, that at one period of his administration he appears gladly to have availed himself of an occasion to renew his military services in connection with his official station. “Your intention,” wrote Washington to him, “of leading your militia, in case they can be brought into the field, is a circumstance honourable to yourself and flattering to me. The example alone would have

its weight ; but, seconded by your knowledge of discipline, abilities, activity and bravery, it cannot fail of happy effects. Men are influenced greatly by the conduct of their superiors, and particularly so, when they have their confidence and affections." President Reed once more resumed a soldier's duties, when he took the field in command of the new levies, intended to co-operate in a movement against New York, and remained at the camp, which he formed at Trenton, until Washington, finding himself obliged to relinquish the proposed attack, recommended that the Pennsylvania troops return to their homes.

A few months before his death, General Reed was again called to public life, by being elected to Congress, but his health was fast failing. Ten years of public service—official cares and labours—the manifold anxieties of troublous times—and superadded to all these, grief of the deepest and most sacred kind, had been doing their irreparable work upon him, and an early death completed a career of patriotic self-sacrifice—a life of public virtue founded on the only sure basis, private Christian morality. He died on the 5th of March, 1785, at the age of forty-three years.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN GREATON.

JOHN GREATON, of Massachusetts, commanded one of the regiments despatched to Canada under General Thompson, in April, 1776. He was constantly but not conspicuously engaged during the war. On the 7th of January, 1783, he was appointed a brigadier-general, and he remained with the army until it was discharged.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN.

IN few things was the war of American independence more distinguished than in the variety of talent and of character manifested by those who contributed chiefly to its success. In its civil aspect it was promoted by the power of refined and untutored eloquence, of deep and accurate learning, and of native sagacity, which knew little of human lore; and its military sages were alike only in their steady devotion to the cause of their country. The utmost attainments of European science often met in the council of war with the rude soldier of America, who had been taught by no masters save his own brave heart, and the scenes of a life in the wilderness.

Among the boldest and most successful of the officers whom America may claim as peculiarly her own, was General Daniel Morgan. He was born of Welch parentage, in New Jersey, in the year 1736. We know but little of his early life. His family was of the middling class, by no means so poor as has been represented by most of his biographers, and it had an interest in some lands in Virginia, to attend to which he first visited that colony, when about seventeen years of age. With a fine physical constitution, and a mind full of buoyancy and enterprise, being pleased with the country, he determined to remain there; and investing his stock of money in a pair of horses and a wagon, entered upon some business in which there was reason for supposing he could make them profitable, near the town of Winchester. He continued here many years in the pursuits in which he first engaged, excellently fitted to strengthen the bodily powers and to increase such a love for excitement and hazard as he is known to have possessed in after life.

When General Braddock's army commenced its march against Fort Duquesne, it was accompanied by several corps of provincial troops, and we are not surprised to find Morgan in its ranks. He was now nineteen years of age, and though yet hardly arrived at man's estate, he had attained his full stature and was possessed of great bodily strength. He drove his own team in the baggage train, and while on the route an incident occurred which might well be considered as a disgraceful omen for the British arms. The ruggedness of the way caused much difficulty with the baggage train. When some impediment had stopped a number of teams, a British officer approached Morgan, and with much impatience demanded why he did not go forward. He replied that he would move as soon as he was able. The officer yielded to increasing irritation, and with unmerited harshness declared that if he did not obey his orders he would run him through with his sword. The high spirit of the American could not endure this insult: he gave a fierce reply, and the officer made a pass at him with his weapon. Morgan held in his hand a heavy wagon whip; parrying the stroke with the quickness of thought, he closed with the officer; the sword was broken in the struggle, and then using his whip with the skill which long practice had given him, he inflicted upon the Englishman a most severe castigation. Such a breach of military law was of course not to be forgiven. Morgan was tried by a court-martial which sentenced him to receive five hundred lashes. Preparations were immediately made to carry this sentence into effect, and from good authority we learn that the young victim bore this horrible punishment with unshaken constancy. After receiving four hundred and fifty strokes he fainted from suffering and loss of blood, and the remainder of the sentence was remitted. Three days afterwards the officer who had been the occasion of this barbarity became convinced of his injustice, and seeking Morgan in the camp hospital, he implored

his forgiveness. Thus the brave woodsman was rendered unfit for duty, and was spared the danger and the disgrace of Braddock's battle-field.*

Not long after his return from this unhappy campaign, Morgan was appointed an ensign in the colonial service. His merit had become apparent to the government of his colony, and he had already gained the friendship of Washington, which afterwards availed him on many trying occasions. His known courage and activity caused him to be employed in services from which a more timid soul would have shrunk with alarm. Accompanied by two soldiers he was employed in carrying despatches to a fort on one of the dangerous frontiers of Virginia. While in cautious progress through the forest, suddenly the discharge of rifles was heard, and his two companions fell dead by his side, and he himself received the only severe wound that he ever had during his whole military career: a rifle ball entered the back of his neck, and shattering his jaw passed out through his left cheek. Though he believed himself mortally wounded his presence of mind did not fail. Leaning forward on his saddle he grasped the mane of his horse, and pressing his spurs into his side he darted forward at full speed towards the fort. A single Indian followed him, eager for his scalp, and Morgan in after years often spoke of the appearance of this savage, who ran with his mouth open and his tomahawk raised to strike the fatal blow. But finding his pursuit vain, the savage threw the tomahawk with all his force, hoping it would reach the soldier; but it fell short; the horse with his bleeding rider gained the fort. Morgan was taken from the saddle perfectly insensible, but proper treatment in six months entirely restored him.

* The incident here related must have occurred at some point between Mill's Creek and Fort Duquesne. A tradition, not worthy of credit, points out the tree to which Morgan was bound, near Wytheville in one of the southern counties of Virginia. See Howe's *Historical Collections of Virginia*, p. 515.

From this time until the commencement of the revolutionary war he remained in Frederick county, employed in his former occupation. In this interval tradition tells us much of his fondness for rude sports, and for the excitement of the gaming table. Pugilistic encounters were his daily pastime, and as his stature was lofty and his muscular system very powerful, he was generally the victor. Few men of his time encountered him without signal defeat. His fist was generally the first and last argument to which he resorted, and if it did not fully convince the reason of those upon whom it was employed, it had a persuasive power which few were disposed to gainsay. So frequent did these conflicts become that the place at which they usually occurred gained the distinctive name of "Battletown," and only within a few years past has it yielded this title for the more peaceful name of Berryville. It is now the county-seat of Clarke, which was cut off from Frederick county in 1836. But though Morgan was generally successful, he has himself informed us of one reverse he encountered, which carries with it a moral too good to be lost. Passing along a road with his wagon, he met a gentleman of refined manners and appearance, riding on the pathway, who as he approached Morgan had his hat struck off by a bough overhead. This stopped him for a time, and Morgan, thinking, doubtless, that the stranger felt undue pride in sustaining the character of a gentleman, determined if possible to humble him. Alighting from his horse he addressed him: "Well, sir, if you want a fight I am ready for you!" The stranger in amazement assured him that he wanted no fight, and had made no signals to such purpose. But Morgan was not to be thus repulsed: he renewed his attempt, and urged a contest upon him until the gentleman became enraged, and in short terms accepted the challenge. The battle commenced, and in brief space the stranger planted such a series of rapid and scientific blows upon Morgan's front

that he knocked him down, and inflicted a most salutary chastisement. Morgan never forgot this reverse, and often spoke of it afterwards as having had a happy effect upon his character.*

With the first alarm of the revolutionary war the gallant wagoner was in motion, and ready to aid his country. Congress appointed him a captain of provincials, and so great was his reputation, that a short time after he proposed for recruits, ninety-six riflemen were enrolled in his company. This was the nucleus of that celebrated rifle corps which rendered so much brilliant service during the war. It was composed of men who had been trained in the forest, and accustomed to use their own weapon until they had acquired wonderful skill. They were hardy in body and dauntless in heart. Among them were a number of German extraction, who were afterwards well known as the "Dutch Mess," and of these Peter Lanck and John Shultz have won for themselves names which merit preservation. Morgan's men were all clad in the cheap but graceful hunting shirt worn by the woodman of that day, and on arriving at the camp of Washington at Cambridge, they were warmly greeted, and received the applause of all for their expeditious march. They well deserved this praise, for in three weeks they had travelled from Frederick county in Virginia, to Cambridge in Massachusetts, a distance of nearly six hundred miles.

For the comforts of a peaceful home, Morgan had now voluntarily accepted a service of unequalled hardship and danger. His industry in Frederick county had enabled him to purchase a fine farm, and his own labour had done much to render it productive. But in the camp of Washington his spirit could not long be kept inactive. The commander-in-chief was contemplating an expedition

* For this incident we are indebted to General J. H. Carson of Frederick county, Virginia, who thinks it entirely authentic.

which in its accomplishment rivalled the most daring enterprises of departed ages. Montgomery was already in Canada where partial success had crowned his arms; but the capture of Quebec was deemed all-important, and to ensure it Washington resolved to send a detachment across the unexplored country between the province of Maine and the St. Lawrence river. To form any idea of the difficulty of the route, it should be remembered that the whole of this region was then covered by gloomy forests, in which even the red man could hardly find subsistence, and that in the winter season the country was bound in ice and snow which only yielded to the heats of a summer's sun. To command the expedition, Colonel Benedict Arnold was selected, and Captain Morgan eagerly sought a service so congenial to his habits and character.

The whole detachment consisted of eleven hundred men, and they were formed into three divisions. After ascending the Kennebec as far as it was navigable, they were compelled to take to the forest roads. Morgan at the head of his riflemen formed the van guard, upon whom devolved the duty of exploring the country, sounding the fords, pioneering for their companions, and seeking out spots where the batteaux might again be employed on the streams. They were then forced to pass through forests where man had never dwelt, to scale rugged mountains, to contend with torrents swollen by the snow storms of that region, to wade through marshes and quagmires which threatened to engulf them. Not only the baggage of the army but often their boats were borne on their shoulders at those places where the rivers were frozen, or where rapids and cataracts prevented their passage. The sufferings of this devoted band could not be exaggerated. No subsistence could be obtained from the country, and to their other trials was soon added the horror of famine. They were driven to feed upon their dogs, and even upon

the leather of their shoes, before they reached the first settlements of the Canadians, and astonished them by their account of an achievement which had theretofore been regarded as beyond human power.

So much patient courage entitled them to success. But reinforcements had been received in Quebec. The garrison was prepared, and Arnold, after making some demonstrations, was induced to retire to Point au Tremble twenty miles above the city, and await the coming of Montgomery. When the two forces were joined, they were yet inadequate to the assault of the strongest fortress in America ; but the hero who now commanded the Americans could not bear the thought of retreat. On the last day of the year 1775, in the midst of a furious snow-storm, the memorable attack was made, which resulted in the defeat of the assailants and the death of their illustrious leader. We must follow Morgan through a conflict in which he bore a distinguished part. He was in Arnold's division which attacked the side of the city farthest from the river. As they advanced, Arnold received a musket-ball in the leg, and notwithstanding his own opposition, he was borne from the field. The command now devolved upon Morgan, who rushed to the combat with all the enthusiasm of his nature. It was not yet daybreak, and the snow continued to fall in blinding eddies, but the American riflemen advanced to the very foot of the works. Grapeshot were discharged from the garrison with but little effect ; the keen rifles were levelled through the embrasures, and many of the enemy fell beneath their fire. Ladders were planted, and Morgan, in a voice which rose above the din of conflict, called to his men to follow, and immediately mounting, he sprang down among the garrison. He was followed by Cadet Charles Porterfield, and then by his whole corps. The enemy, appalled by such heroism, fell back to the second barrier. Success seemed now certain ; and had the attack on the other side

been prosperous, the lower city must have been captured. But the gallant Montgomery had already fallen, and when the riflemen found themselves unsupported, their spirits began naturally to droop. Yet Morgan led them to the second barrier, and urged on a desperate attack. But the snow had now rendered their guns almost useless, and to climb the wall in the face of a double row of bayonets were beyond their power. The garrison, encouraged by accounts from the other side of the city, left the barrier and assaulted them in overwhelming numbers, and after an obstinate resistance, Morgan and his corps were forced to lay down their arms and surrender themselves prisoners of war.

The English could not be insensible to the merit of the man who by his bravery had so nearly retrieved the fortune of the American arms in this attack. While Morgan was a prisoner, the rank of colonel in the English service was offered to him, and many persuasive reasons were urged why he should accept it. But he always rejected the temptation with scorn, and his conduct in this matter did much to increase the high estimate which Washington already placed upon him. Immediately on being exchanged, he was appointed a colonel by Congress. In the letters of the commander-in-chief recommending this measure, we find a particular notice of Morgan's conduct in the assault upon Quebec, and of his patriotism after his capture. The rifle brigade which was placed under his command consisted of about five hundred men, and it was speedily employed in important service. Washington proved his confidence in Morgan by assigning him posts of danger, and relying upon his judgment for their defence. In one of his letters, dated 13th June, 1777, he directs him to take his stand at Van Vechten's Bridge, and to harass the flank of the enemy whenever he was able. He recommends the use of spears to keep off cavalry, and suggests an Indian dress as one most appro-

priate and formidable. A short time afterwards the corps distinguished itself by driving in the English piquets near Brunswick, and cutting down many of their number before they were compelled to retreat by the advance of the main body.

But when Burgoyne advanced from the north, and the army under Gates prepared to meet him, Washington determined to send Morgan and his brigade to reinforce the northern army. His letter, dated August 16, 1777, speaks of the Indians accompanying the British force as being formidable to our troops, and he declares his intention to send "Colonel Morgan to fight them in their own way."

Burgoyne had now taken the decisive step of crossing the Hudson, and found himself opposed by the army of Gates in front, while a broad river was in his rear, with its farther bank defended by vigilant parties of republicans. His situation became every way more critical. Knowing that safety could only be found in advancing, he offered battle to his enemy. In the first conflict at Stillwater, Morgan and his riflemen distinguished themselves by their vigorous attack upon the Canadians and savages, who were defeated and driven in upon the main army. Though the English have claimed this battle as a victory, because they retained possession of the field, yet it was easy to see who had the real advantage. The royal army sought to advance, and the Americans prevented it: this was all they desired,—it secured the ruin of the enemy. In the subsequent contests upon the plains of Saratoga, Morgan and his corps were constantly in action, and English writers have themselves borne testimony to their efficiency. But after the surrender of Burgoyne took place, Gates neglected to acknowledge the merit of his brave subordinate in his messages to Congress. There is but one satisfactory mode of accounting for this shameful omission. Ambition had urged General Gates to seek the

chief command of the army, and while some were weak enough to countenance his view, Morgan steadily opposed him, and upheld the fame of Washington. This was enough to produce coolness between them, though it seems afterwards to have been forgotten, as we find Morgan willing to serve under Gates in the southern campaign.

In the year 1780, delicate health had induced him to retire from active service, and return to his farm in Frederick county, Virginia. He was already suffering from rheumatism, probably contracted amid the ice and snow of Canada. When we remember his excessive exposure in that memorable expedition, we are prepared for his subsequent sufferings. At times he was so much afflicted that he was incapable of motion, and was compelled to lie in bed until an interval of relief returned. But in his retirement he was remembered by all who had known him. Congress kept their eyes upon him, and offered him the rank of brigadier-general by brevet if he would again take his place in the southern army. Full of love to his country and of enthusiasm in her cause, Morgan again left his home to repair to the field. He did not join the army until after the disastrous battle of Camden, in which the ambitious hopes of Gates were drowned in the blood of his own countrymen. How far the presence of Morgan in the army would have operated to prevent this misfortune we cannot say, but it seems certain that his influence would have been exerted to delay the action. Though he was brave as a lion, and roused to fierce excitement in the hour of battle, yet he was prudent and sagacious, and was never known to hazard a contest in which he did not achieve success.

In December, 1780, General Greene reached the American camp, and assumed command of the southern army. He was attended by General Morgan at the head of a body of Virginia regulars and a few light troops. Greene's object

was to prevent a general engagement in the open field, for which he was ill-prepared. He resolved by prudent means to rouse the spirit of the country, already excited by the cruelty of the English; to suppress the meeting of Tories, and to keep the enemy in check. Having taken post with the main body of his army at Hick's Creek, he sent Morgan to the country bordering on the Pacolet river, that he might organize resistance to the enemy, and make a demonstration against Ninety-Six. Morgan's whole command consisted of not more than six hundred men—three hundred infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, two hundred Virginia riflemen, and about one hundred gallant dragoons under Colonel Washington.

When Cornwallis learned of his movements he despatched his celebrated subordinate, Colonel Tarleton, to oppose him, and if possible to force him into action. The name of Tarleton had become proverbial through the country for his activity, his success, and his harsh measures towards the patriots. He promised himself an easy victory over the wagoner, and the force at his command seemed fully to justify his expectations. He had light and legion infantry, fusileers, three hundred and fifty cavalry, and a fine battalion of the seventy-first regiment, making in all eleven hundred men, besides two field-pieces well served by artillerists. But he had now to encounter a general who had braved the snows of Camden, had scaled the walls of Quebec, and had faced the legions of Burgoyne, and he soon found that his reputation was not unfounded. With consummate prudence Morgan retreated, until he reached the memorable field of Cowpens, near one of the branches of Pacolet river. Here in the face of a superior enemy he determined to make a stand. He communicated his design to his inferior officers, and with ready spirit they prepared the minds of their men for the expected combat. Morgan's arrangement was simple but masterly, and showed a perfect knowledge of the character,

both of his own force and of that of Tarleton. In the open wood, which formed the Cowpens, he established three lines; the first consisted of the militia, under Colonel Pickens, a brave officer who had been recently released from captivity among the English. The next line embraced all the regular infantry and the Virginia riflemen, and was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard. The third was formed by Washington's dragoons, and about fifty mounted militia, armed with swords and pistols. Knowing that the militia, though full of courage, were liable to panics, Morgan directed that the first line, if overpowered, should gradually retire and form on the right and left of the second. When Tarleton found his foe drawn up in battle order, he rejoiced in the hope of a speedy victory, and though his troops were somewhat fatigued by a rapid march, he gave orders for a charge. Before his first line was perfectly formed, he placed himself at its head and in person rushed to the onset. Colonel Pickens ordered his men not to fire until their adversaries were within fifty yards, and their fire was delivered with great steadiness and with severe effect. But so impetuous was the British charge that the militia gave way, and falling back attempted to form on the flanks of the second line.

At the head of his legion and fusileers, Tarleton pressed upon the regulars and riflemen, and notwithstanding their stern resistance they were borne down by numbers, and forced to yield their ground. The British regarded their victory as secured, and for a time at least the hearts of the republicans failed. But Morgan was everywhere encouraging his men by his voice and presence. At this moment, when their very success had caused some confusion among the fusileers, Washington at the head of his dragoons made a furious charge, and dashing in among them overthrew them in a moment. His horses passed over the British infantry like a storm, and the swords of his men

hewed them down with resistless sway. In this happy crisis Howard succeeded in restoring the continentals to order, and Pickens rallied the militia and brought them again into line. Morgan gave the word to advance, and with presented bayonets the compact line bore down upon the royalists. Struck with astonishment at finding themselves thus assaulted, by men whom just before they looked upon as defeated, the English troops wavered and then broke in disorder before the charge. In vain their officers endeavoured to rally them for a renewed stand. The spirits of the patriots were roused, and pressing forward with their bayonets they carried every thing before them. Infantry and cavalry were alike broken by their violence. Nearly two hundred of Tarleton's horse retreated in dismay from the field, riding over their comrades and involving them in confusion beyond remedy. The Americans gained the two field-pieces, and Colonel Howard having come up with a large body of infantry and summoned them to surrender, they laid down their arms on the field. The rout of the British was now complete: a more signal victory had never been achieved. Washington and his horse followed the flying foe during several hours, and Tarleton himself narrowly escaped falling into the hands of his determined pursuer.

Such was the brilliant battle of the Cowpens, and beyond doubt the success of the Americans must be largely attributed to the prudent arrangement of General Morgan, and to the presence of his own brave spirit which he had succeeded in infusing into his men. To form some idea of the importance of this victory, we must recall the loss of the enemy and the gain of the republicans. The British lost ten officers and more than one hundred privates killed, two hundred men wounded, twenty-nine officers and above five hundred privates prisoners. The Americans captured two field-pieces, two standards, eight hundred muskets, thirty-five baggage-wagons, and more than

one hundred cavalry horses ; and they lost but twelve men killed and sixty wounded.

But great as was the effect of this battle in restoring the confidence of the Americans, it was hardly more important to the future fame of Morgan than his subsequent retreat. When Cornwallis learned of the total defeat of his favourite Tarleton, and of the destruction of his corps, he was deeply mortified, but instead of yielding to despondency he resolved to pursue the victor and wrest the fruits of triumph from his hands. Leaving behind him heavy baggage and every thing that could impede his progress, he pressed on, hoping to overtake his enemy and crush him at a blow ere he could cross the Catawba river. But the sagacious American had anticipated his movements and prepared to counteract his design. Sending his prisoners on before under a strong guard of militia, he manœuvred in the rear with his regulars and riflemen whom he knew he could at any time push to a rapid march. Thus the vanguard and prisoners crossed the Catawba on the 29th of January, and Morgan still retreating before Cornwallis, passed the river in safety on the evening of the same day. Hardly had he crossed, before the English army appeared on the other side, but during the night a tremendous fall of rain took place and so swelled the river that a passage became impracticable. Thus nature herself seemed to come to the aid of liberty ; nor was this the only occasion in which she interposed in behalf of the patriot army. General Greene had feared for Morgan's safety, and believing that his own presence in this division of the army would contribute to its success in the retreat yet before it, he left the main body at Hick's Creek under General Huger, directing him to retire as rapidly as possible and form a junction with Morgan's division at Guilford Court-house in North Carolina. When Greene reached the camp of his subordinate on the 31st of January, the two generals immediately entered

into consultation as to the best route for their continued retreat. Morgan thought a road over the mountains the most eligible, as he believed his men accustomed to such localities, and he knew the roughness of the way would oppose many obstacles to a pursuing army. But Greene preferred the lower route, and when Morgan urged his wishes and declared that if the mountain road were not taken he would not be answerable for the consequences, Greene replied, "Neither will you be answerable, for I shall take the measure upon myself." Thus the dispute was ended and the march commenced.

Cornwallis marched rapidly up the Catawba river to cross at McGowan's ford. Had a sufficient force, even of resolute militia, opposed him on the northern bank, it is not probable that his passage would have been effected without severe loss. But the Americans had unhappily taken post too far from the bank. A small number only disputed the point, and the British army forded in safety, though the water was generally up to the middle of their bodies. The American General Davidson was killed in the skirmish and the militia rapidly retreated. Thus Greene was again in danger, and it seems that had he taken the mountain route recommended by Morgan, he might have been overwhelmed by his vigilant enemy. Reaching the banks of the Yadkin, he crossed on the 2d and 3d of February. The passage was made partly in flats and partly by fording, and all the boats were secured on the northern side. Cornwallis was so close on his rear that the light troops of both armies skirmished with each other, and the Virginia riflemen did good service. But in the night rain fell in torrents and the waters of the Yadkin rose suddenly to a height which rendered fording impossible. Again the British general was foiled. The American army was saved from a dangerous encounter, and the patriots, not without reason, ascribed their deliverance to divine intervention.

At Guilford Court-house, the two divisions of the army united, and a few days were allowed for refreshment after the late rapid marching. General Morgan here resigned his command and suggested Colonel Otho Williams as his successor, who was immediately appointed by Greene. It has been thought by many that Morgan's resignation was caused by his dispute with his superior, but we have the best reason to believe that this was not the case. Though firm and proud, he was generous and intelligent, and he could not have failed to perceive that Greene's measures had been prudent, and that the course he himself had preferred would have been highly dangerous. We have a much more satisfactory explanation of his wish for retirement. His old malady, the rheumatism, had returned upon him, and aggravated by his late exposure it had rendered him incapable of exertion. After crossing the Yadkin, it became so violent that he was unable to retain his command, and had he remained with the army it would have been only in the character of an invalid. Under these circumstances it cannot be surprising that he should have sought repose at his home in Virginia. To prove that he remained on terms of friendly intercourse with General Greene, we have a letter from the latter to him, directed to Frederick county, and as it is highly characteristic of both officers, it shall here be inserted. It is dated

“ August 26, 1781.

“ DEAR MORGAN—Your letter of 24th of June arrived safe at head-quarters; and your compliments to Williams, Washington, and Lee, have been properly distributed. Nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have had you with me. The people of this country *adore* you. Had you been with me a few weeks past you could have had it in your power to give the world the pleasure of reading a second Cowpens affair . . . the expedition

ought to have realized us six hundred men, and the chances were more than fifty times as great in our favour as they were at Tarleton's defeat. Great generals are scarce: there are few Morgans to be found. The ladies toast you——”

No American of that day could have been insensible to the merit of the hero of the Cowpens. When a full report of the victory was made to Congress, it passed a vote of thanks to Morgan and his officers, and directed that a gold medal should be prepared for him, with a suitable device and inscription expressive of their sense of his value. The legislature of Virginia voted him a horse, and we have yet among our records the letter of Governor Nelson to Morgan informing him of this vote and urging him to select the best horse he could procure, as their design was to pay him a substantial compliment.

We have reason to believe that he needed at this time such aid as the gratitude of his country could bestow. His farm had been neglected during his absence, and heavy taxes had done much to drink up his profits. His own health was so impaired that he could not give personal attention to his interests, and the fearful depreciation in the colonial paper money left him without resource from this means of supplying his wants. It is at this time that we find him addressing a letter to Governor Jefferson of Virginia, in which, with touching and manly simplicity, he sets forth his difficulties. It is dated from Frederick county, March 13, 1781. He begins by stating that he had learned that some officers had received par value for the paper money they held, and asks whether a similar indulgence may be extended to him. He speaks of his necessities with perfect freedom but without affectation. “My expenses in the army and taxes at home have almost reduced me to poverty, and I fear will soon complete it.”

He declares that he had much difficulty in obtaining decent clothes, and that this prevented him from appearing in person at the seat of government. His feeble health is also mentioned, but he says that it was then improving, and he hoped would soon be entirely restored. Yet amid so many causes of depression, we find an unconquerable spirit of patriotism still in full exercise and casting its light even over his darkest hours. His letter concludes with some allusions to the army, and to "his old friend Arnold," with whom he had suffered in the Canada campaign, but who had now become a traitor to his country; and the following closing words may show how deeply Morgan deplored the necessity which kept him from the field. "Nothing this side of heaven would give me greater happiness than to be able to lend my aid at this critical juncture."* It is to such a spirit that we owe our independence. A spirit which, amid sickness, poverty and nakedness, longed with insatiated desire for the very service which had been the occasion of its misfortunes. England contended in vain against a country in whose behalf such men were enlisted.

Morgan's industry and prudence soon retrieved his domestic affairs from the confusion in which they were involved, but his country could not yet dispense with his services. When Cornwallis advanced into Virginia, he again joined the republican army, and General Lafayette bestowed upon him the command of the cavalry in his little force. He retired to his country-seat again after the siege of Yorktown, which virtually ended the revolutionary war. His place was called "Saratoga," from the name of the spot where some of his greenest laurels had been gathered. It was not far from the town of Win-

* The original letter has been examined by the writer, in the office of the secretary of state in Richmond, Virginia. It is believed that it has never appeared in print. The handwriting is irregular but legible, and the few errors in orthography are probably accidental.

chester. Here his time was quietly spent in agricultural pursuits and in the care of his family. While young he had neglected the cultivation of his mind, but in middle life it is certain that he read much and became thoroughly acquainted with such history as might be gained from works in his own language. His letters at this time are well written, and give evidence of a strong and keen mind which neglected trifles and seized at once upon the marked points of his subject.

In 1791, when the war against the western Indians was determined on, Washington was anxious that Morgan should have command of the army to proceed against them: but the pretensions of General St. Clair were so well sustained that the post was assigned to him. The unfortunate result is too well known. St. Clair was defeated with immense loss. Had Morgan been in command, it may be that the errors which caused the disaster would have been avoided, though these errors were not all on the part of the unfortunate commander.

In 1794 the "whiskey insurrection" of Pennsylvania took place, and an armed force was sent under Morgan to suppress it. No actual fighting occurred; but the duty of quelling the insurgents was successfully performed. On returning to Frederick he became a candidate to represent his district in Congress, and after a brief canvass was duly elected. He served two sessions, and though we know little of his career as a law-maker, we may presume that his excellent sense and his practical knowledge made him valuable in his sphere. Feeble health compelled him to retire. He removed to Winchester, and after two years of constantly growing debility, he died on the 6th day of July, 1802. In one of the grave-yards of that town rest the mortal remains of this brave soldier of the Revolution. His monument is a simple slab of marble placed horizontally on a mound raised a few feet from the earth. The inscription deserves a record.

MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN

*Departed this Life, July the 6th, 1802,**In the Sixty-seventh Year of his Age.**Patriotism and Valour were the Prominent Features in his Character,**And the Honourable Service**He rendered to his Country, during the Revolutionary War,**Covered him with Glory,**And will remain, in the Hearts of his Countrymen,**A Perpetual Monument to his Memory.*

The widow of General Morgan survived him nearly fourteen years. Soon after his death, she removed to Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania, where her oldest daughter resided. He left two daughters, both of whom married officers of the Revolution; the eldest married General Presley Neville of Pittsburgh, and the younger Major Heard of New Jersey.

Among the worthies of our glorious age Daniel Morgan must always claim a dignified rank. As a military man he was surpassed by few of his contemporaries. Though impetuous in his disposition, his cool judgment corrected the ardour of his temperament, and it has been remarked that he never risked a blow which was not successful. One who in modern times has contemplated his career with just admiration calls him "The hero of Quebec, of Saratoga, and the Cowpens: the bravest among the brave, and the Ney of the West." But it is not merely as a soldier that he merits our praise. He was of a kind and generous disposition, which ever impelled him to serve the needy and unfortunate. In early life, his habits were wild, perhaps vicious; but as increasing years calmed the heat of youth, he deplored his past excesses, and warned others against them. He was never infected with the spirit of infidelity which so fatally pervaded our military officers during the closing years of the Revolutionary war. He was always a believer in Christianity, and some time before his death its truths affected him so strongly that he

united himself with the Presbyterian church of Winchester, then under the care of the Rev. Dr. Hill. To this minister he often spoke of the history of his past life, and on one occasion he related occurrences which may be described in the words of him who originally recorded them. "People thought that Daniel Morgan never prayed, but they were mistaken. On the night they stormed Quebec, while waiting in the darkness and storm with his men paraded, for the word to advance, he felt unhappy: the enterprise appeared more than perilous: it seemed to him that nothing less than a miracle could bring them off safe from an encounter at such amazing disadvantage. He stepped aside, and kneeling by a munition of war, he most fervently prayed that the Lord God Almighty would be his shield and defence, for nothing but an Almighty arm could protect him. He continued on his knees until the word passed along the line. He fully believed that his safety during that night of peril was from the interposition of God." And of the battle of Cowpens he said, that after "drawing up his army in three lines on the hill-side: contemplating the scene in the distance, the glitter of the enemy, he trembled for the fate of the day. Going to the woods in the rear, he kneeled and poured out a prayer to God for his army, for himself, and for his country. With relieved spirits he returned to the lines, and in his rough manner cheered them for the fight. As he passed along they answered him bravely. The terrible carnage that followed decided the victory. In a few moments Tarleton fled."

Such was the testimony given by a brave man to the value of that reliance upon a divine Protector which constitutes an essential feature in every exalted character. In this respect Daniel Morgan was like the Father of his country, who in the hour of danger was known to appeal often to the God of battles for aid in defending the cause of weakness and freedom against tyranny and power.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANCIS MARION.

WHEN Louis XIV. of France yielded to the bigotry of spirit which had long possessed him, and recalled the edict of Nantz, suffering and dismay were immediately spread among the Protestant families of his immense kingdom. They were at once deprived of the protection granted to them under the reign of the heroic Henry Quatre, and were exposed to persecution from the papists, who would willingly have seen them exterminated. Harassed even unto death in their own country, thousands of Huguenots left the shores of France and took refuge in England and America. They fled from their homes when they could no longer worship God as their consciences required, and hoped to find in the western continent the freedom which was denied them in the old world. The warm climate and generous soil of South Carolina tempted many of these wanderers to her borders; and the Hugèrs, the Trapiers, the Ravenels, and Prióleaus, still found in her bosom, attest the truly noble origin of many of her families.

Among the Huguenots who left France in 1685, were Gabriel Marion and Louise, his wife, who, after reaching the shores of South Carolina, retired into the country and purchased a small farm on a creek not far from the city of Charleston. Here, peaceful and contented, they lived for many years. Their oldest son was called Gabriel, after his father. He married Charlotte Cordes, and became the father of seven children, five sons and two daughters. Francis Marion, whose name has since become so justly renowned, was the youngest of this family. He was born at Winyah, near Georgetown, in South Carolina, in 1732—

the same year witnessed the birth of George Washington in Virginia. No admirer of either will attempt to compare these two men. Their spheres of action were different, and each in his own sphere was the friend, almost the saviour of his country. If Washington, at the head of the American armies, was always prudent yet always courageous, often successful and finally triumphant, Marion leading his brigade amid the forests and swamps of Carolina, was the man who in a season of gloom and despondency restored the fortunes of the south, and prepared the way for her ultimate deliverance from British control.

The infancy of the famous partisan promised little of his future distinction. He was so small in body as to excite surprise and serious fears among his relatives, and until his twelfth year he remained feeble in physical constitution. But at this time a change took place. He began to delight in active sports and in exercise which braced his muscles and increased his strength. Even when in the vigour of manhood he was of small stature, but he gradually acquired a body uniting remarkable activity with a hardness and power of endurance possessed by few men of his time.

When about fifteen years of age, he yielded to his natural love of enterprise, and went to sea in a small schooner employed in the West India trade. While on the voyage an accident, supposed to have been the stroke of a whale, tore out a plank from the bottom of the vessel, and notwithstanding the exertions of the crew at the pumps, she leaked so rapidly that she foundered immediately after her people had pushed from her side in the jolly-boat. So sudden was the disaster that they had not saved a particle either of food or water, and were forced to feed upon a small dog which swam to them from the unfortunate bark just before she sank. Upon the ocean and under a burning sun, they remained for six days, suffering tortures of famine and thirst which caused the death of four of the party, ere they were relieved by a

vessel which at length happily hove in sight. But though strong men died the feeble Marion survived, and was restored to his country to serve her in the seasons of danger that were approaching.

He seems to have felt no longer a wish to follow a life of sea service. For thirteen years he cultivated the soil, and during this time he gained the esteem of all who knew him by his unobtrusive virtues. Few advantages of education were afforded to him, and it is probable that the modest attainments to be gained in a grammar school were the best he enjoyed. Yet this is a fact which we may not deplore. America then needed her statesmen and her soldiers, and she found them ready. The first proved that they possessed learning equal to the crisis, and if the latter knew little of Greek and Latin, or of the abstruse sciences, they proved that they had knowledge much more important; they knew how to wield the sword, to suffer and to die in the cause of their country. Marion remained on his farm until the year 1761, when he was first called to enlist in the armies of his state against a dangerous foe.

The Cherokee Indians were numerous and brave. On the frontiers of Carolina they had native settlements, and frequent inroads upon the whites evinced their strength and hostility.

In the campaign of 1760, Colonel Montgomery, at the head of nearly two thousand men composed of provincials and British regulars, had attacked their stronghold in a mountain pass near the town of Etchoee, and after a bloody combat had forced the savages to sue for peace. In this campaign, it is probable that Marion took part as a volunteer, though we have no certain evidence either of his presence or of his deeds. But in 1761 the Cherokees again commenced their incursions, and conducted them with so much treachery and violence, that it was adjudged necessary to strike a blow which should prostrate their

strength, and render them impotent for the future. Twelve hundred regulars under Colonel Grant were soon in the field; and to these were added a few friendly Indians, and a complete regiment of provincial troops under Colonel Middleton. Marion now offered himself as a volunteer to the governor, and so highly was he already esteemed, that his excellency appointed him a lieutenant of the provincial regiment, and gave him a place under the command of the gallant Captain Moultrie. On the 7th of June, the army, consisting of twenty-six hundred men, marched from Fort Prince George against the savages. Taught by past experience, the Indians selected the mountain defile near Etchoee, where they had previously made a stand, and they prepared to defend it with greater obstinacy than before. The pass through the mountain was narrow and dangerous; rugged heights rose abruptly on either side, and forest trees descending even to the path, cast a gloomy shade over the scene, and afforded shelter to the savage enemy. It required a heart of no ordinary firmness to be willing to lead in this attack: but Marion volunteered for the forlorn hope. Already his dauntless courage began to appear, and the foundation was laid for that fame which will endure with the records of America.

At the head of thirty men, he advanced up the hill and entered the defile, every part of which was full of danger. Hardly were they within the gorge before a terrible war-whoop was heard, and a sheet of fire from savage rifles illumined the forest. The discharge was most deadly. Twenty-one men fell to the ground; but Marion was unhurt. The rapid advance of the next detachment saved the survivors, who fell back and united with their companions. The battle now became general; the regulars remained in order and poured continuous volleys of musketry into the wood; the provincials resorted to their rifles, and with unerring aim brought down the Indians as

they appeared on each side of the pass. The contest was close and bloody; the regulars at length resorting to the bayonet and driving the savages before them. From eight o'clock until two, the battle continued; but the whites achieved a signal victory. One hundred and three natives were slain ere they yielded the ground, and left a free passage to Grant and his army.

The Cherokee town of Etchoee was immediately reduced to ashes, and the whites then proceeded to burn their wigwams, and lay waste their country. The fields in which the corn was already tasselled and ripening for harvest, were overrun and utterly ruined. Severity may have been necessary in order to break the spirit of the savages; but we cannot regard such devastation without profound sorrow. On this point Marion presents himself to us in an interesting light, and his own words shall be used to prove that to the courage and the firmness of the soldier, he united the tender feelings of a true philanthropist:—"I saw," he says, "everywhere around, the footsteps of the little Indian children where they had lately played under the shade of this rustling corn. No doubt they had often looked up with joy to the swelling shocks, and gladdened when they thought of their abundant cakes for the coming winter. When we are gone, thought I, they will return, and peeping through the weeds with tearful eyes, will mark the ghastly ruin poured over their homes and happy fields, where they had so often played. 'Who did this?' they will ask their mothers; 'The white people did it,' the mothers reply; 'the Christians did it.' "*"

After this war of devastation, the army returned and was disbanded. They had encountered severe toil and bloody conflict; but their object was accomplished. The Cherokees were effectually subdued, and even in the subsequent war with England they gave the Americans but little annoyance. Marion left his regiment and returned

* Marion's letter in Weems, 25; Simms's Marion, 52.

to the repose of rural life. For some years his pursuits were strictly pacific, and his course was marked by much that was gentle and amiable. His gun was sometimes resorted to for the amusement of an idle hour, and his angling-rod was his companion upon the streams which bordered his plantation. In this interval, those who knew him best, have borne testimony to his mild and unassuming character.

In 1775 commenced the great struggle between the mother-country and her American colonies which was to result in their independence. In this year we find Marion elected, and returned as a member of the provincial Congress of South Carolina from the district of St. John's, Berkeley county. Subjects of high moment were to be considered by this Congress, nor do we find them reluctant in the task. They solemnly pledged the people of this state to the principles of the Revolution, and adopting the American Bill of Rights, they recommended that all persons should subscribe an agreement to import no goods, wares or merchandise from England. Nor did they stop here: under their sanction the public armory at Charleston was broken open, and eight hundred muskets, two hundred cutlasses, cartouches, flints, matches, and other military munitions were withdrawn. A party commissioned by the Congress seized upon the public powder at Hobeau; another party possessed itself of the arms in Cochran's magazine. Committees of safety and correspondence were established through the state, and every preparation was made for the approaching struggle. In these vigorous *parliamentary* proceedings, it is not to be supposed that Marion remained an idle spectator; but as the time drew near when blood was actually to flow in conflict, he could no longer bear the mere duties of a lawmaker. He felt that, with his own hand, he must draw the sword in behalf of his country.

The Assembly having passed a law for raising two

regiments of infantry, and four hundred and fifty horse, Marion applied for military duty, and he was immediately appointed a captain in the second regiment under his former superior, Colonel Moultrie. In company with his devoted friend Captain Peter Horry, he set forth on a recruiting excursion, and notwithstanding the want of money and the dangerous character of the service, they soon raised two fine companies of sixty men each. From the beginning of his career Marion was successful in inspiring his followers with that confidence in their leader which is all-important in the hour of danger. His skill as a drilling officer was conspicuous, and in a short time the raw materials he had collected began to assume a bold and soldier-like aspect, which drew upon them the notice of the superior officers. In the mean time, the enemy was not idle. Lord William Campbell, the English governor, was yet in Charleston, organizing resistance to the provincials; two British ships lay opposite Sullivan's Island; Fort Johnson, on another isle in the outlet, was in possession of the king's troops, and many Tories were gathering in various parts of the state to paralyze the energies of the patriots. The first duty in which Marion engaged was an attack on Fort Johnson. Colonel Moultrie led a strong detachment against it, but on gaining the fort they encountered no resistance. The guns had been dismounted; the garrison withdrawn to the ships; and thus, a gunner and three men only fell into the hands of the Americans.

During some time after this capture, matters affecting Charleston remained undecided. The English governor retired to the fleet, believing that it would be no longer safe to remain among the people he had been sent to rule. Marion was constantly engaged in drilling the men of his regiment, and he was intrusted with several commands, which proved the confidence felt in his ability and faithfulness. Soon after his appointment as major was con-

ferred, Colonel Moultrie with the second regiment was ordered to Sullivan's island, to build the fort which was afterwards to be the scene of one of the most brilliant actions of the revolutionary war. The account of the defence of this fort more properly belongs to the life of the heroic Moultrie, in which it will be found at length. The bombardment took place on the 20th day of June, 1776, and was a total failure. It is related that five thousand pounds of powder were all the garrison possessed at the commencement of the action. This supply was used with the utmost economy, but at length so nearly was it exhausted that long intervals occurred between the discharges from the fort. The English began to hope for victory, but in this crisis Major Marion proceeded with a small party to the schooner Defence, lying in a creek above them, and obtained a supply which was used until five hundred pounds were received from the city. With this the fire was re-opened, and the British fleet being already almost dismantled hastened to draw off to a place of safety. A well preserved tradition has told us of the effect produced by the last shot fired from the American fort. The gun was aimed by Marion himself, and with his own hand the match was applied. The ball entered the cabin windows of the Bristol, (one of the fifty gun ships,) and killed two young officers who had just retired from the bloody scenes of the gun deck to take refreshment below; then ranging forward the same messenger of death passed through the steerage, striking down three seamen on its way, and finally bursting through the fore-castle it fell into the sea. There is little reason to doubt the truth of this event, and it might well be considered as ominous of the fatal power of Marion in his subsequent encounters with the English.

The noble defence of Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's island saved Charleston, and secured to South Carolina long exemption from the horrors of war. For three years no military movement of much importance occurred. Gene-

ral Lincoln was in command of the southern army, and contented himself with watching the motions of General Prevost, the British chief, who kept his troops concentrated in or near Savannah. Marion continued with the army, though during this time his active spirit had few opportunities for full exercise. But in September, 1779, the French Count D'Estaing, with a large fleet, appeared off Savannah, and summoned the English garrison to surrender. Had the attack been immediately urged, the capture of the place was almost inevitable, for the defences were so imperfect that resistance would have been madness. But D'Estaing granted the British commander twenty-four hours to consider, and this interval was vigorously employed in completing the fortifications and mounting cannon. When Marion heard of this imprudent delay, he was unable to suppress his amazement. His words have been preserved. "What," he exclaimed, "first allow an enemy to entrench and then fight him! See the destruction brought upon the British at Bunker Hill—yet our troops there were only militia—raw, half-armed clodhoppers, and not a mortar, nor carronade, nor even a swivel—but only their ducking guns!"

The fears of Marion were more than realized. When the American army, under General Lincoln, joined the French, a combined attack upon the works around Savannah was prepared. But the foe was now ready to receive them. Two columns, one of French, the other American, advanced gallantly to the attack. Storms of grape-shot poured upon them as they approached, and after losing nearly half their numbers they were driven back, even from the very foot of the entrenchments. In this contest the Polish hero, Count Pulaski, was slain, and Sergeant Jasper fell, bearing, even to his last and mortal wound, the standard committed to him after the battle at Fort Moultrie. Marion was in the hottest of the fight, but escaped without injury.

The disaster of the Americans before the works of Savannah was soon followed by a more signal misfortune. In February, 1780, a large British armament and military force under the commander in chief, Sir Henry Clinton, invested Charleston and pressed the siege with cautious vigour. Here General Lincoln, with the flower of the southern American army, was surrounded, and after a protracted defence he was forced to surrender the city, and at the same time to give up his troops as prisoners of war. It is with pleasure that we find Marion escaping this unhappy fate, and the event which saved him well merits our notice. In Tradd street in Charleston, he had joined a number of friends at a dinner party, and their host, with the mistaken hospitality but too common in those days, had locked his outer doors in order that not one of his guests might be found sober at one o'clock in the morning. But Marion though convivial in his feelings was temperate in his habits, and to avoid the debauch, he raised a window in the second story and sprang out into the street. The fall fractured his ankle, and so severe was the injury that for several months he was not restored to health. Finding him unable to do duty, General Lincoln included him in the order for removing the impotent from the city, and he was conveyed to his plantation in St. John's parish. Here he remained until he was sufficiently recovered to resume the saddle.

Immediately after the surrender of Charleston, the British commenced that series of sanguinary measures which converted the war in the south into something like a strife of extermination. Marauding parties of dragoons under Tarleton, Wemyss, and other partisan officers, scoured the country and spread devastation on every side. Growing crops were destroyed, houses were burned, fences were torn down, men were hanged or cruelly beaten, women were insulted, and every measure of violence was adopted that was deemed necessary to break the spirit of the

country. The Tories began to triumph, and enticed by a proclamation of Cornwallis, many who had been patriots renounced the cause of their country and accepted protection under the royal standard. This was a season of heavy gloom to the lovers of America. Even the brave Horry was downcast, and expressed his despondency to his friend. But Marion assumed a cheerful aspect, and with remarkable precision pointed out the effect of the British measures. He well knew that kindness only would disarm the country, and though his heart bled for the sufferings that were daily inflicted, yet he rejoiced in their existence, believing them to be the only means of keeping alive the spirit of resistance to English rule. Had the enemy been capable of a humane and generous policy, they might have conciliated the people and perhaps arrayed them in opposition to freedom: but their cruelties acted like severe *medicines*, bitter and ungrateful at the time, but afterwards productive of the happiest results.

Marion and Horry travelled together to meet the northern army under Baron De Kalb. When General Gates joined them and assumed the command, preparations were made for battle, contrary to the advice of the brave De Kalb and to the opinion of Marion, who knew more of the prospect for success than any other man. Again we are compelled to record the overthrow of the patriot army. At Camden the Americans sustained a defeat in some respects more disastrous than any other they ever met, and among their other misfortunes none perhaps was heavier than the death of the hero who had crossed the Atlantic to fight their battles. Over the grave of De Kalb, Washington himself was afterwards heard to utter with a sigh these memorable words, "There lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger who came from a distant land to water with his blood the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share with us its fruits." In contemplating these misfortunes it is at least consoling to reflect that

Marion again escaped death or captivity. He was not in the battle, having been sent by General Gates to superintend the destruction of boats on the Santee river, by which course the infatuated American hoped to prevent the escape of Lord Cornwallis and the English army.

All now seemed lost in South Carolina. Charleston was taken and Gates had been totally defeated. Nothing like an organized force opposed the enemy. Their foraging parties swept through the country and insulted the inhabitants without hazard. The hopes of the most sanguine patriots seemed about to expire. Darkness and gloom were on every side. It was at this crisis that the true value of Francis Marion began to appear; and if the man deserves more admiration who struggles against the current of adversity than he who sails with a prosperous wind, we cannot refuse to admire the course now pursued by the partisan of South Carolina.

He obeyed a summons from a few brave men in the neighbourhood of Williamsburg, who after accepting British protection had been required by Cornwallis to take up arms against their country. Outraged by this breach of faith, they threw off the fetters they had assumed, and invited Marion to come and lead them in the warfare they intended to wage against the enemy. About the 12th of August, 1780, four days after the defeat of Gates, he joined the little band at Lynch's Creek, and immediately commenced drilling them for service. He now held a commission as general from Governor Rutledge of South Carolina, and the command of that part of the state in which he intended to act was committed to his hands.

Not more than thirty horsemen were at first assembled, but after the arrival of their commander the number increased. "Marion's brigade" was formed, and it was soon renowned throughout the country. Tories feared it and patriots heard of its deeds with delight. To join Marion, to be one of Marion's men, was esteemed the highest privilege to

which a young man could aspire, who wished to serve his country. These troopers were men admirably adapted to the duty they assumed. Active and hardy in body, they were capable of enduring fatigue and exposure without a murmur; they rode well, and accustomed their horses to the privations they themselves encountered. They used the rifle with unerring skill: swords were at first wanting, but they stripped all the saw-mills of the neighbourhood, and the saws were converted by rude blacksmiths into sabres for the men: and we are informed by a contemporary that their rude swords were so efficient that a strong trooper never failed to cut down an adversary at a single blow.

With such a force Marion commenced the forest warfare which was his only hope. It would have been madness to expose himself to a stroke in the open field: the lives of his men were too precious to be hazarded even in equal combat. He took refuge in the swamps and fastnesses known only to himself and his followers, and lying secure when a superior enemy was within a mile of his position, he would sally out in the night or the day, and quick as lightning would strike a blow which never failed to be successful. His enemies were filled with amazement and alarm. No vigilance could guard against his attacks, no persevering efforts could force him to a conflict when the chances of war were against him. At one time he would appear at one point, and after sweeping a troop of Tories before him and securing their munitions in an incredibly short period, he would strike another point far distant from the first. He succeeded in infusing his own quiet, cautious, but determined spirit into his men, and though many other regiments performed deeds more brilliant, we know no body of men to whom America is more indebted for her liberty than to the brigade of Francis Marion.

Immediately after taking command of his troopers, he

advanced silently upon the squadron of Major Gainey, an English partisan officer of considerable reputation, and before his approach was known the whole party were his prisoners. Emboldened by this success and by the surprise it produced, he next attempted a more important scheme. A party of about ninety British soldiers passed near Nelson's ferry, conducting at least two hundred American prisoners to Charleston. These captives were from the ill-fated field of Camden. Marion and his band passed the ferry about an hour after sunset, and concealing themselves on the other side awaited the approach of the detachment. After crossing, the English sought the first public-house they could find, in which to pass the night, and dreaming not of danger, they spent many hours in drinking and merriment, and finally fell asleep in a spacious arbour in front of the house, leaving drowsy sentinels to guard their slumbers. In a moment Marion was upon them, the sentinels were stricken down and several of the detachment were slain before they knew who were their enemies. Starting from sleep they found themselves invaded by bold troopers, who dashed among them with their horses and with loud shouts called them to surrender. The English asked for quarter, and not until they were disarmed and their prisoners were all released did they discover how insignificant was the enemy who had vanquished them.

This exploit was soon followed by others of an equally daring character. Hearing that a party of Tories under Captain Burfield were assembling on the Pedee river, the American put his men in motion, and after a rapid ride of forty miles came upon the enemy at three o'clock in the morning. So startling was the assault, that the Tories broke and dispersed without firing a single shot! Of forty-nine composing their number, thirty were either killed or fell into the hands of the patriots. From these two parties, Marion obtained a welcome supply of ammuni-

tion, cartouch-boxes, muskets and horses, which enabled him materially to increase his own strength.

The English officers seem to have been greatly astonished at their defeats. While the whole country was apparently in their power, they found an American partisan leading his troops through the very heart of the province, dealing rapid and disabling blows upon his enemies, alarming the Tories and keeping alive the spirit of resistance. They determined to follow him with an overwhelming force, and to crush him at once, but they found his prudence equal to his courage. With more than two hundred British regulars advancing in front and about five hundred Tories in his rear, Marion commenced a retreat which was conducted with consummate skill and success. His practice was to dismiss many of his men to their houses, receiving from each his word of honour that he would return when summoned, and to the credit of these suffering patriots be it known that their promises in this respect were never violated. At the head of a small band, generally of about sixty men, Marion then plunged into the swamps, and concealing each trace of his passage, he could lie concealed until the immediate danger was over. The privation he encountered in this life has been described to us by eye-witnesses, and it may be well here to give the words of Judge James, who when a boy of sixteen years of age dined with Marion in one of his forest saloons:—"The dinner was set before the company by the general's servant, Oscar, partly on a pine log and partly on the ground. It consisted of lean beef without salt, and sweet potatoes. The author had left a small pot of boiled hominy in his camp and requested leave of his host to send for it, and the proposal was gladly acquiesced in. The hominy had salt in it, and proved, though eaten out of the pot, a most acceptable repast. . . . We had nothing to drink but bad water, and all the company appeared to be rather grave."

That the company should be grave under such circumstances can hardly be surprising, but under a leader like Marion they were not allowed long to indulge in despondency. Finding that the enemy had abandoned the pursuit, he again turned his troops south, and leaving North Carolina advanced cautiously into his own province. Major Wemyss, who had commanded the British regulars, had retired to Georgetown, but a large body of Tories had taken post at Shepherd's Ferry on the Black Mingo river. Against this traitor class of foes Marion was always signally active, for he well knew their influence in depressing the spirit of liberty in the country. About a mile below Shepherd's Ferry, a long bridge of planks crossed the Black Mingo, and this was the only avenue open to Marion. As his troopers entered upon the bridge, the trampling of their horses was so loud as to arouse the enemy, and immediately an alarm gun was heard from their camp. No time was now to be lost: Marion gave the word to charge, and the whole troop passed the bridge at a sweeping gallop. The Tories were there double in number, and they had drawn up their body on a piece of rising ground near the ferry. A heavy fire received the patriots as they advanced, and for a time their leading corps faltered, but when the whole number came into action their onset was irresistible. After losing their commander, the Tories left their ranks and fled in the utmost disorder. Nearly two-thirds of their number were either killed or wounded, and many were made prisoners. Had they not been alarmed by the noise at the bridge, it is probable they would all have fallen into the hands of the Americans. It is said that after this conflict Marion never crossed a bridge at night, without spreading blankets upon it to deaden the sound. He generally preferred to cross at a ford, where there would be no risk of giving a premature alarm.

After giving to his men a season of rest and recreation, among the people of the state who were friendly to their

cause, he called them again to his side and prepared for active proceedings. His vigilant scouts informed him that Colonel Tynes was raising a body of Tories at Tarcote in the forks of Black River, and that he had brought from Charleston a full supply of saddles and bridles, blankets, pistols and broad-swords, powder and ball for his new levies. These articles were precisely what Marion's men wanted, and they were stimulated to unwonted energy by the hope of accomplishing two objects—the defeat of the Tories and the seizure of their munitions. Tynes suspected no danger and used but little precaution. At midnight Marion and his troops approached and found their enemy. Some were asleep, some were lying on the ground in careless conversation, many were at cards, and the very words they uttered were heard by the Americans as they advanced. Instantly the attack was made, and the Tories took to flight, and all who escaped concealed themselves in the swamps bordering on the Black River. Few were killed, but Colonel Tynes and many of his men, together with all the military wealth he had brought out of Charleston, fell into the hands of the victors. Marion did not lose a single man.

In this succession of gallant deeds, the American proved his ability and thoroughly established his reputation. The British generals had hoped that the country might be considered as conquered, but while such a foe was among them they felt that they had little cause for triumph. We have a letter from Cornwallis himself, in which, while doing great injustice to Marion, he yet bears testimony to his success and his influence. He says, "Colonel Marion had so wrought on the minds of the people, partly by the terror of his threats and cruelty of his punishments, and partly by the promise of plunder, that there was scarcely an inhabitant between the Santee and Pedee that was not in arms against us. Some parties had even crossed the Santee, and carried terror to the

gates of Charleston." Those who knew Marion personally, and who have given sketches of his life, have refuted the charge of cruelty here brought against him. He was proverbially mild and humane in his disposition; he often saved the lives of Tories whom his men would have hanged in retaliation for similar outrages inflicted upon the patriots; even though his own nephew, Gabriel Marion, was murdered, while asking for quarter, when afterwards the supposed murderer was shot by one of his troopers, he sternly censured the deed, and would have punished the perpetrator could he have been detected. The charge of cruelty comes with ill grace from Cornwallis, whose memory even now is stained with the blood of hundreds of Americans, who, while in the condition of helpless prisoners, were put to death under his express commands!

Renewed efforts were made to crush this dangerous foe. It is said that Colonel Tarleton left the room to which he had been confined by sickness in Charleston, and placed himself at the head of his dragoons with the firm resolve not to yield the pursuit until he had secured the enemy. Marion watched his course, and adopted his own with ceaseless caution. At the plantation of General Richardson, the English partisan believed his triumph complete. Marion was at a wood-yard within a mile of him; but warned by the flames of the general's house that his pursuer was near, he took to flight, and when Tarleton arrived he was filled with rage on finding that the prize was gone. Through forests and swamps, thorny hedges, and tangled undergrowth, he followed the retreating troops, but never came near enough to strike a blow. At length, on arriving at Benbow's ferry on Black River, Marion determined to make a stand. The ferry was rapid and dangerous, and behind him was Ox Swamp, through which only three passes were practicable. His men were perfectly familiar with the localities, and having thrown up a breastwork of logs, and made other defences,

they prepared their rifles for the English dragoons. Had Tarleton attempted to carry their position, he would, in the language of Judge James, "have exposed his force to such sharp-shooting as he had not yet experienced, and that in a place where he could not have acted with either his artillery or cavalry." But he prudently turned back; he has himself informed us that his retreat was caused by an order brought by express from Cornwallis; but a well-founded suspicion may be indulged, that he had painful doubts as to the results of a conflict under these circumstances. At the risk of violating the rules of good taste, we will give his own words, stated to have been uttered on reaching the borders of Ox Swamp. "Come, boys," he said, "let us go back. We will soon find the *game cock*;* but as for this *swamp fox* the devil himself could not catch him." The devil would certainly have been a very appropriate comrade for Colonel Tarleton in his partisan excursions through the Carolinas.

In addition to the successes of Marion, about this time occurred two battles in which the cause of freedom triumphed. General Sumter, on the banks of Tyger river, defeated a superior force of British troops, killing ninety-two, and wounding one hundred, while only three Americans were slain, and three wounded. But among the latter was Sumter himself, who was long disabled by a severe wound in the breast. At King's Mountain the British under Major Ferguson were totally defeated, and the hopes of America began again to rise. Marion planned an attack upon Georgetown which had long been held by a British garrison; but in consequence of mismanagement on the part of his subordinates, the attempt failed entirely. He now retired to his favourite retreat on Snow's Island, which lay at the point where Lynch's Creek and the Pedee River unite. Here the camp of the partisan was

* General Sumter.

regularly established, and it was a spot admirably suited to his purposes. Running water enclosed it on all sides, and the current of Lynch's Creek was almost always encumbered by drifting logs and timber. Deep swamps formed the borders of the island, and in the cane-brakes great quantities of game and live-stock might generally be found. The middle part was more elevated, and covered with tall forest trees; here Marion established his strong hold, and increased the natural defences of the island by diligent labour. From this retreat he could sally out in any direction, and by sudden strokes astonish the Tories who were gathering in aid of the British power.

While lying at Snow's Island a mutinous spirit was shown by one of his own officers, but it was promptly suppressed by the decision of Marion. Another incident occurred which has often been recounted, and which has been regarded as worthy to furnish the subject for a historical painting. An exchange of prisoners having been agreed upon, a young English officer was sent from Georgetown to complete the arrangement with Marion. On arriving near the camp, he was carefully blindfolded, and was thus conducted into the presence of the American general. When the bandage was removed, he saw before him a scene for which he was not prepared. Lofty trees surrounded him, casting a sombre shade over all objects beneath them: under these were lying in listless groups the men belonging to the renowned partisan brigade. Active forms and limbs, giving promise of great muscular power, were clad in rude costumes which had already seen much service. Rifles and sabres were seen among the trees, and horses were around ready for instantaneous motion. Before him stood Marion himself, small in stature, slight in person, dark and swarthy in complexion, with a quiet aspect but a brilliant and searching eye. Scarcely could the officer believe that this was indeed the great man whose name had spread terror among all the

enemies of liberty in southern America. After the business before them had been properly arranged, the Englishman was about to retire, but Marion pressed him to stay to dinner. The bewildered officer looked round him in vain for table or plates, knives or forks, roast-meats or savoury vegetables; but his suspense was soon to terminate. Sweet potatoes yet smoking from the ashes were placed upon a piece of bark and set before the American general and his guest. This was the dinner, and while the officer pretended to eat, he asked many questions. "Doubtless this is an accidental meal; you live better in general." "No," was the reply, "we often fare much worse." "Then I hope at least you draw noble pay to compensate?" "Not a cent, sir," replied Marion, "not a cent!" Lost in amazement, the messenger returned to Georgetown, and when questioned as to his seriousness, he declared that he had much cause to be serious, "he had seen an American general and his officers without pay, and almost without clothes, living on roots and drinking water, and all for liberty! What chance have we against such men?" In this rude scene might be found one of the most glorious triumphs of the American Revolution. It is said that this young officer resigned his commission, and never afterwards served during the war.

When early in the year 1781 General Greene assumed the command of the southern army, the cause of America began to wear a more cheering aspect. Greene's high opinion of Marion induced him to open a correspondence with him, and to send to his aid the celebrated legion under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Lee. This distinguished officer rendered service during the continuance of the war, which entitles him to lasting gratitude; and after its close, he did much to preserve its interest in his well-known "Memoirs" which have long been read and admired. On joining Marion, the two officers planned an attack upon Georgetown, but they

were again baffled by want of strict co-operation in the several parts of their force. Marion was compelled for several months to persevere in his partisan warfare. He pursued Major McIlraith, an English officer, who forms an honourable exception to their general rule of proceeding in Carolina. He never indulged his troops in the excesses to which Tarleton encouraged his men; he loved not to burn houses, or waste growing crops, or insult defenceless women. When Marion came up with him near Half-way Swamp, McIlraith proposed a parley, and reproaching the American for his Indian mode of fighting, proposed a conflict in open ground; to this a reply was sent that if Major McIlraith thought proper, a pitched battle might take place between twenty picked men on each side. The offer was accepted, and preparations were made for a contest which would have rivalled that between the renowned families who decided the early fate of Rome; but as the hour approached, the English officer determined to withdraw, and abandoning his heavy baggage, he escaped with his whole party. It is said that when he returned to the army, he was looked upon as disgraced by his brother officers, whether because they disliked his humanity, or doubted his courage, it is difficult to decide.

The English never lost sight of the determined partisan, and so much were they harassed by his attacks that they had expeditions constantly in progress to overpower him. Colonel Watson, with a considerable force, attempted to cut him off from his retreat at Snow's Island, by destroying a bridge over Black River, but the Americans reached the point before them, and having crossed the bridge, rendered it impassable by removing most of its planks. When a few of the enemy appeared on the other side, the keen riflemen of the brigade reached them with their bullets, and it is related that Sergeant McDonald of Marion's troop mounted into a tree, and taking deliberate aim

severely wounded Lieutenant Torquano, who was one of Watson's favourite officers. Yet a short time after this the English were reinforced by a considerable body of Tories. A number of cavalry were procured on the Pe-dee, and so closely was Marion pursued that the spirits of his men began to fail.

To say that many of them deserted would be to do them great injustice. They were incapable of treachery, but in the loose state of discipline necessarily produced by the nature of their service, many retired to their houses to wait for a more favourable season. From a command of two hundred men, the troop was speedily reduced to less than sixty, and the brave heart of their leader himself seems for a time to have yielded to despondency. He addressed them in a speech full of patriotism, and so wrought upon them that those who were with him declared they would rather die than desert him. In a short time the dark cloud was dispelled—the foe retired, and his own men returned to the side of their beloved commander.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lee again joined Marion, and together they invested Fort Watson near Scott's Lake on the Santee river. It was on an Indian mound, and was garrisoned by eighty regulars and forty loyalists. Neither besiegers nor besieged had artillery—a single piece of cannon on either side would soon have decided the contest. Several days passed with little action, but at length a happy idea was suggested by Colonel Mayham of the brigade. A quantity of small logs of wood were cut by the besiegers, and working indefatigably during the night they piled them in a square of successive layers, and before the morning the mound was high enough to overtop the fort. The American riflemen were thus able to pour their balls directly upon the garrison, and finding that longer resistance would be vain they capitulated on the ninth day after the fort was invested.

Fort Motte was next summoned, and here too Marion

and Lee were successful, but not until they had been compelled to burn the house of Mrs. Motte, for which purpose that patriot lady herself furnished a bow and quiver of arrows. From this time, until the close of hostilities in Carolina, Marion was ever active in his partisan duties. He defeated Major Frazier at Parker's ferry, and joined the army of Greene in time to partake of the pleasures of battle at Eutaw Springs.

After the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, hostilities languished, and it became evident to all parties that the war could not long endure. While with his brigade at Watboo, Marion was informed that a small party of British troops were near, and that a blow might be struck which would probably be successful, as the enemy were now in the hurry of preparation to depart from the country. But he was as humane as he was brave, and knowing that now the crisis was passed and that independence was gained, he refused to shed blood, which would have ministered only to his personal ambition. In a short time he bade adieu to his brigade and returned to his plantation in St. John's parish. Here he found all of his interests in a state of waste and confusion. His fields had been overrun—his fences destroyed—his horses taken away, and most of his negroes carried off by the English. But with steadiness he commenced reform, and in a short time he restored his affairs to order.

We find him again taking his place in the Senate of South Carolina as the member from St. John's. The "Confiscation act" at first received his sanction. It passed originally in January, 1782, and devoted the property of Tories to meet the public wants. But when peace was fully restored, Marion could no longer approve of this policy, and his voice was raised against it with such effect that it could not long be preserved. We have at this time an incident illustrating the lofty independence of character which distinguished him. A bill was introduced exempt-

ing from legal responsibility many American officers and soldiers, who had been active partisans and who had often been compelled to use private property in securing their ends. The name of Marion was included, but when it was announced he rose, and with a brow flushed with generous shame he insisted that his name should be stricken off. "If," he said, "I have given any occasion for complaint, I am ready to answer in property and person. If I have wronged any man, I am willing to make him restitution." It is not wonderful that such a man should have been honoured by all who knew him.

On the 26th of February, 1783, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Senate of South Carolina:—"Resolved, That the thanks of this House be given to Brigadier-General Marion in his place, as a member of this House, for his eminent and conspicuous services to his country. Resolved, That a gold medal be given to Brigadier-General Marion, as a mark of public approbation for his great, glorious, and meritorious conduct."

In 1784, it was judged expedient by the legislature to fortify anew Fort Johnson in Charleston harbour, and Marion was appointed to its command, with a salary of five hundred pounds. The duties were almost nominal, and it is probable that the salary was intended rather to pay a past debt of gratitude than to compensate for present services. It was afterwards considerably reduced, and the brave soldier of the Revolution might have suffered want, but for an unexpected change in the even tenor of his way. Among his acquaintances was Miss Mary Videau, a maiden lady of the Huguenot descent, of considerable wealth and of most estimable character. She admired Marion so much that her feelings for him assumed a more tender character, and when their friends discovered this, it was not long ere they secured an interchange of views on the subject. When they were united

in marriage, Marion was more than fifty years of age, and we have reason to believe that the lady was not much his junior. They were not blessed with children, but they lived together in tranquil content. She was always his companion in his excursions through the country, and tradition has preserved many proofs of the mutual affection they cherished for each other, even to the end of life.

Thus peaceful and happy were the closing years of a career which had once been one of excitement and bloody conflict. On the 27th day of February, 1795, at his home in St. John's parish, Francis Marion breathed his last. He had reached his sixty-third year. In the hour of death he was composed, and was comforted by the hope of future happiness. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "I can lay my hand on my heart and say that since I came to man's estate I have never intentionally done wrong to any."

In the life of this brave man we see disclosed the true secret of American independence. We do not find in his course those exploits which dazzle the eyes of the soul, and fill us with admiration even for a polluted character; but we find patient courage, firmness in danger, resolution in adversity, hardy endurance amid suffering and want. In hunger and nakedness and toil, he lived, and seemed to live, only that liberty might not die. While the names of many of the greatest conquerors shall be remembered only to serve as beacons to posterity, the name of Marion will grow dearer to every patriot with each succeeding age of the land that has had the privilege of giving him birth.

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES LEE.

It would be absurd to doubt or to deny that, in the first blush of the American Revolution, the colonies were greatly indebted to the military men of foreign birth, who volunteered in defence of their liberties. The colonial feeling of habitual dependence, from which our nation is scarcely free, even at the present moment, needed, at that time, all the encouragement and sympathies of those who brought with them the benefits of a European training. They brought experience and boldness to the infant councils of the states, enforced discipline, taught the drill and manœuvre to their troops, and, to the courage and spirit of the people, which they were free to recognise, contributed, in great degree, the all-important possessions of military art and science. These, certainly, were large advantages resulting from the presence and the help of foreigners; and no history of the United States can possibly do justice to the first progresses of the nation, should it forbear to acknowledge these, and other benefits, which we owe to the brave men and patriots of distant countries. But these benefits had their qualifying circumstances also; and if the foreign officer served us well in these, he somewhat disparaged the fortunes of the nation, in other respects. He was but too frequently disposed to exaggerate his own claims, and to deny those of the native—to overlook the real merits of the latter, in the consideration of his inexperience only—to assert arrogantly a position in relation to the people whom he came to serve, which had never been accorded him by those whom he had left; and, in just the same degree, to exhibit an offensive impatience

of the claims and arguments of the native, whenever they failed, in all respects, to coincide with his own. Flattered into overweening self-forgetfulness by the facility with which, in the want of confidence in their own resources, the colonists yielded to his pretensions, he was but too frequently quite as forgetful of the genius and the endowments of the people, whose independence was the avowed purpose of his mission ; and we find him, not unfrequently, arraying himself in the ranks of a party, as assiduous for the overthrow of the most trusted leaders of the Revolution, as were the avowed friends and partisans of British government. It does not so much matter that he himself did not contemplate any such evil influence or object, if we find him, in the pursuit of selfish purposes, inevitably working to such results. It is always sufficient to disparage the merits of the service, if we find it qualified by a self-esteem which insists upon being the exclusive authority in deciding upon its direction ; if, professing to serve, the patriot seeks only to sway, and if, insisting tenaciously upon these pretensions, the party conferring the alleged service, betrays a reckless determination to press his own *modus operandi* in spite of every circumstance. Among the distinguished foreigners who volunteered in the cause of American independence, and to whom public opinion is disposed to ascribe some of the objectionable characteristics in this catalogue, is the person to whose career we devote this brief biography.

Charles Lee, a native of England, was the youngest son of General John Lee, of Dunhall, in Cheshire. His mother was Isabella, the second daughter of Sir Henry Bunbury, of Stanney, in the same county. He was born in 1731. Destined from childhood to the profession of arms, having received a commission when but eleven years old, his education, we may suppose, was designed with reference to his future career. But of its character and kind we have few means to determine. He enjoyed

the benefits of the grammar school of Bury St. Edmonds, and, subsequently, of a similar school in Switzerland. It is highly probable that his knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, and his thorough acquaintance with the French, were due to other and superior sources. Besides this knowledge, he possessed such an acquaintance with the Spanish, German, and Italian languages, as met the several exigencies of his various and wandering life. To his wandering habits, indeed, the acquisition of these languages may properly be ascribed; they, at least, may have furnished the motive, in part, as they certainly furnished one of the facilities for its indulgence, and probably tended to lessen the strictness and method of that domestic training, the deficiencies of which are very clearly exemplified by his life, and which were much more important to his genius than any of his acquisitions. .

As Lee approached manhood, he dedicated himself to the study of his profession. His writings, to say nothing of his career, leave us in no doubt that he had acquired a very thorough knowledge of what was known in that day as the science of war. He speculated upon its principles with the boldness natural to his temperament, and with the ease and freedom of one who had grappled with the matter *con amore*. At the age of twenty-four, we find him at the head of a company of grenadiers. His first experience in arms was to be gained on the American frontier. In June, 1758, he was ordered to New York, with a part of the armament with which the British ministry designed the conquest of Louisburg, then in the possession of the French, and considered the Gibraltar of the New World. Conciliating the Mohawk Indians, while stationed at Schenectady, Lee became a favourite among them; and was graciously received, by adoption, into the Bear family or tribe, under the appropriate name of Ounewaterika, which, in the Indian dialect, is said to signify "boiling water," or "the spirit that never sleeps." The mental

and physical nature of Lee was, perhaps, never better characterized than by this descriptive title accorded him by his copper-coloured associates. His was, indeed, a boiling and restless spirit; which might, fortunately for himself, have acquired its most valuable lessons of patience and self-subjection from his Indian friends, and in those councils in which, by this act of adoption, he was soon permitted to deliberate and smoke. But he was not suffered much time for this. From Schenectady he proceeded with the army, which was collected by the 1st of July, 1758, at Fort William Henry. The assault upon Ticonderoga followed, in which the English were defeated with heavy loss; according to Lee, in consequence of the incompetence of their commander. Lee distinguished himself in the action, and was severely wounded. He led the assault upon one of the breastworks, rushing forward gallantly at the head of his grenadiers, and striving to penetrate or pass the barriers, at the cost of several of his ribs, which were shattered in the struggle. Removed, with other wounded officers, to Albany, he remained there until his hurts were healed. He was then transferred to Long Island, where he remained in a state of inactivity, from which no one could suffer more severely than himself. To be inactive, indeed, with such a spirit, was impossible. We find him, accordingly, engaged in adventures, in which his temper was much more manifest than his prudence. Libelled by "a little cowardly surgeon," Lee subjected the offender to a severe personal chastisement. The victim sought to revenge himself by the practice of the assassin. Placing himself in ambush upon a road which he knew that Lee would pass, he suddenly clapped a pistol to his breast, with one hand, while, with the other, he caught the bridle of his horse. Fortunately for Lee, the swerving of the steed at this sudden interruption, at the moment when the assassin drew his trigger, baffled his aim, and saved the life of the rider, who escaped the

bullet with a slight contusion only. A second pistol which the assassin presented, after the failure of the first, was stricken from his hand before he could use it, by one of Lee's companions. The culprit was expelled the army.

Preparations for a renewal of the war being now complete, Lee's regiment was ordered to proceed against the French garrison at Niagara. This place was invested by a force of three thousand British and Indian troops. After a siege of nineteen days, and a sharp action with a considerable body of French and red men, who were approaching to the relief of the garrison, the place capitulated. Lee again distinguished himself by his audacity and courage. He had more than one narrow escape. In the affair with the force that sought to relieve the fortress, two bullets traversed his hair, but without raising the skin upon his forehead. Despatched, after this success, with a small party of fourteen men, upon a scouting expedition, in order to ascertain the route taken, and the actual condition of that portion of the French army which had escaped from the battle, Lee was the first captain of English troops that ever crossed Lake Erie. He proceeded to Presque Isle, and thence by way of Venango, down the western branch of the Ohio to Fort Du Quesne. Leaving this place, after a march of seven hundred miles, he joined General Amherst at Crown Point, and was then sent on another march, equally wild and tedious, to Oswego. This duty performed, he was ordered to Philadelphia, where he remained throughout the winter, on the recruiting service. The campaign of 1760 found his regiment on its way down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. The surrender of this city and garrison completed the British conquest of Canada, and all active military employment ceasing for a while, Lee soon afterwards returned to England. In his American campaigns he had done justice to the parental choice of profession. He had shown skill and spirit in all the

actions in which he had been engaged ; and equal intelligence and hardihood in those services which implied other virtues than those of simple courage. His progresses and performances confirmed the expectations of his friends, and satisfied all persons of his possession of large native endowments as a military man.

In returning to England he did not retire into idleness. Exchanging the sword for the pen, with that ready facility which belonged to his impulsive character, he engaged warmly in the controversies which followed the British conquests in America, and in the question of what was to be done with them. It was a much more difficult question in that day than in ours, the uses or disposition of a conquered territory, for which the condition of the world offered no immediate means of population. Lee had the merit, with some of the wise persons of the period, of looking beyond the immediate necessities of the time. He is supposed to have written the tract entitled "Considerations on the importance of Canada, and the Bay and River of St. Lawrence," in which, agreeing with Franklin, he urged the policy upon the British of retaining possession of Canada, a suggestion of the highest importance at a moment when the terms proper for a treaty with the French, furnished the grave subject under discussion. Lee is also thought to have written "A Letter to an Honourable Brigadier-General, Commander-in-chief of His Majesty's forces in Canada"—an assault of particular pungency upon General Townshend, who succeeded to the command of the British army, after the death of Wolfe on the plains of Abraham, and whose despatches were thought to have forborne the proper tribute of acknowledgment to the great merits of his predecessor. This publication, assuming that it was written by Lee, is supposed to have been the cause of his failure to find favour with the ministry, some of whose friends were severely handled in its pages. Meanwhile, however, his services in America were ac-

knowledge. He was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was soon induced to lay aside the pen and assume the sword in foreign service. As the ally of Portugal, Great Britain was required to assist that nation against a threatened invasion of the Spaniards. Eight thousand English troops were accordingly sent to the aid of the Count de la Lippe, to whom the command of the allied forces was confided. Lee's regiment, in this new service, was under the immediate command of Brigadier-General Burgoyne. The campaign was one of great activity, constant marchings and manœuvrings, and frequent skirmishes and conflicts. In all of these Lee showed himself alert and ready, and acquitted himself honourably. In one affair, especially, he acquired great applause. Stationed on the south bank of the Tagus, opposite to the old Moorish castle of Villa Velha, the British division, under Burgoyne, maintained a vigilant watch upon the movements of the Spaniards, by whom the castle, the village, and the surrounding heights were occupied. Discovering, on one occasion, that the usually large force of the Spaniards had been greatly lessened, in consequence of the disposition elsewhere of a large detachment, Burgoyne conceived the design of making an attempt upon the force which still occupied the Spanish encampments. The execution of this purpose was confided to Lee. Crossing the river, with considerable difficulty, in the night time, with a detachment of infantry and cavalry, he continued his march through intricate mountain passes, and succeeded, undiscovered, in gaining the rear of the enemy. His desperate charge, about two o'clock in the morning, upon the encampment of the Spaniards, was totally unexpected, and found them totally unprepared. Though surprised, the Spaniards fought with the thorough stubbornness natural to their nation. The conflict was a sharp and wild one. The grenadiers of Lee plied the bayonet with terrible industry, while his dragoons followed up with the keen

instinct of hounds, the scattered fugitives who sought to fly. The strife was not more severe than short. Horse and foot of the Spaniards were dispersed or stricken down. Before day had dawned the victory was won. The victors did their work perfectly; the post was broken up, the troops scattered, captured, or slain; a brigadier and several other officers of the enemy lay dead upon the field; their magazines were destroyed; their cannon spiked; while a large booty, mules, horses, baggage, and equipments, rewarded the enterprise and valour of the assailants. Lord Loudon described it to the British ministry as "a very gallant action." "So brilliant a stroke speaks for itself," was the eulogium of the Count de la Lippe, who was ever after the friend and correspondent of Lee. He bore with him from this campaign, as brilliant testimonials as rewarded any of its captains.

Lee was not inactive on his return to England. He had already shown a large interest in the affairs of the American colonies, and an equal acquaintance with their facts and politics. To this knowledge he gave a practical character, by proposing to the ministry the establishment of two new colonies, one on the Ohio, and the other on the Illinois. But these projects were not entertained. His pen was not discouraged by the failure, though he directed it to other topics. He disapproved the plans of ministers for prosecuting the Indian war; and when the doctrine was broached, which imposed upon the American colonies the expense of protecting Canada, he did not hesitate to attack the mischievous suggestion with his wonted boldness. In elaborate and well conceived argument, supported equally by history and philosophy, he gave a sufficiently decided indication of the tendency of his own sentiments and sympathies, in that issue which was rapidly approaching. He soon became an habitual politician, suffering no question of public importance to escape him, and plunging as eagerly into the sea of controversy as he

had ever done into that of strife, and with quite as much success and boldness. His opinions were always fearlessly conceived, and as fearlessly expressed as entertained. In their liberality they would do no discredit to the recognised republicanism of the present era.

But even political controversy failed to suffice for the nervous energies of such a temperament. His military ardour was excited by the distractions of Poland, and by the presence of the Turk in force upon the borders of Moldavia. We find him, accordingly, upon his way through Holland, Brunswick, and Prussia, marking his progress by his correspondence; and, finally, at the court of Stanislaus, the king of Poland. Here, warmly welcomed by the king and his nobility, he was soon honoured by the former with an appointment in his staff. But the military anticipations of our adventurer were not realized by this appointment, which was one of compliment rather than exercise. He sought not honours, but employment. The Poles were not prepared at this time to encounter the vast and watchful power of the Russians, nor was Stanislaus Poniatowski the prince to bring into profitable activity the sentiment of patriotism, which he too, in some degree, shared with the people whose liberties he was yet employed to overthrow. Lee soon became dissatisfied with the apathy and inactivity which every where prevailed around him, and readily accepted a proposal of the king to accompany his ambassador to Constantinople. His restless temperament made change always desirable, and he set forth with alacrity on a mission, the hardships of which, even if anticipated, would scarcely have discouraged his passion for adventure. Reaching the frontiers of Turkey, he became impatient of the slow progress of the embassy, and changed his company for that of an escort which guarded a certain treasure destined as tribute for the grand signior, then on its way from Moldavia. In this progress, our volunteer narrowly escaped a double death from cold

and starvation, among the mountains of Bulgaria. It was a miracle that he reached Constantinople, where he at length arrived, after many hardships, and almost overcome by cold and exhaustion. At Constantinople he remained several months, examining, we may suppose, with his usual eagerness, into all that was curious or instructive in the manners and habits of the people. In this period he was permitted another escape from death, in consequence of an earthquake which tumbled his dwelling in ruins about his ears. After this he returned to Poland, and in December, 1766, we find him again in England, where he sought promotion, though without success, at the hands of his own sovereign, to whom he brought a letter of recommendation from his Polish majesty. The neglect of the British king and his ministers, was probably due to some former indiscretions of our hero; to his liberal sentiments, perhaps, or to the severity of his strictures upon persons in authority. Lee did not forgive this treatment, and we may, in some degree, ascribe to his feelings on the subject, something of that very decided course which he took against the crown in the subsequent struggle with the colonies. The stamp act had been passed and repealed while he had been a wanderer in Poland; and the colonies had been growing warm with unusual fires, while he had been freezing in the solitudes of Bulgaria. Lee was the person, above all others, by his eager mercurial temperament, and impetuous industry, to recover lost ground, and put himself in the van of progress. He soon imbued himself with the history of English and American politics, during the period of his absence. His letters to Stanislaus and others, show with what rapidity he overcame space and time. They betray the exultation of his spirit at that which the Americans had displayed. "If another attack of the same nature should be made upon them," is the language of one of his letters to the king of Poland, "by a wicked, blundering minister, I will venture to prophesy

that this country will be shaken to its foundations, in its wealth, credit, naval force, and interior population." But the fruits in America were not yet ripe. Those in Poland were supposed to be so. Lee was one of those who was always impatient of seed-time and harvest. In 1768 he hurried once more to Poland, where such events were in progress as his liberal spirit most ardently desired. The frontiers of that devoted country were overrun by armed parties of the confederates. But the blow for Polish freedom was deferred to a more auspicious season. Lee was again doomed to disappointment. But there was employment to be had. The Turk, the enemy of progress, as well as Christendom, was in the field, ravaging Moldavia: a formidable enemy, and then one of the first powers in the world. Lee volunteered against this foe. "I am to have," says he, in a letter from Vienna, "a command of Cossacks and Wallacks, (Wallachians,) a kind of people I have a good opinion of. I am determined not to serve in the line; one might as well be a churchwarden." It was the monotony and lack of enterprise, in the one service, that prompted this expression of disgust. His object was practice in his profession, apart from any political preference or sentiment. The Russian service, odious in a conflict with Poland, was yet legitimate and desirable as against the Turks. Lee reached Warsaw early in the spring of 1769. Honoured by the king of Poland with the rank of major-general, he overtook the army in Moldavia, reaching it in season to take part in a very severe action between the hostile forces. Attacked by fifty thousand Turkish cavalry, while passing through a difficult ravine, the left wing of the Russians, consisting chiefly of Cossacks and hussars, was driven back in confusion upon the infantry. Rallied and reformed, after a fierce conflict, they were barely able to keep their ground till reinforced by the second line. The struggle was renewed with superior fierceness, and, though the Russians succeeded in

obtaining better ground for operations, the whole column was more than once in the extremest peril. The assaults of the Turkish cavalry—a splendid body of troops, in which the chief strength of the Moslems lay—upon the oblong squares into which the Russian troops were thrown, were equally terrible and incessant. The Russians were only too fortunate in being able to effect their retreat from a position, into which, thrown by rashness and incompetency, nothing but the tenacious stability and courage of their character, could possibly have kept them safe. It does not need that we should farther describe the events of this campaign, particularly as we have no means for individualizing the performances of our hero. It is sufficient to know that his conduct was approved of. No doubt, what he beheld contributed to his military acquisitions, which were the chief object of his adventure; but rather, it would seem, by the blunders than by the address and intelligence of those with whom he found himself associated. His opinions of the skill and genius of the generals in command were exceedingly scornful and contemptuous. But his term of service, much against his will, ended with the campaign in question. Rheumatism and a slow fever, brought on by bad diet and great exposure, rendered it necessary that he should leave the army, and seek a milder climate. In crossing the Carpathian mountains, in order to try the waters of Buda, he fell dangerously ill, and, in a miserable village of Hungary, his attendants despaired of his life. The strength of his constitution saved him; and, after numerous vicissitudes and toils, we find him, in May, 1770, at Florence, in Italy. He remained in Italy during this summer, relieving the monotony of the season by a duel with a foreign officer, in which, while he killed his adversary, he himself lost two of his fingers. Before the close of the year, he was again in England.

In England it was just as natural that he should rush

into politics, as in Moldavia that he should seek to do battle with the Turks. He now employed himself in frequent assaults upon ministers, who, at that period, it must be confessed, enjoyed a happy facility in provoking the hostilities of the wise and liberal. His essays were not simply partisan. They aimed at something more; and always breathed the most liberal sentiments, and taught the doctrines of a proper republicanism. He aimed always at the highest game, and engaged fearlessly with several opponents of the greatest distinction. He had his sneer for Burke, and his sarcasm for Hume. His ironical letter to the latter is full of wit and spirit. Wit, indeed, was one of his most formidable weapons. It tipped with a subtle poison the shafts which he discharged with an athletic and skilful hand. His admirers, however, are not satisfied that he should enjoy the reputation of an occasional writer only—the guerilla who, when his shaft is spent, disappears from the field of action. These unquestionable, though occasional, proofs of his ability as a writer and thinker do not conclude the claims which they assert for him as an author. They assert for him more enduring laurels. They claim for him the authorship of the famous letters of Junius; and, in spite of some obvious difficulties, which have not fully been overcome, they make out a very plausible case in support of the claim. Lee himself is said, on one occasion, inadvertently to have confessed the authorship. His style, ordinarily, is not that of Junius, being much more free and familiar; and, though quite as epigrammatic, yet less stately and ambitious. His variety and impetuosity would seem to militate against the imputation. He had the same powers of sarcasm, and, we should think, all the adequate knowledge and learning. The sentiments of Junius are not dissimilar to those notoriously entertained by Lee. Parallel passages from his writings, in support of the comparison, have been numerous made, to give countenance to the claim; and,

to the ingenious speculator, a thousand reasons might be given, quite as good, in all probability, as those which sustain the pretensions of any other person, to show that Charles Lee and Junius were the same. Still, we are not satisfied ; and such will be the answer of all other readers. The question must be left where we find it. It is one of those questions which can only be adjusted by a direct revelation from the dead. The case made for Lee is a plausible one, embarrassed, however, by some seeming impossibilities.

In 1773 he resolved upon a tour through the American colonies. He arrived in New York on the 10th November of that year, and soon traversed Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, seeking chiefly, and in all quarters, the society of the politicians. In the summer of 1774 he went through the middle and eastern colonies, and returned to Philadelphia in season to be present at the first session of the continental Congress. In these progresses, and while in Philadelphia, he succeeded in making himself favourably known to all persons of distinction. His reputation had preceded him, and created an interest in his behalf ; his eccentricities attracted curiosity, while his wit, great resources of thought and observation, and his patriotic and liberal sentiments, secured respect, and frequently compelled admiration. He made a very decided impression upon the American leaders, who were delighted with the acquisition to their cause of a person of such unquestionable worth and talent. He thus prepared the way for the ready and high acknowledgment which they made in favour of his claims, at the very first blush of the Revolution. From this moment, his pen and tongue became equally and constantly active in the cause of the colonies, which he espoused with equal ability and ardour. Our space will not suffer us to detail, at greater length, his services at this period. Enough that they were of importance to the movement which followed. No

native American could have shown a greater zeal, and of a character more perfectly disinterested. It is not a matter of wonder, therefore, that Lee should have gained so greatly upon the favour of the provincials; or that they should be prepared, the moment that the crisis came, to confide to him the second military appointment in the nation. He had completely identified himself with their cause and feelings; and the purchase of a valuable estate in Virginia, and the declaration of his purpose to reside upon it, seemed conclusively to unite his hopes and destinies with those of the country.

The memorable conflicts at Lexington and Concord, which precipitated the crisis in American affairs, determined the future career of Lee. He was appointed, on the 17th June, 1775, the second major-general in the continental army, Washington being the generalissimo. That Lee had really indulged the hope of being first in command, is not improbable. He had all the ambition requisite for such a hope; and there were many persons in the country who shared it with him, and encouraged him in the belief that it would certainly be realized. Brilliant, however, as were his talents, and proper as were his political principles, it is the great good fortune of America that its infant liberties were confided to wiser and stronger hands, and to a spirit more calm and equable. The erratic spirit of Lee, achieving startlingly and wondrously, as a general of brigade, would, as the commander-in-chief, have probably wrecked the fortunes of the nation. If disappointed at the preference shown to another, Lee was prudent enough to suppress every feeling of discontent. He cheerfully accepted the commission tendered him by Congress; but, before doing so, resigned that which he had still held in the British service. He made considerable personal and pecuniary sacrifices by the change. His fortune was ample; his income a trifle less than a thousand pounds per annum. By periling his entire interests upon

the cause of American liberty, he proved the integrity of his principles, and the purity of his professions. Congress, it is true, by a secret article, voluntarily pledged themselves to indemnify him for all losses which he might sustain; but who was to guaranty the Congress? Their capacity to secure Lee against loss, lay wholly in the issue of that doubtful struggle, which the wisest and boldest patriotism still beheld in apprehension and with misgiving.

Lee accompanied Washington to headquarters, then at Cambridge. It was while upon their route that they heard of the battle of Bunker Hill. At Cambridge, for a while, the two generals occupied the same dwelling. In the arrangement of the army, Lee took command of the left wing. Here his capacity and activity were soon and equally made manifest. With no opportunity for brilliant services, he was content to be simply useful; and cheerfully seized upon every chance which could enable him to improve his command, or promote the progress of the cause. Detached on service in Rhode Island, he was at once zealous and efficient; and, while some of his performances were thought of doubtful, and even hurtful policy, no question was entertained of the general propriety and becoming spirit of his conduct. New York, threatened by the British fleet, Lee earnestly solicited from Washington that its defence might be confided to him. He obtained his wishes. His approach, preceded by a report of his desperate resolution, greatly alarmed the good people of Manhattan for their safety. They trembled lest any show of defence might provoke the enemy to fire the town. The authorities wrote to Lee, deprecating all military demonstrations. He laughed at their apprehensions. "If," said he, "the ships of war are quiet, I shall be quiet; but I declare solemnly, that, if they make a pretext of my presence to fire upon the town, the first house set in flames by their guns shall be the funeral pile of

some of their best friends." Such was his answer. It contained a quiet hint for the loyalists, for whom the writer entertained a most bitter aversion.

Lee's arrival in New York was the signal for active preparations. He lost no time in putting the city in the best posture for defence. The captains of the British vessels of war threatened fiercely; but he coolly defied their threats. The committee of Congress failed to supply him with the adequate force and *materiel* which had been promised him. He persevered as earnestly as if nothing had been withheld. We can only speak in general terms of his preparations. Among other of his proceedings, he laid strong hands upon the tories. Where they refused the oath of allegiance, he took their persons into custody, and confiscated their arms to the use of the country. He was not the man for half measures in moments of perilous necessity.

It was while Lee was thus engaged that the fall of Montgomery before Quebec suggested to Congress the propriety of employing him as the successor of that greatly regretted captain; but this purpose was soon set aside, in order to meet a more immediate exigency. The British, preparing a descent upon the south, Lee was summarily despatched to take command in that department. He yielded the charge of New York to Lord Stirling, after affording an excellent example of vigilance, good sense, and spirit, in confronting, with equal decision and intelligence, the hostility of the enemy, and the apprehensions of the local authorities. Lee left his command in New York on the 6th March, 1776, and, after a brief delay in Philadelphia, where he received the instructions of Congress, he proceeded on his route into Virginia. Here he found employment for a brief period; and was, indeed, compelled to linger, since it was still uncertain upon which of the southern colonies the attempts of the British would be made. Lord Dunmore, with a considerable fleet of

small vessels was even then in possession of the waters of Virginia, ravaging the shores at pleasure, assessing the towns and settlements, levying contributions where he could, and bringing apprehension and terror every where. Lee's presence and counsels were of great advantage to the militia, who needed nothing but the experience of a practised soldier to apply their patriotism and courage effectually to the preservation of their homes. He counselled the arming of boats, for their rivers, and the organization of a body of cavalry. His plan was to "fit the rivers with twelve or eighteen-oared boats, mounting a six-pounder at the head of each, fortifying the sides with occasional mantlets, musket-proof, and manning them with stout volunteers, whose principle should be boarding." In the absence of better weapons, he recommends the use of spears to the infantry. He gives a preference to this weapon over the bayonet, saying, "I never in my life had any opinion of bayonets." His light-horse were to be armed "with a short rifle carbine, a light pike, eight feet in length, and a tomahawk." We mention these opinions, without presuming to decide upon their merits. That he should think lightly of the bayonet, is certainly a very curious opinion for a British soldier, and perhaps was only an unqualified way of alleging a preference for the pike, which, being lighter, might be carried of much greater length than any musket.

But Lee was not permitted to linger in Virginia sufficiently long to witness any of the results from his suggestions. The destination of the British fleet was soon understood to be South Carolina; and thither, accordingly, he proceeded with all possible expedition. He reached Charleston in advance of the enemy; and prepared, with his usual eagerness and impulse, for their proper reception. "His presence," according to Moultrie, "gave us great spirits. He taught us to think lightly of the enemy, and gave a spur to all our actions." But there was an ob-

stacle to his progress, at the outset. He was a general without troops. The forces assembled for the defence of Carolina were chiefly in the service of the state, of which he was not an officer. Rutledge, however, then president of Carolina using the powers which were vested in him, placed the provincial troops under the control of Lee, whose activity soon justified this confidence. The British fleet, a powerful armament, at length made its appearance; and, on the 28th June, 1776, opened its numerous batteries upon Fort Sullivan, an incomplete fortification, little more than a breastwork, which stood at the very threshold of Charleston harbour. This post was under the command of Colonel Moultrie. To have been arrested by such an obstacle; to have stopped fairly, and stripped for the conflict, with a fortress which could not have much delayed the passage of his fleet to the city, was a great blunder of the British commodore. Fort Sullivan was really no obstacle to his advance. An old military principle, borrowed from the land service, led to the commission of this error, which defeated the objects of the expedition. The city captured, the outpost would have been completely isolated, and must have fallen at a single summons, as it subsequently did. A fair breeze would, in twenty minutes, have carried the British ships beyond the reach of the humble battery of logs and sand, which tore the armament to pieces. The history of this bombardment properly belongs to the biography of General Moultrie. It will be found elsewhere in these pages. Some surprise has been expressed, that Lee should not have taken the defence of this fort upon himself; but, surely, the fact needs but a single moment for reflection, to dissipate all surprise upon the subject. Fort Sullivan was simply one of the outposts by which the approaches to the city were guarded. That the main battle should have been fought at this point was simply the blunder of the British commodore. But for his erroneous tactics, Charleston must have been the scene

of struggle—the true field of conflict—where the greater portion of the troops were assembled, several thousand in number, and where Lee properly took his position, in anticipation momentarily of the threatening trial. The whole force at Fort Sullivan was but four hundred men. To have received its fire, in passing up to the city, without expending more than a single broadside upon it, was all that the British commodore should have done. It was but a waste of gunpowder, and, as we have seen, an unnecessary imperiling of the *morale* of his troops, to plant himself regularly before it, for a conflict, in which victory would have gained him nothing, since the main fight would still have awaited him at the wharves and bastions of the city. That Lee should not have bestowed himself upon one of his outposts, to the neglect of his principal fortifications, seems quite as obvious as that no good military man would ever have supposed that an invading armament would have expended itself, unnecessarily, in such a conflict.

Lee's interest in the battle was fervent and unremitted. If not actually in command of the post, he gave it much of his attention, and was present at a moment when the conflict raged most fiercely. Nothing was left undone, by him, which could secure the victory to the garrison. He did not withhold himself in the hour of danger, and was twice, going and returning from the city to the fort, exposed to the fire of the enemy. It was highly honourable to him, that, seeing how well Moultrie was playing his part, and with what a glorious prospect of success, he did not selfishly interpose to relieve him of his command, and thus rob him of any of his well-earned laurels.

The defeat and departure of the British fleet, left Lee doubtful in what direction they would next turn. For a while his task was to hold his troops in readiness to march wherever the danger threatened. When, however, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the armament of the enemy

had passed to the north of the Chesapeake, he addressed his energies to other enterprises. He conceived the plan of an expedition against East Florida—a region which, from the beginning, had been the receptacle for all the refugees and discontents of the south; and, from whence, whenever occasion offered, accompanied by motley squads of runaway negroes and hostile Indians, they would emerge for the invasion and annoyance of the neighbouring colonies. It was in the midst of his preparations for this expedition, that Lee was summoned by Congress to Philadelphia. The resignation of General Ward left him next in command to Washington. He was now directed to repair to the camp at Haerlem Heights, where the main army daily expected an attack from the British under Sir William Howe. Here he arrived on the 14th October, and took command of the right wing. The anticipated danger passed away. The post was not attempted. At a council of war, held two days after Lee's arrival, it was decided that the whole force of the army, with the exception of two thousand men, left to garrison Fort Washington, should march across King's Bridge, and so far into the country as at all events to outflank the enemy, who was evidently aiming to bring all his strength to bear upon the rear of the Americans. The only error that seems to have been made in this decision of the council, was that of periling, unnecessarily, the troops assigned to the defence of Fort Washington.

When the army left the heights of Haerlem, the division of Lee was stationed near King's Bridge, the better to protect the rear. This position was a greatly exposed one, and demanded all of his vigilance for its security. Lee, however, was quite too enterprising always, to be content simply to be vigilant. He boldly ventured upon the offensive, and, in harassing the British outposts, his parties frequently skirmished with detachments of the enemy not inferior in force; and with such success, as in every

instance, to speak for the equal courage of his troops and the good judgment which planned their enterprises. The march of the army occupied four days; the column, with its cumbrous trains of baggage and artillery, constantly open on its right, to the assaults of the British, whose demonstrations were consequently frequent. Lee covered its exposed points with admirable efficiency, still keeping between it and the enemy, yet succeeding finally in bringing his division, undiminished and in tact, until he joined it to the main army at White Plains, where a general action was anticipated. The British approached for this purpose; but the post was too strongly taken for Sir William Howe to attempt it. After glaring upon it with the vexation of the beast of prey who finds the caravan too well appointed, he drew off his forces with the intention of making New Jersey the scene of operations. As soon as this became obvious, Washington resolved to cross the Hudson and throw himself in front of the enemy, leaving Lee, with seven thousand men, in the position which he then occupied.

The fall of the two forts, Washington and Lee, opened the way for the progress of Howe. He pressed into New Jersey, while Washington, with a feeble force, which began daily and rapidly to dwindle into greater feebleness, found himself compelled to retreat before him. His situation becoming critical, he wrote to Lee to join him with all possible despatch. Here Lee's misfortunes, if not misconduct, may be said to have begun. He does not seem to have given much, if any, heed to Washington's entreaties. These entreaties were renewed; became exhortations; and, finally, imperative commands. They provoked no adequate attention. Lee was busy, in various ways, and does not appear to have given any consideration to these requisitions. He had his own plans of performance, just at this moment; which, however, did not reach consummation. We have proofs that he made eloquent

entreaties to the New England troops, then about to leave him; which, however, failed to persuade them to continue in the field. There was also, on his hands, a very pretty little quarrel with General Heath, whom he peremptorily ordered to do that which he showed no alacrity to do himself, namely, furnish troops for the relief of the commander-in-chief. Heath, having a special duty to perform, refused to recognise the authority of Lee, who had, fortunately, too much other business to consider, to nurse properly this incidental controversy. At all events, Lee, however employed, made but slow progress in joining his superior. His tardiness in obeying the commands of Washington, on this occasion, is not to be accounted for, and has never been explained. It is supposed that his great passion for operating independently, was just now more than ever predominant in his mind, in consequence of the inception of some brilliant scheme of his own, some bold stroke, by which he was to confound the British at a blow, and make himself the idol-hero of the nation. He loitered and lingered for two or three weeks on the east side of the Hudson; and, even after he had crossed the river, proceeded on his way with a coolness and deliberation strangely remarkable, particularly when it is remembered that he was urged to celerity by continual despatches from the commander-in-chief. He paid the penalty for his misconduct. For reasons which have never been explained, and which we should now vainly seek to fathom, he chose, on the night of the 13th December, to take up his quarters, with only a trifling guard, some three miles from the encampment of his army. Here he was surprised by an enterprising British partisan; and, with bare head, wrapped in blanket coat, and slippers, was carried off in triumph by his enemy—not a blow struck, not a shot fired—not a weapon lifted in his defence. The surprise was so complete as to leave resistance hopeless.

His conduct, in exposing himself to this humiliating

hazard, was at once inexcusable and suspicious; and the proofs now exist of a feeling on his part, even then, inimical to the success of Washington. This, while it furnishes the key to much of his conduct hereafter, deprives him of the benefit of all the excuses offered by his friends on this occasion. There can be little doubt, indeed, that, while Lee had every desire to secure the independence of America, it was not so much a paramount desire in his mind, as that he himself should be the military and political saviour who should accomplish this great achievement.

The misfortune which attended his misconduct in some degree disarmed the severity of that public censure which otherwise must have followed it; and the sympathies of the nation with his condition, made them somewhat forgetful of his errors. The severity of his treatment by his British captors, deprived suspicion of its argument against him; and, in being taught to tremble for his life, as a traitor to the British crown, the Americans were made to acknowledge his patriotism, however much they might suspect his prudence. General Howe at once put Lee into close custody, and wrote to England regarding his case—considering him as a deserter from the British army. Washington offered five Hessian officers in exchange for him; and, this being refused, warned the British general that any violence done to his captive would be surely and severely retaliated upon the British officers, and their foreign allies. The American general followed up his threat by committing half a dozen of his prisoners to close custody also; avowing his resolve to make their treatment depend wholly upon that to which Lee was subjected. This decisive proceeding brought the enemy to his senses. Lee, after a detention of several months, was admitted to his parole; and, some time after, was exchanged, when he rejoined the American army at Valley Forge. His release from captivity was only an apparent good fortune. It

would have been much better for his fame if he had perished in his bonds, a martyr to liberty, and to the hate and fear of the sovereign whose livery he had refused to wear. The events were now rapidly approaching which were to obscure his reputation for ever.

The evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, and their subsequent march across New Jersey, under Sir Henry Clinton, drew upon them the vigilant eye of Washington. Without delay, the American general put his troops in motion also, and, crossing the Delaware, soon made his way to Hopewell, in the former state. Here, on the 24th of June, he called a council of war. At this council a warm discussion took place upon the question, whether a general action should be hazarded or not? A majority of the officers declared themselves in the negative; but, at the same time, a nearly unanimous opinion was expressed, that a further detachment of fifteen hundred men should co-operate with the force which was already engaged in harassing the enemy's progress. Lee was amongst those who declared against a general action. His opposition was grounded upon the admitted disparity between the experience and discipline of the troops composing the rival armies—the difference being greatly in favour of the British. No one, as it appears, ventured to urge that a general action should be sought at any hazard; but several were of opinion that, in the event of any favourable opportunity, such arrangements ought to be made as should bring it on. The council had scarcely been dissolved, when Greene, Lafayette, and Wayne, wrote separately to Washington, expressing their dissent from the decision of the majority. They gave certain and strong reasons, which we need not here repeat, for a more vigorous prosecution of the war. It is probable that Washington himself, from the outset, entertained similar opinions. At all events, these communications were such as to influence his determination to exercise that discretion which the nature of

his command necessarily conferred upon him, and which, while prudence justified his resort to a council of war, left him free to follow its dictates or not, according to his option. He now resolved to send out "such a detachment as would harass the enemy, and check their progress;" while he himself, marching in person with the main army, should take such a position as would enable him, in the event of a favourable aspect of affairs, to bring, at pleasure, his whole force into immediate action. The command of the advanced troops, of right, belonged to Lee; but, doubting the expediency of the whole proceeding, and predicting the evil consequences which would flow from its adoption, Lee manifested no alacrity in occupying the position which was due to his rank. Witnessing this reluctance, Lafayette solicited the charge, which Lee cheerfully yielded up to him. Lafayette, eager to distinguish himself, had already begun his march towards the British, when Lee, having now had time for reflection, and beginning to feel to what awkward inquiries, if not suspicions, his conduct might give rise, changed his mind, and, in a letter to Washington, now requested that he might be reinstated in his command. To this the answer was a ready assent; and Lafayette restored his *baton* to the capricious general, with all the grace of a Frenchman and a courtier. Lee, in making his demonstration, had with him a force of five thousand men. With these he was to advance, while, at a distance of three miles in the rear, Washington followed with his whole army. During the night, the British were reported to be encamped in the open ground near Monmouth Court-House. Washington's plan was to begin the attack as soon as they should resume their march. Lee was required to make his dispositions accordingly, and to keep his men upon their arms all night. At five o'clock, on the morning of the 28th, the British column was in motion; and Washington's orders to Lee were that he should now move forward, and begin the

attack, "unless there should be very powerful reasons to the contrary." These orders were certainly discretionary, but they were as certainly of a very imperative description; disobedience to which implied the necessity of showing a very great and unexpected change in the condition of things, differing totally from those which distinguished the relative forces at the time when the instructions were given. Lee was further informed that the second division was pressing forward to his support. These orders, at the outset, were promptly executed by the person to whom they were addressed. Lee overtook the rear column of the British, and sought, by a proper division of his command, to bring it between two fires. The time spent in making these arrangements—unexpected difficulties of the ground—an error on the part of one of the brigadiers—and a considerable reinforcement of the threatened rear, of which Lee had no knowledge—conspired to baffle the success of the scheme; while a retreat, which Lee himself had never contemplated, by one of his brigades, seemed to force upon him the necessity of withdrawing his whole division. This he most reluctantly ordered, with the intention of forming his troops in the rear, whenever he could find the ground suitable to his purposes and operations. He had thus retired about two miles and a half, skirmishing all the while with his now pursuing enemy, when he was encountered by Washington, in advance of the main army. The latter, apprized by the cannonade of the opening of the game, had been left by Lee in total ignorance of the retreat. This had already consumed two hours; yet the latter had never thought to inform the commander-in-chief of the unexpected change in his affairs. His first knowledge of the disaster and disappointment came from his encounter with the fugitives themselves. The surprise and indignation of Washington were naturally great. Sternly demanding of Lee the reason for the disorder which he beheld, he was answered,

according to some of the versions of the affair, with spleen and insolence. A sharp but brief conversation ensued between them, when, after seeing to the formation of some of the fugitive regiments, on ground which he himself pointed out, Washington demanded of Lee, "if he would take the command in that place?" On his assent being given, "I expect then," said Washington, "that measures will immediately be taken to check the enemy." Lee answered, that his "orders should be obeyed;" and that he "would be the last to leave the field." While Washington galloped back to bring up his own command, Lee proceeded to execute his task with equal energy and promptness. The conflict between his division and that of the enemy was resumed with spirit; the British charge was sustained with firmness; and, while the American army was making its appearance on the ground, and forming in the rear, Lee brought off his column in good order. A general action followed, which was continued throughout the day. Darkness alone separated the combatants; and, while the Americans lay on their arms all night, expecting to renew the struggle with the dawn of the coming day, the British troops were marched off silently, without beat of drum, preferring a quick and safe passage to Sandy Hook, to the renewal of another doubtful conflict in such hot weather. Lee tendered his services on the field of battle to the commander-in-chief, as soon as he put his separate command in line, and while the main action was coming on; but what he did—where he led—or how he behaved, during the remainder of the struggle, the historians give us not the smallest information.

The conduct of Lee at Monmouth, though much more severely visited than strict justice is now prepared to approve, was of a piece with that which delayed the junction of his troops with those of Washington, at a moment of great exigency with the latter. It was probably, in part, the result of his habitual eccentricity, and of his reluctance

to serve under a man whom he secretly desired to supersede. But this event would scarcely have ruined him, had he remained unobtrusively quiet—had not his irritable and impatient temper led him to the commission of farther errors. A moderate amount of censure, rather looked than expressed, on the part of the American authorities and people, would probably have concluded the affair. But his tongue, that always restless member, and his pen, that ready agent of his spleen and sarcasm, compelled the attention of the public, and forced upon Washington the necessity of subjecting him to arrest and court-martial. He wrote two very offensive letters to the commander-in-chief, and spoke of him freely and offensively on all occasions. These letters formed a part of the charges brought against him. These charges included—"Disobedience of orders," "misbehaviour before the enemy," and disrespect to the commander-in-chief. Lord Stirling was president of the court appointed for his trial. The inquiry seems to have been ample. Lee's defence was able and ingenious, but, in some respects, was thought to be insincere. The court, after some qualification of the terms, found him guilty of all the charges, and sentenced him to a suspension of twelve months from any command in the army; a sentence of considerable severity, and of which the sanguine disposition of Lee had left him in no apprehension. It would be doing him great injustice to say that the actual *proofs* on the trial justified this decision. But there are offences which the contemporary time alone can understand, and of which the future obtains a partial knowledge only. The undesert of an individual may be thoroughly understood by a community though no detailed records, leading to their judgment, may be placed upon the chronicle. Something of the severity of this sentence was due to the irritation of the American people, at conduct which was at least perplex, and which seemed to be at best motiveless; something to the general dislike of the

officers of the army, and to the continued indiscretions of the offender, who was always giving provocation to his neighbours. That he had committed many and grievous faults, was undeniable; that he was really guilty of disobedience of orders, misbehaviour before the enemy, and a disorderly retreat, at Monmouth, is a decision which the impartial historian, in these calmer periods, will be slow to declare.

Congress confirmed the judgment of the court-martial, but only after considerable delay and much discussion. The event increased the ferocity of Lee, whose denunciations of Washington were bitter and unsparing. He was at length called upon to answer and atone for them by Colonel John Laurens, of South Carolina, one of the aids of the commander-in-chief. Shots were exchanged between them, and Lee was wounded in the side. Censured by Chief Justice Drayton, rather gratuitously, it would seem, in a charge to a grand jury in South Carolina, he challenged Drayton to the field; an invitation which the latter declined, on the ground that such a mode of arbitrament would outrage his public character. Disgusted with public life by these events, and the severity of his fortunes, Lee retired to his estates, in Berkley county, Virginia. Here he lived like a hermit, in a rude den rather than dwelling, his dogs, books, and horses, being his only companions. But the restlessness of his mood did not permit that he should wholly deny himself the luxury of an occasional quarrel with the world, and the bitterness of his hates soon found a public utterance from the depths of his solitudes. Three months after his retirement, he wrote and published an assault upon the military and political character of Washington, in the form of queries, which appeared in a Maryland newspaper. These caused a temporary excitement in the breasts of most Americans; his only excepted whom they were most designed to injure. They do not seem to have disturbed the calm of Washington's mind

for a single moment. His comments on these queries, unostentatiously conveyed in a letter to a friend, showed him entirely superior, in the sedate and even temper of his soul, to the feverish hostility of his assailant. Lee was not the person to emulate this serenity. His temperament was too peevish, his ambition too vain and eager, for a philosophy so profound. Some rumour having reached his ears, that Congress, about to diminish the war establishment, had determined to dismiss him from the army, he seized his pen, in the first moment of angry excitement, and wrote an impertinent letter to that body which provoked the very dismissal the report of which had so much outraged his self-esteem. He was thus, in the constant anticipation of evil, as constantly drawing it down upon his head. His connection with the army at an end, he became somewhat more tranquil in his temper, and soon entered, with more than wonted equanimity, into the consideration and discussion of public affairs. Still residing on his farm in Virginia, he nevertheless devoted himself to books and politics. His correspondence was always large, and carried on with the most distinguished persons. It was always admirable for its wit; was usually suggestive, and marked by the boldness of its speculations. His principles, in politics and morals, were noted for their liberality—some would say looseness—and, by a freedom of tone, and a vivacious ease, which showed them to be the natural results of his reflection, and not merely so much game, started by his fancy, to be abandoned within the hour, for other objects of pursuit. He was a free-thinker in most matters, as he certainly was in those of religion. He never succeeded as an agriculturist. His farm soon became unprofitable, and it was while endeavouring to negotiate its sale, in the autumn of 1782, that he was seized, at Philadelphia, with a fatal illness. His last words, uttered in the delirium of fever, declared the wandering fancies of his mind to be with the army, and in

the heady currents of the fight. "Stand by me, grenadiers!" were the words with which his fiery spirit broke loose from its earthly tabernacle. Thus ended the mortal career of this remarkable man. He died on the 2d October, at the premature age of fifty-one. His talents were equally distinguished and various. His genius was decidedly military; impaired only by eccentricities of temper and by fits of passion, which were probably due quite as much to his early and irregular training, as to the original organization of his mind. He was constant in his friendships and antipathies, and, perhaps, seldom constant to any thing beside. If it be urged as his reproach, that he was a hearty hater, it must be admitted that he was equally hearty in his sympathies and friendships. His writings are full of vitality and would bear republication. They are usually distinguished by their spirit; sometimes blurred by frivolities, but often humorous and witty. He possessed a knack of pungent expression which seldom left his sarcasm innocuous. His career is one which may be studied with great profit, by him whose impulses are erratic, and who would avoid the shoals and rocks which are always likely to wreck the fortunes of such a character. "Possessing," in the language of Washington himself, "many great qualities," he was any thing but a great man! Capable, under proper training, of reaching the very highest eminences of public favour, we find him, when most a favourite, sinking suddenly out of sight, into obscurity certainly, if not in shame; "the comet of a season" only; and going out, in utter darkness, when it was within the compass of his genius, under a better self-restraining will, to have become one of the fixed stars in the sky of American liberty.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS MIFFLIN.

THOMAS MIFFLIN, descended from one of the oldest settlers of Pennsylvania, was born in Philadelphia in 1744, and was educated in the college of that city and in the counting-house of William Coleman (one of the early friends of Franklin) for the business of a merchant. In 1765 he visited Europe, and soon after his return he entered into a partnership with an elder brother, with flattering prospects, and by his activity, public spirit, and popular manners, soon acquired considerable reputation and influence, so that in the twenty-eighth year of his age he was chosen one of the two burgesses to represent Philadelphia in the colonial legislature. In the following year he was re-elected to the same office, associated with Dr. Franklin, and in 1774 was appointed one of the delegates for Pennsylvania to the first Congress.

When intelligence of the battle of Lexington reached Philadelphia, in 1775, Mifflin addressed the people assembled in town meeting, with much boldness, decision and eloquence. He engaged earnestly in the enlistment and discipline of troops, and was appointed major of one of the regiments raised in the city. Upon his arrival at Cambridge he was received into the family of the commander-in-chief as aid-de-camp, (July 4, 1775,) and in the following month was made quartermaster-general. Upon the appointment of Stephen Moylan as commissary, (May 16, 1776,) he was commissioned a brigadier, and in this capacity commanded the covering party on the night of the retreat from Long Island.* While the army was at Newark, (24th December,) he was despatched by

* See vol. i. p. 30.

Washington to Philadelphia to represent to Congress the necessity of reinforcements. The manner in which he executed his duties is described in the following characteristic letter.*

“Philadelphia, 26th Nov. 1776, }
9 o'clock, A. M. }

“MY DEAR GENERAL—At 10 o'clock last evening I received your letter of the 24th inst., and will make proper applications of your excellency's sentiments on the probable movements of the enemy. I came into this town at eight o'clock Sunday evening, and waited on Mr. Hancock with your letter immediately after my arrival. Yesterday morning I was admitted to Congress in General Committee, and went as far in my relation of the wretched appointments of the army, the dangerous and critical situation of the Jerseys and Pennsylvania, and the necessity of immediate vigorous exertions to oppose Mr. Howe, as their sensibility and *my own delicacy* would justify. After some debate, a requisition was made to the Assembly now sitting, and Council of Safety of Pennsylvania, of their whole militia, and resolutions formed for the purpose of establishing wholesome and necessary regulations for this and the next campaign. I received orders from Congress to remain in this town until your excellency judged it necessary for me to join the army. Those orders were in consequence of the divided and lethargic state of my countrymen, who appeared to be slumbering under the shade of peace, and in the full enjoyment of the sweets of commerce. In the afternoon I waited on the Committee of Safety, and with much success addressed *their* passions. The Assembly are to meet this morning; their lesson is prepared by the Committee of Safety and some of their leading members, who say matters will now go on well. It is proposed to call on every man in the

* Life of President Reed, i. 66.

state to turn out; such as refuse are to be fined £5 per month, the fines to be distributed among those who enlist. To-morrow the city militia is to be reviewed. If they appear in such numbers as we expect, I am to give them a talk, well seasoned. The German battalion move from hence to-morrow. Three regiments from Delaware and Maryland are to follow them to Brunswick as soon as possible, by which I fear the shores of Delaware, at and near New Castle, will be much exposed, provided Mr. Howe attempts to disembark in this river. Your excellency's opinion on the designs of the enemy, and the best means to oppose them, should they divert your attention in Jersey, and attempt an impression on this state by means of their ships, will be necessary from time to time. The light horse of the State of Virginia are ordered to join your excellency's army. The principal military stores are to be removed from hence. Five hundred thousand musket cartridges will be sent to Brunswick. Ordered 1000 wagons to be collected, if possible near this city, to remove, when occasion requires, the most essential articles belonging to the public. I sent Colonel Harrison's letter to him last evening. Mrs. Washington's letter is in the post-office, and will be forwarded by post at eleven o'clock this day.

“I am, my dear general, with much attachment, your obedient, humble servant, THOMAS MIFFLIN.”

General Mifflin succeeded in raising fifteen hundred men in Philadelphia, who arrived in the camp at Trenton about the 10th of December, and on the 28th he joined the commander-in-chief in person with further reinforcements. He was in the battle of Princeton, but did not distinguish himself there. For the ability and energy he had displayed, however, in bringing into service the militia, he was, on the 17th of February, 1777, appointed a major-general; and he continued to act in the quarter-

master's department, though without fulfilling its difficult duties to the perfect satisfaction of either the army or Congress.

In the gloomy period which succeeded the campaign in New Jersey, General Mifflin did not attempt to conceal his discontent, and, after the battle of Germantown, he tendered the resignation of his commissions as major-general and quartermaster-general, on the ground of ill health, and retired to Reading in the interior of Pennsylvania. His commission of quartermaster was accepted on the 7th of November; but the rank of major-general was continued to him, without the pay belonging to the office, and he was at the same time chosen a member of the new board of war, consisting then of Colonel's Harrison and Pickering, with himself, but enlarged before it went into operation by the addition of Richard Peters, Colonel Trumbull, and General Gates, one of whom was chosen in place of Colonel Harrison, who declined his appointment. The council of war which assembled on the 8th of May, 1778, was composed of Generals Gates, Greene, Stirling, Lafayette, Kalb, Armstrong, Steuben and Knox, with himself and the commander-in-chief. On the 21st day of May he obtained leave to rejoin the line of the army.

General Mifflin was one of the chief of the conspirators engaged in the Conway cabal, and the most active of the natives of the country who were implicated, with the exception perhaps of Dr. Rush of the same state. Upon the occasion of his return to the army, General Washington, doubtless with a full knowledge of his conduct and feelings, wrote to Gouverneur Morris: "I am not a little surprised to find a certain gentleman, who, some time ago, when a cloud of darkness hung heavy over us, and our affairs looked gloomy, was desirous of resigning, to be now stepping forward in the line of the army. But if he can reconcile such conduct to his own feelings, as an

officer and a man of honour, and Congress have no objection to his leaving his seat in another department, I have nothing personally to oppose to it. Yet I must think, that gentlemen's stepping in and out, as the sun happens to beam forth or become obscure, is not quite the thing, nor quite just with respect to those officers who take the bitter with the sweet."* General Mifflin continued to cherish an unfriendly disposition towards the commander-in-chief, but the disgrace of Conway and Gates, and the consequent overthrow of their party, prevented any conspicuous manifestations of ill feeling.

On the 12th of November, 1782, General Mifflin was elected, by the legislature of Pennsylvania, a member of Congress. On the 3d of November, in the following year, he was chosen president of that body; and in this capacity he received the commission of Washington, which was resigned at Annapolis, on the 23d of December.

After the close of the war, General Mifflin continued to be actively engaged in political affairs. In 1785 he was chosen a member of the state legislature, of which body he was made speaker; in 1787 he was a delegate in the convention to form the federal Constitution; in October, 1788, he succeeded Franklin as president of the supreme executive council of Pennsylvania, which office he held until the autumn of 1790; he was also president of the convention which in the last mentioned year formed the constitution of Pennsylvania, under which he was elected the first governor, and he held this office nine years. In December, 1799, a short time before the expiration of his chief magistracy, he was returned to the legislature, and he died while attending the sittings of that body, at Lancaster, on the 21st of January, 1800, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

* Washington's Writings, v. 371.

MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL H. PARSONS.

SAMUEL HOLDEN PARSONS, son of the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, was born in Lyme, Connecticut, on the 14th of May, 1737. He graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1756; studied law at Lyme in the office of his uncle, Matthew Griswold, (afterwards governor,) and in 1759 commenced the practice of his profession in his native town. He soon rose to distinction, and from 1762 to 1774 was a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut, from which he received the appointment of king's attorney. He now removed to New London, where, in 1775, he was chosen colonel of militia. On the 9th of August, 1776, he was appointed a brigadier-general by Congress. In 1779 he succeeded Putnam as commander of the Connecticut line of the army, and served with reputation until the close of the war. On the 23d of October, 1780, he was promoted to the rank of major-general. He was an active member of the Connecticut convention for ratifying the Constitution of the United States. In 1785, he was appointed by Congress one of the commissioners to treat with the Indians at Miami; and in 1788, President Washington conferred upon him the office of judge of the North-western Territory, including the present states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. In the following year, he was appointed by his native state a commissioner to treat with the Wyandots and other Indians on the borders of Lake Erie, for the extinction of the aboriginal claims to lands included in the "Connecticut Western Reserve." While returning from this service to his residence at Marietta, Ohio, he was drowned by the overturning of his boat in descending the rapids of Big Beaver river, on the 17th of November, 1789, at the age of fifty-two.

MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN LINCOLN.

THE ordinary remark that great exigencies produce men qualified to meet them, was well illustrated in the subject of the present biography. Eminently a man of the people, endowed with substantial, but not brilliant, qualities, he possessed the happy art of conciliating opposing interests, and of keeping alive a steady resolution where else there would have been wavering from the common cause. At the same time clear, good sense, straightforward firmness and honesty, and unwearied faithfulness, gave weight to his counsels, and marked him out for responsible positions, in preference often to men of greater military knowledge and more striking character. In this respect it is perhaps enough to say that he early acquired and never lost the confidence and approbation of Washington.

BENJAMIN LINCOLN was born on January 24th, 1733, at Hingham, Mass., where his family had long resided, and where it still may be found. He was the son of Colonel Benjamin Lincoln, a farmer in good circumstances, whose estate and calling he inherited. His early education was limited to those branches taught in the common schools of the town; though, as he was a man of active and inquiring mind, and had access to books and to good society, no deficiencies of culture were apparent during his important public career. He was early appointed to various offices in his native town and county, and, on the commencement of the difficulties with Great Britain, embraced the side of the colonists with great zeal and efficiency. In September, 1774, he was chosen to represent Hingham in the General Court, that afterwards resolved itself into a provincial Congress, of which Lincoln was the secretary, and

he served in the same capacity in the second body of the same kind, which met at Cambridge, 1775. He was also a member of the "Committee of Supplies," and, in May of the same year, was one of the two muster-masters appointed to form the "Massachusetts army."

These functions naturally led him into a military career, for which he had been somewhat prepared by his duties as an officer of the militia. During the autumn of 1775, he was promoted considerably; and in February, 1776, he received a commission as brigadier-general from the Council of the state, and soon after became known to Washington, whose army was in the vicinity of Boston at the time, as one of the most energetic and zealous patriots of Massachusetts. In the May following, he was made major-general; and, during the summer, had charge of military affairs throughout the state.

The news of the battle of Long Island found our hero engaged in directing the erection of works for the defence of Boston harbour. He was now put in command of the Massachusetts militia, who were furnished for the continental service, and with them joined the army on York Island. Soon after Lincoln's arrival, the enemy succeeded in cutting off Washington's water communication with Albany, and forced him to retreat to White Plains, and finally to cross the Hudson, leaving Lincoln and his troops on the eastern side, attached to the division of General Heath, whom he directed not to act without consulting the Massachusetts general.

At the close of 1776, Lincoln, having under him the greater part of a new levy of six thousand militia of Massachusetts, was engaged with General Heath in the attack on Fort Independence, which, being not well managed, turned out badly. This was in the latter part of December; and, on the 10th of January following, he crossed the river, and joined Washington at Morristown. On the 19th of February, he was trans-

ferred by Congress to the continental service, with the rank of major-general.

After this appointment, Lincoln was stationed at Boundbrook, on the Raritan river, a few miles from New Brunswick, the advanced post of the British. This was a most exposed situation, requiring the greatest vigilance in keeping it. In spite of all care on the part of the general, the patrols were negligent. A party of some two thousand men, under Lord Cornwallis and General Grant, surprised the post, on the morning of the 13th of April. Lincoln had barely time to escape with one of his aids before his quarters were surrounded. Another aid, with the general's papers, was captured, as were three pieces of artillery. About sixty of the Americans were lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The same day, the British having retired, Lincoln resumed his position with a stronger body of troops. In the manœuvres which succeeded in that quarter, he maintained his reputation for discretion and energy. He remained attached to Washington's command till, in the latter half of July, he was sent north, together with General Arnold, to act under General Schuyler against Burgoyne, who was rapidly and triumphantly advancing towards Albany. In compliance with the direction of Washington, Lincoln was put in command of the militia, over which, as was expected, he exercised the most beneficial influence. He arrived at Manchester, Vermont, which was the rendezvous of the troops coming in from New Hampshire and Massachusetts, on the 2d of August, and at once entered on the arduous duties of his command. He had to discipline his raw troops, correspond with the authorities of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, procure supplies and ammunition, of which there was a serious deficiency in his camp, and, at the same time, to maintain a constant watch upon the enemy. To the manner in which these functions were discharged—especially the establishment of order and discipline among

the militia—was owing, in a large degree, the great advantage gained by the republican cause in the surrender of Burgoyne.

The victory of Stark at Bennington, and the success of Arnold in raising the siege of Fort Schuyler, were followed up by Lincoln, who seized the posts of the enemy upon Lake George, and broke Burgoyne's line of communication. On the 22d of August, after the battle of Stillwater, by which the fate of the British army was in fact decided, Lincoln joined Gates at Stillwater, in obedience to his orders, and took command of the right wing, consisting of the eastern militia, and Nixon's, Glover's, and Patterson's brigades. In the action of October 7th he had no immediate share, but on the 8th his division moved forward, driving the British out of their lines. Soon afterwards, in leading a small force of militia to a post in the rear of Burgoyne's army, he fell upon a party of British by mistake, supposing them to be Americans, and was severely wounded, his right leg being fractured as he was turning his horse to escape. This wound confined him a year, and lamed him for the rest of his life. In consequence of this he was not present at the surrender of Burgoyne, and did not rejoin the army till August, 1778. During this long confinement he received numerous gratifying evidences of the high regard in which he was held by his brother officers, particularly those who had been under his command. Washington also conferred on him a special mark of esteem, in the gift of a set of epaulettes and sword knots, which he had received from a French gentleman to be bestowed on any friend he might choose.

General Lincoln arrived in Washington's camp on the 7th of August; on the 25th of September, he was appointed by Congress to the chief command of the southern department of the army, and on the 8th of October, departed to enter upon this most difficult sphere of action.

He arrived in Charleston on the 4th of December, hav-

ing been detained some time upon the way. Not long after, Colonel Campbell, at the head of two thousand British troops, took Savannah, with a loss of more than five hundred men on the part of General Howe, who, with eight hundred continentals and some five hundred militia, attempted to defend it. At the same time, General Prevost, the British commander in Florida, invaded Georgia from the south—took a fort at Sunbury, under command of Major Lane, making the whole garrison prisoners, and then joined Campbell at Savannah. The state of Georgia was thus lost for the present, and the sole American army in the south almost destroyed.

All this did not, however, dishearten the steady and resolute Lincoln. He collected supplies and reinforcements with the utmost industry, and on the 3d of January, 1779, was able to take post at Purysburg, some thirty miles from the mouth of the Savannah river, with nine hundred and fifty men. This small force was increased in the course of the month to three thousand seven hundred, of whom only eleven hundred were regular troops. The militia added very little to the strength of Lincoln's little army; those from South Carolina were especially troublesome and restive to discipline. They were, ere long, however, restrained by a law which subjected them to be transferred to the regular service, or instantly tried and punished, for any act of insubordination. Greater numbers of them were also called out, and a regiment of cavalry was organized.

Lincoln now being able to attempt more extensive operations, sent General Ashe, with sixteen hundred men, one hundred of whom were continentals, to take post opposite Augusta. He arrived there on the 13th February; the British fled to Savannah at his approach, supposing his force to be much larger than it really was. Lincoln ordered him to follow the enemy down the river in order to prevent any demonstrations against his own position, at

Purysburg. Ashe obeyed, but with culpable tardiness, and neglect of proper precautions. In consequence, Prevost surprised and defeated him, making prisoners of his regulars, who alone stood fire. Ashe himself was among the first of the fugitives, and not more than four hundred and fifty of his whole force of militia ever returned to the camp of Lincoln; the rest were killed or captured, or else betook themselves to their homes.

Lincoln's army was thus diminished to two-thirds of its previous number. Congress had voted a thousand men from Virginia for the southern department, but they were not forthcoming. Still Lincoln preserved the same courage and determination, and never omitted a single effort. Considerable bodies of militia were raised, and Governor Rutledge took post at Orangeburg, and distributed them so as to protect South Carolina, which was now threatened from almost every quarter. Lincoln in the mean while marched to Georgia, for the purpose of seizing Augusta, and confining the enemy to the coast, leaving General Moultrie with a thousand men at Purysburg. General Prevost, in consequence, made a feigned march towards Charleston, hoping to call Lincoln back to its defence. But the latter seeing through this design reinforced Moultrie with three hundred light troops from his own force, and requested Governor Rutledge to march his militia from Orangeburg to the capital, while he himself continued his course towards Savannah.

Prevost finding the people of the country favourably disposed to the British cause, changed his feigned march into a real one, and compelled Moultrie to retreat upon Charleston, where Rutledge joined him on the 10th, in season to save the place. Lincoln, recalled to the defence of the city, arrived there on the 14th, Prevost having retreated two days before on the rumour of his coming. Being anxious to strike a decisive blow at this antagonist, and of closing with honour a campaign which had hitherto

been fruitless, Lincoln determined to attack the British advanced post on Stone Inlet, and carry it before assistance could be sent from their main body, which was stationed on John's Island opposite.

By the time that the American army was prepared for this step, the British force was diminished to about six hundred. Moultrie was ordered to move from Charleston to threaten the British on the island, while the main body of the Americans made the attack. But he did not arrive till the time for his aid had passed, and, in consequence, the attempt was a failure, though all the dispositions were made with good judgment, and the troops under Lincoln fought with bravery. The loss on each side was about one hundred and sixty.

This battle was followed by the withdrawal of Prevost from the neighbourhood of Charleston, leaving Colonel Maitland, with eight hundred men, to harass the Americans. Lincoln, with nine hundred continental troops—the militia having returned home after the danger was over—took post at Sheldon. The summer heats now put an end to active operations. The health of the general was already seriously affected by the climate, and the wound in his leg had re-opened. On account of this Congress voted to him permission to resign his distinct command, and to return to the army under Washington. This served as the occasion for the manifestation of that esteem which he had gained in spite of the misfortunes he had experienced. All parties, including General Moultrie, on whom the command would devolve in case of Lincoln's withdrawal, united in urging him to remain. In consequence, he determined to do so, broken as was his health; and, on an intimation of this determination to Congress, he was, by a vote of that body, requested to continue his command. Measures were also decided on to strengthen his army, though they were not put in execution with sufficient promptness.

Meanwhile Lincoln had not only to struggle with illness which confined him to his bed, but with the insubordination of his troops, some of whom even mutinied, for want of pay and clothing. On the 18th of August he also received a letter from the provisional government of Georgia, entreating that General Scott's command, which was marching from the north to join him, might be directed to the protection of the upper counties of that state. However, before this was decided, Count D'Estaing, the French admiral, arrived off the coast, (on the 1st of September,) for the purpose of attacking Savannah in combination with the Americans.

Lincoln thereupon raised what forces he could, and left Charleston on the 8th. He was delayed by various circumstances, so that he did not arrive at Savannah till the 16th, where the French force was before him, having already summoned Prevost to surrender to the arms of France. Against this procedure Lincoln remonstrated, and it was agreed that thereafter all negotiations should be carried on in the names of both the French and American commanders.

The preparations for the attack were injudiciously prolonged for several days, giving the British opportunity to complete the defences of the town, and to receive a reinforcement of eight hundred choice troops, under Colonel Maitland. The place now being deemed too strong to be taken by assault, much time was lost in bringing up artillery from the French ships. A regular siege was at last commenced, but, after having been continued five days without effect, it was determined to carry the town, if possible, by assault. The main body, under Lincoln and D'Estaing, was to attack the principal redoubt in front, while a column under Count Dillon was to fall on the rear of the same fortification. The main column moved on the evening of October 9th, under cover of darkness, and came near the redoubt before they were dis-

covered. A hot fire was opened on them, but they faced it most bravely. Climbing on the bodies of their fallen comrades, the survivors amid that bloody storm made their way into the battery, drove out its defenders, and raised the American flag on the parapet.

D'Estaing had meanwhile been carried off the field, wounded, Pulaski was gone also, and the French were left without a leader, as Lincoln could only speak English. At this moment, when the victory seemed almost gained, Colonel Maitland, with consummate skill and courage, brought up the dragoons and marines from the neighbouring batteries, and forced the allies to withdraw, just as Dillon's column appeared in the rear. Had it come up a few minutes sooner, the British would have lost every thing. As it was, Lincoln soon perceived the impossibility of success, and drew off his forces in good order, with their wounded. The loss of the French was six hundred and thirty-seven killed and wounded; and of the Americans, two hundred and forty. The British, who fought under cover, lost some hundred and twenty only. The siege was at once raised, in spite of Lincoln's endeavours to induce the French commander to prosecute it farther. The French embarked on board their ships, the militia went home, and Lincoln was left once more with but a small and discouraged body of regular troops to protect the Carolinas.

Though the failure of this undertaking spread a gloom throughout the whole country, it seems not to have diminished the public confidence in Lincoln, or his own reliance upon himself. He made every endeavour to prepare for the large army with which the British government were now designing to conquer the whole south. Especially he attempted to procure the formation of regiments of negroes, but the legislature would not consent to it. Congress, however, sent to his aid several regiments of troops, and three frigates, though he would have been

better reinforced with the means of paying his murmuring soldiers, and providing necessary supplies. But for every difficulty he had a resource, and never seemed to be burdened beyond his powers.

The first step was to make good the defences of Charleston, but while the works were in progress the small-pox broke out in the city and put an end to all labour. Finally the expected descent of the British forces took place. Sir Henry Clinton with an army more than three times outnumbering that which Lincoln could bring against him, landed on John's Island, on the 10th of February. Instead of marching directly upon the city, which was in no condition to resist him, he made very slow and cautious advances, as if in the presence of an army equal to his own; fifteen days were occupied in making a progress of thirty miles.

In this emergency every thing seemed to work against the Americans. Governor Rutledge, endowed by the legislature with powers little short of dictatorial, ordered out the militia of the state, but very few obeyed. The shipping, on which Lincoln had placed great dependence for the defence of the town, proved to be useless. At the same time the civil authorities utterly refused to consent to an evacuation of the city, though a council of war decided that it was untenable; and though there was no doubt that it must ultimately surrender, they declared to General Lincoln that if he attempted to leave them, they would destroy his boats, and open the town to the enemy at once.

Before Sir Henry Clinton came up to the city, the defences were completed, through the perseverance and energy of Lincoln, who himself took pickaxe and spade, and laboured among the negroes, as an example to others. The British appeared before the batteries in the first week of April, and commenced a regular siege. By the 16th they had pushed forward their entrenchments so that small arms began to be used with great effect between the par-

ties. At the same time they succeeded in cutting off Lincoln's communication with the country, and his provisions began to fail. A truce was arranged on the 21st, to settle terms of capitulation, but Lincoln's proposals were rejected. A council of war at the same time deliberated on the possibility of drawing off the garrison, but that was agreed to be out of the question. Defence to the last moment was accordingly resolved on. The siege was renewed and prosecuted with unabated vigour; the discharge of small arms by the sharp shooters of both sides was incessant, while the roar of howitzers and bursting of shells knew no abatement from the darkness of night.

On the 8th of May, the besiegers having carried their works to the very edge of the canal in front of the American entrenchments, and being prepared for an assault, Sir Henry Clinton once more summoned Lincoln to surrender. A truce was agreed upon till the next afternoon, and meanwhile the militia, supposing all to be over, without waiting for orders, betook themselves with their baggage to the town, leaving the lines in great part undefended. The same terms were once more offered by Lincoln, and once more refused, and on the 9th, at evening, hostilities recommenced. The scene that night is described as terrific. The constant firing of mortars, the bursting of shells in the air, the explosion of magazines and ammunition chests, and the groans of the wounded and dying grew more and more fearful as the drama approached its close. For two days and nights the unequal conflict was maintained without cessation, till at last the general was besought by the inhabitants and the authorities to surrender. Indeed it was impossible longer to protract the struggle. All his provisions were exhausted, except a little rice, the militia had thrown down their arms, and the regulars were entirely worn out by severe and long continued labour. On the 12th the capitulation took place, on terms exceedingly favourable to the Americans.

To the republican cause, the loss of Charleston was the severest blow received during the war, and caused a very great depression in the popular feeling. Lincoln, however, lost nothing of the general respect and confidence. This was only to render him justice. It must be admitted that his conduct through the whole affair was the most judicious and admirable that it possibly could have been.

After the surrender of Charleston, Lincoln remained a prisoner on parole till the first of November, when he was exchanged. He did not however rejoin the army till June of 1781, but in compliance with the suggestions of Washington, remained in Massachusetts, engaged in raising recruits and procuring supplies, a business for which he was well adapted. On returning to the camp, he took command of a division, and for a month remained in the vicinity of New York, where the commander-in-chief was engaged in watching the movements of the enemy. During the subsequent march of the army to the south, Lincoln had the immediate command, and participated in the siege of Yorktown, and the surrender of Cornwallis. For his services on this occasion he was thanked together with Lafayette and Steuben, in Washington's general orders of October 20th. In the capitulation he took a conspicuous part, and must have been gratified by meeting Lord Cornwallis in a ceremony like that in which only a year before, both had performed totally different characters; Cornwallis having been one of the principal officers of Sir Henry Clinton's army at Charleston.

Soon after this, General Lincoln was withdrawn from active service in the field, by his appointment to the important and arduous office of Secretary of War. In this capacity he served the country till the disbanding of the army, in October, 1783. No man could have been better suited to this post, during that most critical period. Besides its regularly burdensome duties, the officers of the army, many of them being pecuniarily ruined by their long devotion to

the service, were clamorous for some more solid acknowledgment of their labours than they had yet received, or than seemed possible from an exhausted treasury. To Lincoln's tact, good judgment, and personal influence, the infant republic was much indebted for its protection from the great and perhaps incurable evils, that threatened to grow out of their just yet apparently unallowable demands, which were finally settled by compromise.

After retiring to private life, at his home in Hingham, General Lincoln engaged at first in a plan for purchasing and settling the wild lands of Maine. He also devoted himself to various objects of public utility, and wrote several essays, which remain as evidences of creditable tastes, and of a healthy activity of mind, on the part of one whose early education and subsequent employments had done little to foster literary propensities. He was called from retirement by the breaking out of Shay's rebellion, which he succeeded in quelling. He also took an active share in the discussion which preceded the adoption of the federal constitution in Massachusetts, and by his influence contributed very greatly to bringing about that result. In 1788 he was elected lieutenant-governor; and afterwards, when the general government came to be organized in 1789, he was appointed by Washington collector of the port of Boston, which office he held until, in 1806, the infirmities of old age rendered him incapable of discharging its duties. During this time he was also intrusted with missions to various Indians tribes of the south and west, which he performed to the perfect satisfaction of the government. In the year 1798, his pecuniary circumstances, which after the Revolution had been exceedingly straitened, but which the income of his collectorship had much improved, became seriously involved in consequence of the failure of General Knox, whose notes he had endorsed. In this embarrassment, the integrity of Lincoln's character was fully manifested. His friends, in view of the

peculiar circumstances of the case, urged him to put his property out of danger, but he constantly refused. The affair was subsequently settled without any loss to Lincoln.

The death of this good man took place on the 9th of May, 1810, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He departed, as became one whose life was nobly spent, with all the composure of a man, and all the faith of a Christian. He was followed to the grave by many who had borne with him the burden and the heat of the Revolution, and by a long concourse of relatives and friends. In his native town and its vicinity, and throughout the state of Massachusetts, his name is still held in grateful remembrance. Without standing forth in the history of our country prominent for any one brilliant deed or striking endowment, those who have followed our brief sketch of his life must feel the worth both of his services and of his character. As we said at the beginning, he was eminently a man for the times in which he lived. Strong good sense, a clear judgment, inflexible honesty, a firm will, untiring energy and vigour in practical affairs, and a genial and generous heart, were in him combined and balanced in happy proportion, less frequent if less likely to arrest a superficial observation than a great predominance of any one of these gifts. As a soldier, as a politician, and as a man, he lived an eventful and an honourable life. Amidst difficulties and defeats, he preserved the respect and confidence of the country, and passed through the most trying situations without a blot upon his character. Would that in all emergencies our beloved republic might find servants as honest, capable, and disinterested!

General Lincoln married at an early age, and, for more than half a century, enjoyed a degree of domestic happiness which no doubt did much to strengthen him for the sterner duties and trials of his life.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

THE "Plains of Abraham," and the "Storming of Quebec," are phrases familiar to the youngest child, so often celebrated in rude song and made the subject of chivalric detail, that in after-life when we read of these things as facts of history we can hardly bring our minds to see in them the events of but yesterday, and the achievements of a late generation. The storming of Quebec under the gallant Wolfe wears all the aspect of some renowned event, far removed into the romance of history; and the second attempt to carry the place in the same manner under our own no less gallant Montgomery, who had himself shared the perils and witnessed the death of the first leader against Quebec, has the same aspect of boldness, hardihood, and chivalry, which lends so much grace to the fate of Wolfe.

Then, when we remember that Montgomery perished himself before the same walls, no less beloved, honoured, and deplored, the whole assumes the appearance of a strange fatality. The ashes of the one were removed to England by a mourning people and interred in Westminster Abbey; while those of the other were finally disinterred by a no less appreciating people, and placed under a monument in front of St. Paul's Church in the city of New York.

Richard Montgomery was born in Ireland in 1736. At the age of eighteen he entered the British army, where his courage and his manly bearing, no less than the energetic solidity of his understanding, soon rendered him conspicuous amongst his fellows. We find him early in the French war doing good service for king and country,

active at the siege of Louisburg, where his coolness, capacity, and courage, won the warm approval of Wolfe. It is certainly a pleasing coincidence that these men, destined to terminate their career upon the same ground, should be thus warmly accordant in sentiment.

At the termination of the war, Montgomery obtained leave to revisit Europe, where he remained nine years, a close observer of the aspect of the times. Though little is known of him at this period, his readings of the handwriting upon the political wall must have been clear and full of noble import, for, in 1772, when the affairs of our own country were becoming each day more threatening, Richard Montgomery threw up his commission in the British army, and sought a home in our newer land, beset as we were with difficulties in every shape.

Arrived upon our shores, he purchased a farm in the neighbourhood of New York, and shortly after still more strongly cemented the alliance of home and country by a marriage with the daughter of Robert R. Livingston. Having removed to Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, he devoted himself assiduously to the honourable and primitive pursuits of agriculture, a tendency to which occupation is in all fine minds an instinctive reminiscence of the delights once enjoyed by our great first parent Adam in the garden of Eden. But a man like Montgomery could not well be inactive, as the needs of the times called into prominent exertion the most efficient and available men; accordingly we find him a representative of his county in the first Provincial Convention held in New York, 1775. It will be seen that this was a most stirring period—hostilities were already commenced between us and Great Britain, the time for remonstrance and deliberation had expired, and Montgomery, like other good and true men, was called into action.

Congress, in June, 1775, appointed him to the rank of brigadier-general in the Continental army, an homage to

integrity and worth highly honourable to the recipient, for be it remembered, that with all the narrowness of views which sometimes characterized the proceedings of that remarkable body of men, a narrowness arising from an unfamiliarity with parliamentary usages and an ignorance of the military spirit, they had a thorough and instinctive recognition of integrity of purpose, which rendered their awards upon that ground the highest possible compliment.

In view of this appointment, Montgomery says, with something like foreboding: "The Congress having done me the honour of electing me brigadier-general in their service, is an event which must put an end, for awhile, perhaps for ever, to the quiet scheme of life I had prescribed for myself; for, though entirely unexpected and undesired by me, *the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed.*"

At the commencement of hostilities between the two governments, it became apparent to Congress that the Canadas must be reduced, or at least held in such a state of abeyance as should prevent the atrocities likely to follow from the alliance of the Indians of the frontier with our enemies; the extent of territory exposed also, and the facility of invasion from that quarter, made the securing of positions there to the last degree important. Accordingly it was determined to invade the country, by two routes, the one, by way of the Kennebec, through the wilderness of Maine, the command of which was intrusted to the then courageous and indefatigable Arnold; the other, by the way of the river Sorel, was devolved upon Montgomery.

The circumstance of Schuyler's illness threw the responsibility of the Canada campaign entirely upon Montgomery. He continued to make his way into the country, notwithstanding the hindrances of ill-supplied munitions of war, marshy and unhealthy districts in which he was obliged to encamp, and which caused much suffering in

the army, and the mutinous spirit of his troops, who, their term of enlistment being nearly expired, were indisposed to a service which promised to be not only severe but protracted. The fortresses of St. Johns, Chamblee, and Montreal, finally yielded to his arms, and the still more difficult task of effecting a junction with Arnold before the walls of Quebec remained for achievement.

It was now the beginning of winter, the cold was intense and his men poorly provided for the inclemencies of that rigorous climate. Arnold, after incredible hardships, had made his way through the forests of Maine, and had already crossed the St. Lawrence with his hardy band early in December. They were now before the great keystone of the north, few in number, it is true, but the spirit of the two leaders equal to the most heroic daring. Nor were the difficulties with which they had to contend slight or few; they were to invest a place of great strength and importance with an inadequate army, and these just on the point of mutiny; their guns were scanty in number, and insufficient in size, and they were already disheartened by severe cold and protracted marches.

On the 31st of December, 1775, the movement of the troops commenced before daylight upon the Plains of Abraham. Montgomery advanced at the head of his division round the foot of Cape Diamond, and though the whole route was obstructed not only by snow but by the ice thrown up by the river, by which the hazards of doubling the promontory were much increased, the dauntless band pushed forward, and carried the first barrier with a vigorous assault.

A moment, but a moment of pause, to reassure his self-exhausted troops, and the gallant Montgomery waved his sword, onward: "Men of New York, follow where your general leads!" and he pressed toward the second barrier, cheering his men, and performing prodigies of valour.

There is a rush—a deathlike pause—a merging to and fro of armed men—the plume of the gallant leader sweeps the snow of the battle-field. The cold December sun came forth and looked upon that red waste, and the gallant Montgomery, dead, pierced with three wounds. Quebec and the Canadas are still the property of the foe.

The tumult of battle died away, and the enemy, forgetting the animosities of war, remembered only the virtues of the dead—remembered only that a great man had sealed his doom under those ill-fated walls, and they opened their gates to the mourning train of followers, and gave their gallant enemy, one most worthy of their steel, a tranquil and temporary resting-place till peace should once more return to our borders.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN WHITCOMB.

JOHN WHITCOMB, of Massachusetts, served with distinction in the “old French war,” and was not called into service at the opening of the Revolution, on account of his advanced age ; but the soldiers of his regiment were so attached to him that they resolved not to enlist under any other officer, and the veteran, failing to succeed by addressing their patriotism, proposed as an inducement for them to continue in the army to join them in the ranks. Colonel Brewer, however, who had been appointed his successor, relinquished the command of the regiment, and Colonel Whitcomb continued with it at Boston until he was made a brigadier-general, in June, 1776, when he succeeded General Ward in charge of the troops in that city. He was soon after permitted to retire from the service, and his ambition was gratified in seeing men of a younger race succeed in establishing the independence of the country.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN CADWALADER.

JOHN CADWALADER was a native of Philadelphia, and a brother of Colonel Lambert Cadwalader, a valuable officer in the Continental service, who, after the close of the Revolution, was four years a representative of the state of New Jersey in Congress. He sustained a high character in his native city, was a member of the Pennsylvania Convention in 1775, and had gained great popularity as an officer of the militia. In March, 1776, the Assembly appointed him colonel of the second battalion raised in that state. But as he had requested the command of the first battalion, he declined the appointment.

At the close of the year 1776, the affairs of the country wore a serious aspect. The enemy was in possession of New York, and had overrun a considerable part of New Jersey. The American army had lost during the campaign near five thousand men by captivity and death; and the few remaining regulars, amounting only to two thousand, were upon the eve of being disbanded; for as yet the enlistments were for the short term of only one year. General Howe had cantoned his troops in several villages on the Delaware, in New Jersey. His strongest post was at Trenton, where he had twelve hundred Hessians under the command of Colonel Roll. General Washington occupied the heights on the Pennsylvania side of the river, in full view of the enemy. A few cannon-shot were now and then exchanged across the river, but without doing much execution on either side. The two armies lay in these positions for several weeks. In the meanwhile the spirit of liberty, inflamed by the recital of the ravages committed by the British in New Jersey, began to revive in every part of the continent. Fifteen hundred associa-

tors,—for as yet most of the states were without militia laws,—marched from Philadelphia, under General Cadwalader, to reinforce the army of Washington. This body consisted chiefly of citizens of the first rank and character. They had been accustomed to the enjoyment of wealth and ease. But neither the hardships of a military life nor the severity of the winter checked their patriotic ardour. The affluent merchant and the journeyman tradesman were seen marching side by side, and often exchanged with each other the contents of their canteens. These troops were stationed at Bristol. On the evening of the 25th of December, the commander-in-chief marched from his quarters with his little band of regulars to McKonkie's ferry, with the design of surprising the enemy's post at Trenton. He had previously given orders to General Ewing, who commanded a small body of the militia of the flying camp, to cross the Delaware below Trenton, so as to cut off the retreat of the enemy towards Bordentown. He had likewise advised General Cadwalader of his intended enterprise, and recommended him at the same time to cross the river at Dunk's ferry, three miles below Bristol, in order to surprise the enemy's post at Mount Holly. Unfortunately the extreme coldness of the night increased the ice in the river to that degree that it was impossible for the militia to cross it either in boats or on foot. After struggling with the difficulties of the season till near daylight, they reluctantly abandoned the shores of the Delaware, and returned to their quarters. General Washington, from the peculiar nature of that part of the river to which he directed his march, met with fewer obstacles from the ice, and happily crossed over about daylight. He immediately divided his force, and marched them through two roads towards Trenton. The distance was six miles. About eight o'clock an attack was made on the picket guard of the enemy. It was commanded by a youth of eighteen, who fell in his retreat to the main

body. At half after eight o'clock, the town was nearly surrounded, and all the avenues to it seized, except the one left for General Ewing to occupy. The commanding officer of one of the divisions sent word to Washington just before reaching the town, that his ammunition had been rendered useless, and desired to know what he must do. The commander-in-chief, with the readiness that was so natural to him in action, sent word to "advance with fixed bayonets." The laconic answer inspired the division with the courage of their leader. The whole body now moved onwards in sight of the enemy. An awful silence reigned through every platoon. Each soldier stepped as if he carried the liberty of his country upon his single musket. The moment was a critical one. The attack was begun with the artillery, under Colonel Knox, which was supported with spirit and firmness. The enemy were thrown into confusion in every quarter. One regiment attempted to form in an orchard, but were soon forced to fall back on their main body. A company took sanctuary in a stone house, which they defended with a field-piece judiciously posted in the entry. Captain Washington (a relation of the general's) was ordered to dislodge them. He advanced with a field-piece, but finding his men exposed to a close and steady fire, suddenly dashed into the door, seized the officer by the collar who had command of the gun, and made him prisoner. His men followed, and the whole company were immediately captured. In the meanwhile victory declared itself everywhere in favour of the American arms, and General Washington received the submission of the main body of the enemy by a flag. The joy of the Americans can more easily be conceived than described. This was the first important advantage they had gained in the campaign, and its consequences were at once foreseen.

Early in the morning of the 27th of December, 1776, General Cadwalader crossed the river from Bristol, with

fifteen hundred militia, without being informed that Washington had re-crossed the Delaware. The enemy at this time might have easily cut him off, but the landing in open daylight alarmed them, and they began to retreat towards Princeton, Cadwalader advancing on the way to Burlington. At Bordentown, he waited until the chief again crossed the Delaware, and was then directed to join the army at Trenton.

In January, 1777, Washington recommended the appointment of a brigadier-general out of each state to command their respective troops. He urged the appointment of Cadwalader among the first, characterizing him as "a man of ability, a good disciplinarian, firm in his principles, and of intrepid bravery." On the 21st of February, he was offered a brigadier's commission, but preferred to continue in his command under the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. In the autumn of 1777, at the request of Washington, he assisted in organizing the militia of the eastern shore of Maryland.

Washington continued to be very desirous to attach Cadwalader to the regular army; and on the 20th of March, 1778, writing to him from Valley Forge, he says: "Most sincerely do I wish it was in my power to point out some post or place in the army, which would invite you and fix you in it. We want your aid exceedingly; and the public, perhaps at no time since the commencement of the war, would be more benefited by your advice and assistance than at the present moment, and throughout the whole of this campaign, which must be important and critical. One thing is certain; a seat at my board, and a square on my floor, shall always be reserved for you. But this, though it would add to my pleasure, is not the height of my wishes. I want to see you in a more important station."

In September, 1778, he was appointed by Congress brigadier-general and commander of the cavalry. He

declined the appointment, on the ground that he believed the war to be near its close. General Washington had a strong personal regard for him and full confidence in his military abilities; and frequently expressed regret at his declining the office. Cadwalader continued in service, however, and participated in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth.

After the resignation and disgrace of General Conway, being out of employment, he repaired to Philadelphia, which the British army had evacuated. His freedom of speech and rude manners frequently involved him in difficulties with the American officers. For some offensive remarks in reference to General Washington, he was at length called to account by General Cadwalader. When arrived at the appointed rendezvous, Cadwalader accompanied by General Dickinson of Pennsylvania, and Conway by Colonel Morgan of Princeton, it was agreed by the seconds, that on the word being given, the principals might fire in their own time. The parties having declared themselves ready, the word was given, and Conway immediately raised his pistol and discharged it with great composure, but without effect. Cadwalader fired, and his ball entering the mouth of his antagonist, he fell directly forward on his face. Colonel Morgan, running to his assistance, found the blood flowing from behind his neck, and lifting up his hair, saw the ball drop from it. It had passed through his head greatly to the derangement of his tongue and teeth, but did not inflict a mortal wound. As soon as the blood was sufficiently washed away to allow him to speak, Conway, turning to his opponent, said, good humoredly, "You fire, General, with much deliberation, and certainly with a great deal of effect." The calls of honour satisfied, all apparent animosity subsided.

Cadwalader seems to have regretted his determination to decline the rank of brigadier-general, offered to him in 1777 and 1778, and in a letter to Washington, dated

20th September, 1780, says: "I have now reasons to wish I had accepted the command given me by Congress; but at that time I conceived that the war was near a conclusion. Many others were of the same opinion, and we flattered ourselves with expectations of a speedy peace. In this, however, I remember you widely differed in opinion. Whatever may be the event, be assured there is no person in America more firmly attached to you as commander, and to the general cause; and, should our affairs take an unfortunate turn, I shall, to the last, share with you the misfortunes of the times." In reply, Washington observed—"To tell you, if any event should ever bring you to the army, and you have no command in it equal to your merit, nor place more agreeable to your wishes than being a member of my family, that I should be happy in seeing you there, would only be announcing a truth, which has often been repeated, and of which I hope you are convinced."

After the close of the war, General Cadwalader removed to Maryland, and was a member of the legislature of that state. He died 10th of February, 1786, aged forty-three. He was related by marriage with the family of John Dickinson, and was a gentleman of fortune. His daughter Fanny, in 1800, married David Montagu Erskine, afterwards Baron Erskine, and Minister Plenipotentiary to this country from England. Erskine succeeded to the title, as second baron, on the decease of his father, the celebrated Chancellor Erskine, 17th November, 1823. He has been Minister Plenipotentiary to Bavaria, and his seat is at Restormel Castle, in the county of Cornwall, once a part of the inheritance of the Dukes and Earls of Cornwall. General George Cadwalader, now with the United States army in Mexico, is a grandson of the revolutionary general, and the third in succession of the name and rank.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM HEATH.

WILLIAM HEATH was the son of a plain Roxbury farmer, who inherited and occupied the small estate planted by his ancestors in 1636. He was born on the 2d of March, 1737, and brought up in the occupation of a tiller of the soil, which he continued to pursue, when not in the army, until his death. From childhood he delighted in military exercises, and read such treatises upon the art of war as fell within his reach. The militia company of Roxbury being disbanded, he went to Boston in 1765, and was enrolled as a member of the "Ancient and Honourable Artillery," a corps which was organized in 1638, and is still the pride and boast of Boston, as the oldest military organization in America.

The fine martial bearing of Heath attracted the notice of the commander of the Suffolk regiment, who recommended him for the appointment of captain, and he was at once commissioned by Governor Bernard. He was subsequently commander of the Boston Artillery Company. In 1770 he wrote sundry essays in a newspaper of the city, under the signature of "A Military Countryman," on the importance of military discipline and skill in the use of arms. Hutchinson succeeded Bernard in the government of the turbulent spirits of Massachusetts, and Heath was superseded in his command. But it was not long before a new power was beginning to set at naught the authority of the royal governor. THE PEOPLE undertook to choose officers for themselves, and Heath was unanimously appointed to command the first company of Roxbury; and when, some time after, the officers of the Suffolk militia met to select a colonel, he was chosen to that office.

The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts assembled in 1775 at Cambridge, and proceeded to organize an army. Five general officers were appointed, Colonel Heath being one of the number. He was also an active member of the Committee of Safety. On the 22d of June he was appointed by the Continental Congress, which had now assumed the control of affairs, to be one of their brigadier-generals. General Washington, the commander-in-chief, gave directions for organizing the yet rude and undisciplined army into divisions and brigades, and Heath was stationed with his brigade at Roxbury, with instructions to perfect them in discipline. In March, 1776, after the evacuation of Boston, he was ordered to New York, and marched to Norwich, Connecticut, whence he embarked for that city, which it was at that time deemed of great importance to defend against the attacks of the enemy.

The increase of the army rendered the appointment of additional general officers necessary, and on the 9th of August, when the number was increased, Heath was created a major-general. Soon after this time, the concentration of the enemy's forces in the neighbourhood of New York, following the battle and retreat from Long Island, suggested the expediency of withdrawing the army from that vicinity, to baffle the designs of General Howe. A council of officers was called, at which Generals Heath, Mercer, Spencer, and Clinton, opposed the evacuation of the city, but the majority deciding in favour of the measure, General Washington carried it into effect.

General Heath, as the winter approached, was ordered to take command of the posts in the Highlands, including passes on both sides of the Hudson, and forts Constitution, Montgomery, and Independence. His division consisted of Connecticut and Massachusetts troops, and Clinton's brigade of New York militia.

After the fortunate *coup de main* at Trenton, General Washington, anxious to avail himself of the consterna-

tion of the enemy, ordered General Heath to move down towards New York, as if with a design to attack the city. He moved in three divisions towards New York, and on the 18th January, 1777, reached the enemy's outposts, near Kingsbridge, where there was some slight skirmishing, and a few British prisoners taken. But the expedition was a signal failure, and subjected General Heath to severe censures and no inconsiderable ridicule, when the facts became known, that, after drawing up his forces before Fort Independence, which was now in the hands of the enemy, and summoning the garrison to surrender, allowing "twenty minutes only" for their answer, he did not attack the fort, when they neglected to notice his peremptory summons, but after ten days retreated from his position. General Washington was mortified at the unsuccessful result of the expedition, and in a private letter to Heath, informed that his conduct was censured and the army "in some degree disgraced." "Your summons," said he, "as you did not attempt to fulfil your threats, was not only idle but farcical, and will not fail of turning the laugh exceedingly upon us."* General Heath made the best explanation he could, in a letter, dated February 6, addressed to the commander-in-chief, but the misfortune was not forgotten until more stirring and important events occupied the public mind.

During the greater part of this and the following year, he was employed in Massachusetts, in superintending the forwarding of troops and supplies, and providing for the removal of the prisoners surrendered to Gates at Saratoga, from Boston to Charlottesville in Virginia.

After the removal of Washington's head-quarters to New Windsor in June, 1779, General Heath, who had been in command at Boston for a short time, was ordered to repair to the Highlands, and was placed in command of

* Sparks's Washington, iv. 307.

Nixon's, Parsons's, and Huntington's brigades, on the east side of the river, with a view to guard against an attack upon West Point. Upon intelligence of the destruction of Fairfield, Norwalk, &c., by General Tryon and his myrmidons, General Heath was ordered to proceed with the two Connecticut brigades to counteract his movements. He afterwards returned to the Highlands, resuming his former command of the left wing, posted on the east of the Hudson, opposite West Point, and had the charge at this post after General Washington removed his head-quarters to Morristown.

In the spring of 1780 General Heath, having been appointed by the legislature of Massachusetts to superintend the recruiting of new levies and procuring supplies for the army, returned to that state, where he performed these duties to the satisfaction of the commander-in-chief. In July, he repaired to Rhode Island, upon the arrival of the French fleet with the forces under Count Rochambeau, and expressed himself delighted with the French officers and the fine martial appearance of the troops. After remaining some time with the French commander, he was ordered to rejoin the army in the Highlands, where he remained most of the time until the march of the grand army under Washington to the field of Yorktown, where the surrender of Lord Cornwallis closed the campaign and the war of Independence.

In April, 1783, Congress ordered the cessation of hostilities; and the fact is noted in Heath's Memoirs, that the proclamation was published in camp on the 19th of April, precisely eight years from the day of the battle of Lexington. After the proclamation was read at West Point, three loud cheers were given by the troops, "after which a prayer was made by the Rev. Mr. Gano, and an anthem (*Independence*, by Billings,) was performed by vocal and instrumental music."*

* Heath's Memoirs, p. 307.

At the close of the war General Heath retired to private life, busying himself with the quiet occupations of his farm at Roxbury. He was elected a senator and counsellor and an elector of President, and was president of the Electoral College of Massachusetts in 1812, when the vote of the state was given to De Witt Clinton. In 1793 he was judge of probate for the county of Norfolk, and in 1806, was chosen lieutenant governor, but declined the office, and refused to be qualified. He died at his seat in Roxbury, January 24th, 1814, aged 77. General Heath was a sincere patriot, and although not a great general, was an honest and upright man. He published, in 1798, a volume entitled "Memoirs of Major-General Heath: containing Anecdotes, Details of Skirmishes, Battles, and other Military Events, during the American War, Written by Himself."

The Marquis de Chastellux thus describes General Heath, in his "Travels:" "His countenance is noble and open; and his bald head, as well as his corpulence, give him a striking resemblance to the late Lord Granby. He writes well, and with ease; has great sensibility of mind, and a frank and amiable character; in short, if he has not been in the way of displaying his talents in action, it may be at least asserted, that he is well adapted to the business of the cabinet. During his stay at Newport, he lived honourably and in great friendship with all the French officers. In the month of September, General Washington, on discovering the treason of Arnold, sent for him, and gave him the command of West Point, a mark of confidence the more honourable, as none but the honestest of men was proper to succeed, in this command, the basest of all traitors."*

* Voyages dans L'Amerique Septentr. Tom. i. 72.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN THOMAS.

WHEN the measures pursued by the British government left it no longer doubtful that the design was to reduce the American colonies to unconditional submission, the people began to arm and make preparation for resistance. The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, two months before the battle of Lexington, appointed five general officers, to command the forces which they had determined to raise. One of their number was Colonel JOHN THOMAS, who had acquired reputation in the French war.

JOHN THOMAS was a native of Marshfield, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1724. After the preliminary education of a common school, he studied medicine, as pupil of the celebrated Dr. Cotton Tufts, of Medford. He commenced the practice of his profession in his native town, but after a few years removed to Kingston, in the same state, where he became distinguished as a successful practitioner, and where he resided, when not connected with the army, during the residue of his life. In the year 1746 he was appointed a surgeon in one of the regiments sent to Annapolis Royal, and in the following year was in the medical staff of Shirley, a post which he exchanged soon after for that of a lieutenant. From this position he rose, in 1759, to the rank of colonel of the provincials, and was for a time with his corps in Nova Scotia. In 1760 Governor Pownall gave him the command of a regiment, with which he joined the army under General Amherst, at Crown Point. He headed the left wing of the detachment sent by General Amherst under Colonel Haviland from Lake Champlain, in August, 1760, to co-operate with the other division of the army moving against Montreal. He was present

when Amherst was joined by the forces from Quebec under General Murray, and when Montreal surrendered, at the first summons. This event closed the Seven Years' War, during which France and England contended for the mastery of North America.

From this period until the opening of the great drama of the Revolution, Colonel Thomas was engaged in the business of his profession at Kingston. When the first mutterings of the approaching storm were heard, he enrolled himself among those who were styled the Sons of Liberty. He raised a regiment of volunteers, and on the 9th of February, 1775, was appointed a brigadier-general by the Provincial Congress. After the battle of Lexington, General Ward was made commander-in-chief, with his head quarters at Cambridge, and Thomas was appointed lieutenant-general, and commanded on the Roxbury side, in the division nearest the British lines.

The Continental Congress soon after this assumed the control of the army assembled near Boston, and created officers to direct their movements. General Thomas was entitled to the rank of the first brigadier, Ward being the only major-general assigned to Massachusetts. His claims were overlooked, and precedence given to Pomeroy and Heath, both his juniors. He at once withdrew from the command at Roxbury, concluding, as did the heroic Stark on a similar occasion, that he could not with honour serve in the army under the command of officers whom he had commanded.

The withdrawal of General Thomas excited a universal feeling of regret. He was an able and experienced officer, and greatly beloved by the troops. Many efforts were made to induce him to continue in the service. Appeals were presented in the strongest language to his well-known patriotism, to overlook the slight, in consideration of the perilous crisis which had arrived. Letters from the Provincial Congress, from the field-officers in camp at Roxbury, from General Lee, and from General Washington himself,

were addressed to General Thomas, urging him to continue in the service; and at length, to remedy the evil, Congress passed a special resolution, that General Thomas should have precedence of all the brigadiers in the army.*

In the battle of Bunker's Hill, General Thomas took no active part, although his post at Roxbury was cannonaded during the whole day. That post was maintained, under the belief that the enemy would attempt to take possession of Dorchester Heights. From this time until March, 1776, he remained in command of the camp at Roxbury. On the 4th of that month, with three thousand picked men and a sufficient supply of intrenching tools, he took possession of Dorchester Heights; and before the next morning dawned upon the scene, his works had been thrown up, presenting through the hazy atmosphere a most formidable appearance to the astonished British in Boston. Some of their officers afterwards acknowledged that the expedition with which these works were thrown up, their sudden and unexpected appearance, recalled to their minds those wonderful stories of enchantment and invisible agency which are so frequent in the Eastern romances.

Nothing remained for General Howe but to abandon the town or dislodge the provincials. With his usual spirit he determined upon the latter, and sent down towards the Castle a body of two thousand men to land and carry the Heights; but a tremendous storm at night frustrated his plans. General Thomas was now reinforced with two thousand men, and General Washington soon after arrived. He addressed the soldiers in encouraging and animating terms, reminding them that it was the anniversary of the Boston massacre, (5th of March,) a day

* General Washington, in his letter to Congress, of the 10th July, says—
“General Thomas is much esteemed, and most earnestly desired to continue in the service; and, as far as my opportunities have enabled me to judge, I must join in the general opinion, that he is an able, good officer, and his resignation would be a public loss.”—Sparks's Washington, iii. 23.

never to be forgotten. An engagement was expected, and Washington in one of his letters remarks, that he never saw better spirits or more ardour prevailing among any body of troops. The enemy, however, at a council of war held that morning, had determined to evacuate the town; and after various delays, their heavy columns embarked on board their ships on the 17th of March, the American troops entering Boston in triumph as the retreating enemy pushed from the shores.

The fall of the gallant Montgomery before Quebec rendered it necessary to send an experienced officer to the command in Canada. Congress on the 6th of March promoted General Thomas to the rank of major-general, assigning to him that division. He promptly repaired to the camp, where he found the whole effective force reduced to less than a thousand men, three hundred of whom, being entitled to a discharge, refused to do duty—the small-pox raging among the troops—and the enemy receiving reinforcements. He called a council of war on the 5th of May, when it was determined that they were not in a condition to risk an assault. The sick were removed to Three Rivers, and the American troops retreated from one post to another, until, by the 18th of June, they had evacuated Canada.

Before reaching Chamblee, on the river Sorel, General Thomas was attacked by the small-pox, and while waiting at that place for expected reinforcements, he died, on the 2d of June, at the age of fifty-two years. Thacher, in his *Military Journal*, says, “he was held in universal respect and confidence as a military character, and his death is deeply deplored throughout the army.” Eliot, in a note to his memoir of Sullivan, says of General Thomas, that “he was one of the best officers in the army of 1775. A more brave, beloved, and distinguished character did not go into the field, nor was there a man that made a greater sacrifice of his own ease, health, and social enjoyments.”

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE CLINTON.

FEW names have been more distinguished in the annals of New York than that of CLINTON. The ancestor of the family who first settled on these shores was James the son of William Clinton, who, being an adherent of Charles I., took refuge in the county of Longford, Ireland, on the execution of that monarch. James, the son, found an easier way of escape from the popular fury, by espousing the daughter of a captain in Cromwell's army. He was the father of Charles, the immediate ancestor of the American family, who was born in 1690, and emigrated to this country in 1729. It has been said that, in addition to the perils of a passage which occupied nearly five months, the captain had formed the design of starving the passengers, in order to seize upon their property. The plan was frustrated by a timely discovery, and the passengers safely landed at Cape Cod. Here Clinton remained until 1731, when he removed to Ulster county in New York. He was made judge of the county court, and in 1756 was appointed lieutenant-colonel, under Delancy. At the head of his regiment, under General Bradstreet, in 1757, he assisted in the capture of Fort Frontenac at the mouth of Lake Ontario. He died at his residence in Ulster, now Orange County, November 19, 1773, aged 82. He is mentioned as a tall, graceful, and dignified person, of commanding abilities and great private virtues. Of his four sons, Alexander, a graduate at Princeton in 1750, was a physician; Charles, a surgeon in the British army, was at the taking of Havana in 1762; James was a brigadier-general in the American Revolution, and George, vice-president of the United States.

GEORGE CLINTON, the youngest son of Charles Clinton,

was born on the 26th of July, 1739. In his education his father was assisted by Daniel Thain, a minister from Scotland. In early life he evinced the enterprise which distinguished him in after years. He once left his father's house and sailed in a privateer. On his return he accompanied as a lieutenant his brother James, in the expedition against Fort Frontenac, now Kingston. Thus his early education to arms prepared him, like the great Virginian, for the scenes in which they were destined to act so important a part. The war in America terminated in 1760, by the conquest of Canada, and young Clinton laying by his sword applied to the study of the law, under the direction of William Smith, one of the most able advocates who had ever adorned the bar of New York. He then settled in his native county, where the royal governor, George Clinton, acknowledging a remote consanguinity, had given him a life-estate in a clerkship. He practised with reputation, and was chosen a representative to the colonial assembly, of which he continued to be an active and useful member, steadily opposing every attempt to seduce or overawe that body into a compliance with the views of the British government hostile to the liberty of America.

Thus, before the controversy grew up into a war, he had studied mankind, both in books and in the world, both in the closet and in the camp; and practically knew what reliance is to be placed on reason; what resource can be derived from hope and fear: but in reading the sacred volumes of our laws he had nourished his soul with the principles of liberty, and learned to estimate at their just value those rights on the defence of which we staked our all. "We felt," said Gouverneur Morris, in his funeral oration on the death of Clinton, "our cause to be just, and we placed it in the hands of Omnipotence. Such was the firm resolve of that first Congress, whose memory will be sacred and immortal. Such too the persevering

determination of their successors, among whom, on the 15th of May, 1775, George Clinton took his seat. On the 8th of July the members then present signed their last petition to his Britannic majesty."

Mr. Clinton was present and voted for the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776; but in consequence of the invasion of New York by the enemy, and the internal excitement and trouble caused by the loyalists, he was suddenly called home before the instrument was ready for the signature of the members, and his name is not attached to it. "He had an aversion," says Morris, "to councils, because (to use his own words) the duty of looking out for danger makes men cowards. His temper and earliest habits trained him to the field." When General Howe, in July, 1776, sent a naval force up the North river, General Washington, in a letter to General Clinton, urged him to send a party of militia to defend the passes of the Highlands. Clinton had anticipated the orders of the commander-in-chief by calling out three regiments of militia, as soon as the signals had been given that the enemy's ships were ascending the river. One regiment he stationed at Fort Constitution, opposite West Point, another at Fort Montgomery, to which he repaired in person, and the third at Newburgh, ready to be called down to the forts below if occasion should require. He had likewise directed several sloops and boats to be assembled at Fort Constitution, with the design of drawing a chain of them across the narrowest part of the river, prepared to be set on fire if the enemy's vessels should attempt to break through. Colonel Woodhull commanded a regiment of militia under him at Fort Montgomery, and his brother, James Clinton, a colonel in the continental army, had been stationed for several weeks at Fort Constitution, superintending the construction of the military works in the Highlands. No fortifications had as yet been erected at West Point.

General Clinton served as brigadier-general of the militia of New York until the 25th of March, 1777, when, the state having recommended to Congress that a commander should be named to the posts in the Highlands, that station of high trust and confidence was given to him, with the rank of brigadier in the continental army. How well he deserved it was evinced by his gallant defence of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, on the 6th of October, 1777, when those unfinished fortresses were stormed by the British general, Sir Henry Clinton. The defence was obstinately maintained by a body of only six hundred men, against a force of three thousand under Sir Henry Clinton, from two o'clock until dark, when the enemy, by superior numbers, forced the works on all sides. General Clinton with many of the Americans escaped under cover of the night.* Had the works been complete, or the garrison sufficient to occupy commanding positions in the rear, the assailants must have failed. As it was, the defence was such as to induce apprehension in the enemy of having their retreat cut off should they remain in the

* In a journal kept by the late Dr. Joseph Young is the following account of the fortunate escape of the American commanders: "When it became almost certain that they would finally be obliged to submit to superior numbers, General James tried to persuade his brother George to leave the redoubt, alleging that it would be a greater injury to our cause to have the governor of the state taken prisoner, than if he should fall into their hands; they, however, both remained until it grew dark, and were mixed with the enemy: the governor escaped in a boat to the east side of the river, and James slid down the very steep bank of a creek which ran near the redoubt, and fell into the top of a hemlock tree, and made his escape by going up the bed of the brook, in which there was but little water at that time. When the enemy rushed into the redoubt, Colonel McClaughsy and a Mr. James Humphrey, the cock of whose gun had been shot off, turned back to back, and defended themselves desperately; they were assailed on all sides, and would undoubtedly have been killed, but a British senator who witnessed their spirit and bravery, exclaimed that it would be a pity to kill such brave men; they then rushed on and seized them, and when the colonel was brought to the British General Clinton, he asked where his friend George was? The colonel replied, 'Thank God, he is safe beyond the reach of your friendship.'"

upper Hudson long enough to make a useful diversion in favour of Burgoyne. That vaunting chief was, therefore, left to his fate, and thus the obstacles opposed in the Highlands shed a propitious influence on that Northern campaign, the brilliant issue of which at Saratoga arrayed in our defence the armies of France.

The situation of the state of New York during the war required the exercise of every power of the mind and every energy of the heart. The ravages and miseries which only occasionally visited other parts of the Union had here their permanent abode. More than one half of the territory was in possession of, or was laid open to the enemy, whose immediate policy it was to acquire the remainder; and a large proportion of the inhabitants were favourable to his views. The few, therefore, who continued faithful, were called out at every moment, and in every direction, to resist invasion or quell insurrection. The cannon's roar and the savage's yell were borne on every breeze. Uncultivated fields, abandoned shops, the ruins of burned dwellings, wounded the eye of pity and filled the sympathetic bosom with anguish, horror, and indignation. The patriotic few, assailed by danger and pinched by want, were hourly tempted by the enemy with insidious offers of protection and abundance. These were the circumstances under which the New York convention closed its labours by publishing the Constitution in April, 1777; and under these circumstances was George Clinton chosen in the succeeding month of June to be both governor and lieutenant-governor; such was the confidence reposed in him—a confidence unshaken during eighteen years, and attested by six general elections.

The public records of this period witness the extent and value of his services. He was a supporter of the federal constitution, and presided in the convention at Poughkeepsie in June, 1788, upon its ratification. After being

five years in private life he was elected to the legislature ; and it has been said that his popularity and exertions in that body and in the state precipitated the great political revolution of 1800. Again in 1801 he was chosen governor, but in 1804 was succeeded by Morgan Lewis. In that year he was elevated to the vice-presidency of the United States, in which station he continued till his death. It was by his casting vote that the bill for renewing the bank charter was negatived. He died at Washington, April 20, 1812, aged seventy-two. In private life he was frank and amiable, and warm in his friendships. That he was a man of great energy and decision of character the following incidents will sufficiently prove. At the close of the revolutionary war, when a British officer had been arrested and placed in a cart in the city of New York to be tarred and feathered, Governor Clinton rushed in among the angry mob with a drawn sword and rescued the sufferer. On another occasion, a riot, as violent and extensive in proportion as that of Lord George Gordon in London, broke out in New York. The untarnished hero mingled with the mob, to prevent excess and allay the passions of the multitude. Tender of the lives of a misguided populace, for two days he submitted himself to this all-important service, and prevented the subversion of private as well as public rights, and the destruction of private property. Perceiving that the passions of the multitude were not to be allayed, the tenderness of a father yielded to the duties of a magistrate ; and those whom by his remonstrance he could not soften, by his energy and authority he instantly subdued.

In 1786, a rebellion, which threatened a revolution, broke out in Massachusetts ; the rebels were discomfited and in large bodies fled to Lebanon, New York, a place distant one hundred and fifty miles from the city, which was then the seat of government and the residence of the governor. Of this event he was informed, but not

foreseeing the evil, the legislature (which was then in session) had failed to provide for the emergency, and the executive was without power ; yet so great was the confidence of the assembly, and so energetic his action, that in less than three days he appeared on the spot with two regiments of troops and a competent court of justice, and all proper officers and necessary characters attendant ; and in less than twelve hours the rebel army was dispersed, the inactive magistrates dismissed, and the offenders brought to punishment.

Of all the revolutionary worthies, to him alone was intrusted the government of a state and at the same time a command in the regular army. So great was the confidence of the people in his valour and probity that they would have invested him with higher and even dictatorial powers had it been necessary for the public good. Gifted with a clear and strong mind, which had been highly cultivated, he was quick to perceive, prompt to execute, and invariably and inflexibly devoted to the welfare of his country.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES CLINTON.

JAMES CLINTON was the fourth son of Charles Clinton, the brother of Governor George Clinton, and the father of De Witt Clinton. He was born on the 13th of August, 1736, at the family residence, in what is now Orange county, in New York.

His natural powers were strong and active, and he acquired under the instruction of his father an excellent education. He especially excelled in the exact sciences, to which his attention had been directed, and for which he had a great predilection ; at the same time, he inherited the ardent passion for military life that had distinguished

his ancestors, and for which he was qualified by a vigorous frame and the most intrepid courage.

In the war of 1756, he was appointed by Sir Charles Hardy, then the governor of the province, an ensign in the militia, for his native county. Afterwards remaining in the provincial army, under Lieutenant-Governor Delancy, and Lieutenant-Governor Colden, he was regularly advanced through all the grades of military promotion, and in 1774 he attained to the rank of a lieutenant-colonel in the second regiment of Ulster.

These successive appointments proved his military merit, and the entire confidence reposed in his skill and bravery. After the termination of the French war, Mr. Clinton married Miss Mary De Witt, a young woman of singular attractions, whose ancestors had emigrated from Holland, and whose name proclaims the high respectability of the connexion.

Upon this happy event, he retired for a season from the camp to enjoy the repose of domestic life; but the Revolution having commenced, he resumed the duties of the soldier, and being appointed, in June, 1775, a colonel of the third regiment of the New York forces, accompanied Montgomery to Canada. On the 9th of August, 1776, he was made a brigadier-general; and during the war, in the several stations which he filled, he distinguished himself as a gallant and efficient officer, performing several acts of the truest heroism, and displaying the most perfect self-possession in the midst of the greatest dangers. His gallant conduct at the storming of Fort Clinton, as well as that of his brother George at Fort Montgomery, in October, 1777, will be ever memorable in the history of the Revolution. At this time he commanded under his brother, Governor George Clinton, at Fort Clinton, which, with Fort Montgomery, separated from each other by a creek, defended the Hudson against the ascent of the enemy, below West Point. Sir Henry

Clinton, in order to favour the designs of Burgoyne, attacked these forts, October 6th, with three thousand men, and carried them by storm, as they were defended by only about six hundred militia. A brave resistance was made from two o'clock until it was dark, when the garrison was overpowered. General Clinton was severely wounded by a bayonet, but escaped. After riding a little distance he dismounted, that he might elude the pursuing enemy, and taking the bridle from his horse, slid down a precipice one hundred feet to the creek which separated the forts. Thus he reached the mountains at a secure distance. In the morning he found a horse, which conveyed him, covered with blood, to his house, about sixteen miles from the fort.

In 1779 he joined, with sixteen hundred men, General Sullivan in his expedition against the Indians. Proceeding up the Mohawk in batteaux, about fifty-four miles above Schenectady, he conveyed them from Canajoharie to the head of the Otsego lake, one of the sources of the Susquehannah, down which he was to join Sullivan. As the water in the outlet of the lake was too low to float his batteaux, he constructed a dam across it, and thus raised its level above ; and by suddenly letting it out, his boats and troops were rapidly floated to Tioga, where he joined Sullivan, who had already ascended the Susquehannah to that point.

During most of the war, General Clinton was stationed in command of the northern department at Albany. But he was afterwards present at the siege of Yorktown, and the capture of Cornwallis. His last appearance in arms was upon the evacuation of the city of New York by the British, when he took leave of the commander-in-chief, and retired to his estate in Orange county, with the view of enjoying that tranquillity which was now called for by a long period of privation and fatigue, and that honour which was a due reward of the important services he

had rendered. After his retirement he was still frequently called upon for the performance of civil duties—at one period officiating as a commissioner, to adjust the boundary line between Pennsylvania and New York; at another, employed by the legislature to settle controversies relative to the western territories of the state; and at different periods, serving as a delegate to the assembly, a member of the convention for the adoption of the federal Constitution, and afterwards a senator from the middle district in the New York legislature, to which office he was elected without opposition. All these various trusts he executed with integrity, ability, and the entire approbation of his constituents and the public.

He died at his residence in Orange county, on the 22d of September, 1812, the same year that terminated the valuable and eventful life of his venerable brother George: “*par nobile fratrum.*” In the concluding language of the inscription upon his monumental stone, “Performing in the most exemplary manner all the duties of life, he died as he lived, without fear and without reproach.”



BRIGADIER-GENERAL EBENEZER LARNED.

THIS officer commanded a regiment of the Massachusetts militia, and was engaged in active service from the commencement of hostilities until the spring of 1776. After the army removed to New York he became afflicted with disease, and in May of that year requested permission to retire from the service. He expressed his most fervent wishes for the success of the great struggle for freedom, and deeply regretted that the nature of his infirmities almost forbade the hope of his being able to return to the field. Congress, in 1777, appointed him a brigadier-general, and, his health gradually sinking, sometime after granted him permission to leave the army.

MAJOR-GENERAL MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

It has been asserted, with how much truth can only be judged of by those experienced in the mysteries of human nature, that love of equality is inherent in every breast. We doubt it. Love of power may be, and is. No man in this, or in any other country, if he form not a rare exception, is willing to be inferior to his neighbour, unless that neighbour's superiority is dependent upon natural gifts, or the accident of circumstances beyond his emulation or control. It is this accident of birth, the established forms and ranks of the European monarchies, acknowledged by all, and felt to be a necessary concomitant of such governments, which keeps the lower orders of society tranquil, and, so far as rank is concerned, contented. When elevated positions are beyond the aspiration of the lower classes, they seek contentment in that sphere in which they have been born. In this country, no distinction of classes being acknowledged, every one aspires to be first. That such aspirations produce remarkable results, and bring into play the utmost energies of a people, cannot be doubted ; but how far they contribute to contentment, and to the *morale* of a people, is a question yet to be solved.

When then we see a man born to the highest rank in a government—a rank claiming and receiving the acknowledgment of superiority—possessed of wealth which would insure him position even without his nobility of title, and in the full vigour of youth, capable of enjoying all the luxuries and pleasures that an elevated position and riches could procure ; when we see such a man devote his mind, wealth and energieis, to the development of an idea, to

the struggle of a principle, which is to establish the right from the wrong, well knowing that the victory, if gained, must tend to deprive him in a measure of the advantages he possesses over the greater portion of his fellow beings, we may well call him great. Such a man was Gilbert Mottier, Marquis de Lafayette.

Lafayette was born at Chavaniac, in the ancient province of Auvergne, on the sixth of September, 1757. He was of a family the most ancient in France, of the highest rank among its nobility. His ancestors for three centuries had occupied distinguished posts of honour and respectability. His father fell at the battle of Minden, during the seven years' war. He lost his mother soon after, and thus became an orphan at an early age. He was the heir to an immense estate, and but for his peculiar strength of mind must have fallen a victim to the numberless allurements that abounded in the most luxurious, fascinating and dissipated of the capitals of Europe. Perhaps his early marriage may have contributed in no slight degree to shield him from the temptations that surrounded him. He was educated at the military college of Duplessis, in Paris, and soon after the completion of his studies there, at the early age of sixteen, was united in matrimony to the daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, of the Noailles family, a lady even younger than himself, and who espoused the fortunes and cause in which her liege lord had enlisted, with all the ardour and devotion of an angel, making herself the worthy companion of such a man, and the sharer of his name and glory. The profession of arms was the one adopted by most of his associates, there being at that time but two roads to distinction open: the one that of the military profession, the other that of the courtier. Although offered a prominent position in the royal household he declined the office, choosing the sword of the camp to the velvet-covered rapier of the palace.

At the age of nineteen he was already captain of dra-

goons in the regiment to which he was attached, and was stationed at Metz, a garrisoned town of France. Soon after the declaration of independence by the American colonies, during the summer months of 1776, the duke of Gloucester, brother to the king of England, happened to make a visit to Metz. A grand entertainment was given to him by the commandant. To this many officers were invited, one of whom was Lafayette. At the dinner the duke made mention of news he had just received from England relative to the American colonies, and among other things, announced their declaration of independence. Interested in such an event, especially as Europe had regarded the struggle of these colonies more as a tumultuous rebellion than an attempt for liberty, Lafayette made many inquiries to satisfy himself of the true character of this war, and probably then determined to know yet more of the startling effort made by a distant people to gain their freedom. His investigations were satisfactory. He saw in the Revolution a noble determination on the part of an oppressed people to shake off the yoke of tyranny, and his heart warmed with the thought of assisting in such a cause.

He proceeded to Paris. He confided his plans to two young friends, officers like himself, Count Segur and Viscount de Noailles, who at once consented to join him; but they were obliged to abandon the undertaking, their families being unwilling that they should leave France. An orphan, he had no controller of his actions; he was master of his own movements, and possessed the fortune to execute his desires. He consulted other and experienced friends, but met nowhere with encouragement. On the contrary, every one endeavoured to dissuade him from so rash a project, as they considered it. At last he met with Baron de Kalb, an officer of some distinction, who was himself enlisted in the cause of the colonies,

which he a few years before had visited in the service of the ministry.

With the aid of De Kalb, Lafayette was introduced to Silas Deane, then in France as agent of the United States. The truthful picture of the state of our affairs, given by this gentleman, had not the effect of lessening Lafayette's enthusiasm for the cause. On perceiving this, Mr. Deane engaged him for the American service, with the rank of major-general, and he had already taken passage in a vessel about to be despatched to the United States, when the news reached France of the unhappy results of the campaign of 1776. This intelligence spread a gloom over all the friends of the colonies. The project of sending the vessel, laden with stores and ammunition, was abandoned. The cause assumed a hopeless aspect, and every one who knew of Lafayette's intention endeavoured to dissuade him from the enterprise. Dr. Franklin and Arthur Lee had in the mean time joined Silas Deane as commissioners, and even these gentlemen refused to encourage him in going to the United States. But the gallant young soldier replied, "My zeal and love of liberty have perhaps hitherto been the prevailing influences with me, but now I see a chance of usefulness which I had not anticipated. These supplies, I know, are greatly wanted by Congress. I have money; I will purchase a vessel to convey them to America; and in this vessel my companions and myself will take passage."

And he purchased this vessel, and sailed from France to give his aid to a people too poor to offer him even a transport to their shores, and whose contest then had assumed the most desperate aspect. Nor was the execution of his project an easy matter. His government and his own family prohibited his departure. His wife alone of all his relatives did not reproach him, but approved his noble design. Pursued by order of the king, Lafayette

succeeded, disguised, in reaching Spain, whence he embarked, with eleven officers, among whom was De Kalb, with whom he ever maintained an intimacy. His passage was long and tedious, and it was not devoid of danger. Had he been less bold of purpose or less armed against ill omens, he must have yielded to the obstacles that opposed him. Fortunately for America and for his own fame, it was not so.

Lafayette and his compatriots landed on the South Carolina coast, near Georgetown, at nightfall, and proceeded to the first house at hand, which chanced to be that of Major Huger. With the assistance of this gentleman, who gladly extended to them every hospitality, they reached Charleston, and at once proceeded by land to Philadelphia. Without delay, after his arrival, Lafayette sent his letters and papers to the chairman of the committee of Congress on Foreign Relations, Mr. Lovell, who at once stated that so many foreigners were applying for offices in the army, while our means of remunerating them were so exhausted, that he doubted whether he could obtain a commission. Nothing daunted, Lafayette addressed a letter to the president, stating that he asked but permission to serve in the ranks as a volunteer, and that he looked for no remuneration for his services. His letters were at once examined, and when his connexions, rank, and wealth, and the manner in which he had succeeded in gaining our shores, despite the obstacles that surrounded him, were made known, without hesitation he received the commission of a major-general in the army. Lafayette at that time lacked one month of being twenty years of age.

Thus, by that persevering spirit which had enabled him to vanquish all opposition at home, and by that ingenuousness of disposition which he had evinced in his brief career, he was at once raised to companionship with the choice spirits of our revolutionary army—Washington,

Greene, Stark, Putnam, Lincoln, and others. His introduction to Washington took place at a dinner-party, where he so far succeeded in gaining the good opinion of the commander-in-chief that he was invited by him to make the headquarters of the army his home. His commission was dated July 31, 1777, but he did not receive a command for several months afterwards. On the eleventh of September, 1777, being still without orders, he joined the army as a volunteer and fought in the battle of Brandywine. His impetuosity led him into the thickest of the battle and to rash exposure of his life, but he also exhibited coolness and ability. When our troops commenced their disorderly retreat he dismounted from his horse and descended to the ranks, with the hope of rallying the men. In this attempt he was wounded in the leg, unknown to himself, nor did he perceive the injury until the blood attracted the attention of his aid, who pointed out to him his condition. Calling upon a surgeon whom he chanced to meet, the bleeding was temporarily staunched and he proceeded on to Chester, nor did he allow himself further attention until his task was completed. Such was his conduct in his first battle, and thus was he introduced to the American service. The effects of this wound prevented his further movement for two months.

In the winter of 1777-8 he was ordered to the command of an expedition against Canada. At this time a cabal had been formed against Washington, and the expedition was undertaken without his knowledge, by express authority of Congress. But fearful of being considered one of the opposing partisans, Lafayette refused to accept the command unless he was to be considered an officer detached from Washington's army and subject to his orders. Congress granted him this condition. In such actions he exhibited his integrity, and secured the confidence of the commander-in-chief. The expedition was however abandoned.

In the following May he distinguished himself by his masterly retreat from Barrenhill, in the face of a greatly superior force of the enemy.

Soon after, in September, 1778, at the battle of Monmouth his services were so conspicuous as to elicit the thanks of Congress, who also declared their high approbation of his exertions to appease and conciliate the dissensions which had arisen between the officers of the American army and those of the French fleet sent to this country under the Count d'Estaing, after our treaty of alliance with France on the sixth of February, 1778. A consequence of that treaty was a war between England and France. This war essentially changed the position of Lafayette. He was still an officer under the king, and it became necessary for him to reinstate himself in his sovereign's good will—which his prohibited expedition to America had in a great measure destroyed.

At the close of the campaign of 1778, he addressed a letter to Congress, enclosing one from Washington. In this letter, among other things, he says: "As long as I thought I could dispose of myself, I made it my pride and pleasure to fight under American colours, in defence of a cause which I dare more particularly call *ours*, because I had the good fortune of bleeding for her. Now, that France is involved in a war, I am urged, by a sense of my duty as well as by the love of my country, to present myself before the king, and know in what manner he judges proper to employ my services." He then proceeds to ask permission to return to his home for the ensuing winter, and to be considered as a soldier on furlough. He concludes by tendering his services in behalf of the American cause in his own country. Congress immediately passed resolutions granting him an unlimited leave of absence, with permission to return to the United States whenever his convenience allowed; and instructed the President to write him a letter of thanks, for his zeal in

coming to America, and for the signal services which he had rendered. They also instructed our minister at the court of Versailles to have a sword, with suitable devices, presented to him in the name of the United States, in token of their esteem and gratitude.

He reached France on the 12th of February, 1779. His reception by the French people was heartfelt and gratifying, but for a time the court refused to notice him. Its reserve, however, was of short duration, and he was appointed to a command in the king's own regiment of dragoons, which he continued to hold actively during the year. Early in March, 1780, he again returned to the United States. Immediately after his arrival, Congress noticed, by appropriate resolutions, of the 16th of May, 1780, this return, and accepted the tender of his services with expressions of a grateful character.

From this time until the surrender of Cornwallis, in 1781, he was constantly employed in our service. He defended Virginia against the depredation of the forces of Cornwallis, with masterly military talents and invincible spirit. His troops were composed of eastern militia, unused to southern climates, and discontented with the privations to which they were subjected. Lafayette found desertions from the ranks daily growing more frequent. Instead of adopting harsh measures to put an end to such occurrences, he appealed to the honour of his soldiers, and awakened in them something of his own enthusiasm for the cause. But the treasury was empty, and the wants of his troops pressing. In Baltimore, he raised sufficient means, by his personal responsibilities to merchants there, to answer their immediate demands, and, aided by the hands of our patriotic countrywomen, supplied the clothing of which the troops stood in need.

Lafayette was with Washington when the treason of Arnold was made known, and also during his conference with the French general Rochambeau. In these trying

scenes his support and council were relied upon, and he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of Washington, which was not easily earned, nor lightly bestowed. With the surrender of Cornwallis ended the great struggle. There was still another year of contention; but the scene of that contention was removed from the field to diplomatic conferences and negotiations. After the fall of Yorktown, Lafayette again petitioned Congress for leave of absence, to visit his family in France, which was granted; and thus closed his services in the revolutionary war.

He returned to his country not unnoticed, nor with mere expressions of gratitude and respect, for the signal services he had rendered in the cause of liberty. At the age of twenty-five he had filled the page of history with his actions, and he carried with him the testimonials of a nation's esteem and prayers; he was intrusted with confidential powers to his government, and with a letter from the Congress of a nation in whose creation he had played a conspicuous part, recommending him to his sovereign in terms of unequivocal praise.

We must now pursue Lafayette's public career as that of a Frenchman, no longer in the service of the United States, although ever warmly devoted to their interests. France regarded his talents and conduct as worthy of distinguishing marks of approbation. For him the laws of promotion were set aside. He received the commission of major-general in the French army, to date from the surrender of Cornwallis. He still fondly clung to the associations he had formed during his sojourn in this country, and tenderly cherished the attachments which had sprung up with the great spirits of the Revolution. Desirous once again of renewing these pleasurable sensations by personal interviews, and by once more beholding the scenes of his youthful glory, he determined to revisit the United States. On the 4th of August, 1784, he landed in New York. His journey through the country was like the

triumphant march of an emperor. Every legislature, state, town, and village greeted him with honours. Congress appointed committees to receive him, and to bid him adieu; and in every way a grateful nation showered upon him the most gratifying marks of their love and respect. On the 25th of January, 1785, he was again in Paris. He had seen the land in whose cause he had bled—he had seen a people whom he had aided in throwing off the yoke of oppression—he had communed with a young nation, who had undertaken the great task of governing themselves, and had left them happy. He returned to his own country, to behold it writhing under such inflictions as those which had awakened the energies of a few weak and scattered colonists in opposition to the most powerful of nations. If he had been willing to aid the cause of foreigners, he was now ready to bleed in the struggle of his own people.

The finances of France were in confusion. De Calonne, at the head of the treasury department, could no longer raise the needed supplies for government by the usual royal ordinances. A convocation of *notables* was called—a measure unknown for centuries, but now resorted to as a forlorn hope. Lafayette was of that assembly, which consisted of one hundred and thirty-seven persons. These were divided into seven sections or bureaux, over each of which presided a prince of the blood. Lafayette was in the section over which sat the Count D'Artois, younger brother of the king, who was subsequently Charles X. In this assembly he at once assumed the cause of the people. He demanded for them :

1. The suppression of *lettres de cachet*, and the abolition of all arbitrary imprisonment.
2. The establishment of religious toleration, and the restoration of Protestants to their civil rights.
3. Personal liberty, religious liberty, and a representative assembly of the people.

In other words, he demanded the acknowledgment from the crown that the people should have something to say in the measures and laws by which they were to be governed. It was a bold step to take. These demands he desired to be carried to the king, as made by him, the Marquis de Lafayette. De Calonne was banished, and litigation with parliament commenced. The convocation terminated ; but not until a promise had been wrung from the throne to call another. Another was called, and then an assembly of the states-general ; but, finally, this assembly converted itself into a national convention, forming a constitution of limited monarchy, with its royal executive hereditary, but with a legislature representing in a single body the whole people. This was the first step of the Revolution. The concessions made by Louis XVI. proclaimed the surrender, virtually, of absolute power in the throne. The principles advocated by Lafayette were those imbibed in America. Little did he know how far the Revolution thus commenced in the best spirit of order would lead an excited people, so long deprived of every privilege. When in May, 1789, the royal authority had dwindled to a name, and the lower classes began to exercise the power they had so unexpectedly gained, Lafayette stepped forward for the preservation of order. The National Guard was instituted, and he was made their commander-in-chief. But he could do nothing to stem the torrent whose flood-gates had been so unexpectedly opened. He desired all for the people, but he clung to the ill-fated king. Had Louis possessed more firmness of purpose, with the aid of Lafayette the tumult might have been subdued ; but he lacked every quality required in such an emergency.

On the 12th of July, 1789, the Bastile was demolished, its governor murdered, and thus excited that thirst for blood which was to know no bounds. On the 10th of August, 1792, the king was beheaded, and the extinction

of the constitutional monarchy of France completed. We cannot follow out the course of the Revolution and its results, in detail, but must confine ourselves to the steady purpose pursued through all its terrors by Lafayette, in the fulfilment of his great design. From the commencement of the troubles, he refused all pecuniary compensation for services. There was not an office known to the ancient monarchy, nor was there one which was suggested by the disorder of the times, that was not tendered him. He rejected them all. Personal aggrandizement was not his end; his mind was fixed upon a higher and more noble purpose.

Finding himself after the execution of the king no longer able to command the army he had created, beset by enemies, denounced in the assembly as a traitor, and by that assembly ordered to be arrested, Lafayette had but two alternatives—either to yield himself to their authority, or to fly. He chose the latter course, but in the territory of Liege fell into the hands of the Austrians, who, despite the peculiar circumstances under which he was taken, and those under which he had left France, treated him as a prisoner of war. Austria vainly endeavoured to enlist him against France, and finally delivered him over to the Prussian government, under which he was dragged from prison to prison, and at last confined in the dungeons of the fortress of Magdeburg. He was immured in a subterraneous vault, damp, gloomy, and secured by four heavy doors, loaded with bolts, bars, and chains. The story of his confinement is well known; the secrets of his prison have been revealed. Why he was thus persecuted is a question that must be asked without hope of answer. Upon no grounds recognised by civilized nations, can this conduct be defended. Lafayette seems to have awakened the hatred of Prussia and Austria. When, after the first victory of the arms of Brunswick, an exchange of prisoners was about to take

place, he was transferred to the emperor of Germany, to avoid his being included in the cartel, and was placed in the dungeons of Olmutz, in Moravia.

On entering this prison he was told that he would be shut out from all communication with the world; that his name would not even be mentioned by his jailors; and that he would only be spoken of in despatches by the number of his register. They added, that no intercourse between him and his family or friends would be permitted, and that to prevent the relief such torture might suggest, of self destruction, no knife or fork would be allowed him.

Thus condemned to a living tomb, it is not surprising that his strength failed. He became so feeble, that his physician three times declared he could not recover unless permitted to breathe the fresh air. The court of Vienna replied that he was "not yet sick enough." But they relented, perhaps alarmed by the universal attention his imprisonment was exciting. He was permitted at last to exercise abroad, not, however, without the guard of an armed escort.

The permission thus granted gave occasion for an effort to release him, made by Count Lally Tolendal, who cherished a warm regard for him, though opposed to him in political sentiments. The count enlisted in the cause Eric Bollman, a Hanoverian physician, (subsequently a naturalized citizen of the United States,) who visited Germany for the purpose of discovering Lafayette's place of confinement. The first visit was unsuccessful, but a second one disclosed the secret. To avoid suspicion he settled in Vienna, and, by means of his profession, gained some communication with Lafayette. He was joined here by a young American, Colonel Huger, son of that Colonel Huger under whose roof Lafayette passed his first night in the United States, who most gladly offered his assistance. The limits of this sketch will not admit the details of the attempt. It did not succeed; and not only was La-

fayette sent back to his cell, but Dr. Bollman and Colonel Huger were also taken and chained by the neck to the floors of separate cells.

Bollman and Huger, after six months confinement, were released through the intervention of Count Metrowsky, a nobleman of great influence and generous character, and suffered to escape the Austrian dominions.

The last information Lafayette had received of his wife was of her imprisonment in Paris, during the reign of Terror. His wife's grandmother, the Duchess de Noailles, her mother, the Duchess d'Ayen, and her sister, the Countess de Noailles, all suffered upon the scaffold, on the same day. She herself was destined to a similar fate, but the fall of Robespierre saved her. Her son, George Washington Lafayette, just attaining his majority, was a subject of intense anxiety, for she dreaded the conscription. Mr. Joseph Russell and Colonel Thomas H. Perkins, of Boston, then in Paris, exerted themselves in his behalf and prevailed upon Boissy d'Anglas, a member of the committee of safety, to allow him to depart for America, where he was received into the family of Washington. Relieved of this care, and with an American passport, she proceeded under the family name of Lafayette, (Mottier,) to Albona, where she arrived September 9th, 1795. Through the kindness of Count Rosenberg, she obtained an interview with Francis II., the emperor of Germany, then a man of twenty-five years of age. With her daughters she appeared in the imperial presence, and prayed, in vain, to have her husband restored to his ruined fortunes, (for his estates had been confiscated under the emigrant law,) and to his shattered health. She then asked permission to share his sufferings. This was granted; but her health sank under the trial; her frame, already weakened by the sufferings she had endured, was unable to bear up against the privations, the indignities and pestilence, of Olmutz. She implored one month's

leave of absence, to search after health, in Vienna. She was told that she might go, if she would, but that she could never return. Death was more welcome than such a separation, and she remained. She lived to breathe the free air of heaven at the side of her lord, but never recovered from the effects of this merciless incarceration.

Nor did the wife alone plead for the release of Lafayette. Washington addressed a letter to the emperor; and General Fitzpatrick, seconded by Wilberforce and Fox, in December, 1796, on the floor of the House of Commons, interposed their eloquence in his behalf. All was vain. For reasons no one can fathom, though neither a prisoner of the law nor of war, he was still held in chains, against the appeals of reason, honour, and humanity. But at length there came to claim his release one who would not be denied—Napoleon. He wrung from the emperor what all appeals, all arguments, all sense of justice had failed to obtain. Napoleon restored Lafayette to liberty, but scarcely to life; for his constitution was shattered, and his estates had been wasted by the convulsions which had shaken the institutions of his country.

The Directory was still in power, and Lafayette, having been included in the list of those outlawed by the emigrant act, dared not return. But the Directory soon fell, and he was enabled to revisit France. He immediately sought the retirement of Lagrange. How changed was France to him! The constitution of 1791, which, amid all the mockery and splendour displayed upon the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, he had sworn to support, was almost forgotten. He had not been a witness to the bloody commotions which had shaken the country meanwhile, but his penetrating eye quickly saw their effects.

Notwithstanding his obligations to Napoleon, which he always acknowledged, he was still true to the cause of constitutional liberty. He voted against making him dictator for life. He refused the favours which he heaped

upon the ancient nobility ; he rejected—and was the only one who did—the cross of the legion of honour. He deemed all these inconsistent with the principles he advocated. Mr. Jefferson offered him the position of governor of Louisiana, then a territory of the United States ; but he was unwilling to abandon France, and declined the honour. He preferred his retirement at Lagrange, with the satisfaction of being true to the cause he had early chosen, to all the rank, titles and advancements that were within his reach. Napoleon only ceased to importune when convinced that Lafayette was resolute in his determination to avoid all connection with the government. He lived apart from the world, amid his loving family circle, gazing from afar at the stupendous changes that were taking place in politics.

Napoleon had built up an empire. That empire fell, crumbling under its own weight ; and France was threatened. Then Lafayette again appeared on the theatre of action. He proposed to make the representative chamber a permanent body, and in secret council urged the abdication of the emperor. In these troublesome times he was every where, urging with all his influence, and with the still fresh vigour of his mind, measures to secure tranquillity. The restoration followed ; Louis XVIII. took possession of the palaces of his ancestors ; but the eye sought in vain for Lafayette among the courtiers ; yet when the representative system was renewed, he was found in the legislature, defending the rights of the people and advocating the cause of constitutional liberty.

His whole course had been watched with intense anxiety from this continent, and those Americans who had only heard their fathers speak of him, now longed to look upon the man, who had withstood the allurements of wealth, title, and position, and remained true to the principles he had advocated in his youth—the principles developed by our independence. A resolution passed both Houses of

Congress, inviting him to these shores. The invitation was accepted, but the government vessel tendered him was respectfully declined; and he came over unostentatiously in a packet ship, landing in New York, on the 15th August, 1824.

His sojourn here, the manner in which he was received by the whole nation, is still remembered by many and known to all. It is the lot of few to be hailed by a nation with such joy and gratitude, with such admiration and esteem, with the blessings and prayers of age and youth. Such a lot was that of Lafayette. What must have been his sensations, on beholding this young country, in whose cause he had but a few years before shed his blood, whose armies in the hour of need he had clothed, whose future no one could then have foretold, no imagination or reason conceived! A new generation had sprung up, and was about him; the free citizens of a land whose destiny was onward, whose flag was known in every ocean, and whose wealth was uncounted! He gazed with satisfied pride upon the temple of liberty which his hands had helped to erect, and cherished the faint hope that his own country would one day enjoy the same blessings. Having gratified the fond wish of his heart, to renew the associations of his youth, he was allowed to depart, accompanied by every testimonial of respect a grateful nation could bestow, and with the acknowledgment of all he had done to aid their infant struggles.

He returned to France—but not to behold scenes of industry, of contentment, or of peace. The rich oppressed the poor, the strong trampled upon the weak, until the Revolution of 1830 was commenced. Not again was France to see the wildest passions sway with bloodthirsty appetite the multitude. The people desired to have their rights acknowledged—were resolved to be no longer enslaved. The friend of constitutional liberty, who amid all changes had stood firm, was looked to for counsel: the

nation confided to him its fate. The early friend of Washington had the privilege, like him, of refusing a crown. He felt that France was not ripe for the institutions of the United States; but he desired to secure to the people an acknowledgment of their rights, though with a king. From the balcony of the Hotel de Ville, he presented the French nation a man who had been tried in adversity, the duke of Orleans, not as king of France—that title was no longer to be borne,—Louis Philippe was accepted as *the citizen King of the French*. Here ended the great object of his life. He glanced at the constitution that was henceforth to govern his country, and lay down to rest—loved, respected, crowned with glory as with years—without a blemish on his fair renown, without a stain upon his great career. Even in death he shuns the gaudy palaces of the titled dead. Not at Pere la Chaise, but in a cemetery near Paris, rural and secluded, he sleeps between his faithful and heroic wife and his estimable and accomplished daughter; never to be forgotten, if purity of purpose, ingenuousness of character, integrity of public and private life can secure immortality to man.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DEBORRE.

THE Chevalier Deborre was a French general of thirty-five years' service. He was appointed a brigadier in the American army, with a commission dated December 1st, 1776, according to the compact made in France between him and the American commissioner. The German battalion, and three of the Maryland regiments, in the division of Major-General Sullivan, were assigned to General Deborre.

In July, 1777, General Deborre captured a tory, under

circumstances which induced him to order his immediate trial and execution. This summary proceeding, although the man may have deserved death, was disapproved by General Washington, who, in addressing him soon after upon the subject, observed, "Though I am convinced you acted in the affair with good intentions, yet I cannot but wish it had not happened. In the first place, it was a matter that did not come within the jurisdiction of martial law, and therefore the whole proceeding was irregular and illegal, and will have a tendency to excite discontent, jealousy, and murmurs among the people. In the second place, if the trial could properly have been made by a court-martial, as the division you commanded is only a detachment from the army, and you cannot have been considered as in a separate department, there is none of our articles of war that will justify your inflicting capital punishment even on a soldier, much less on a citizen."

In the battle of Brandywine General Deborre commanded, in Sullivan's division, the brigade which first broke and gave way; and to this occurrence was owing much of the ill fortune of that battle.

By a vote of Congress he was immediately recalled from the army, until the charges against him should be investigated. At this he took umbrage and resigned his commission.

In his letter to Congress he complained of hard usage, averring that he did all in his power to rally his men, being wounded in the attempt; and said, "if the American troops would run away, it was unjust to censure him for the consequences." There was some truth, perhaps, in this remonstrance; but by his ignorance of the character and habits of the American people, Deborre had rendered himself very unpopular in the army, and Congress accepted his resignation without reluctance. He soon after returned to France.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL COUNT PULASKI.

POLAND had long enjoyed a national independence, and was, from its antiquity and ancient renown, entitled to reverence. The constitution, however, which had so long sufficed to maintain her nationality, wanted the concentrated vigour of an elective monarchy. It was about to be tested. The king had died. The electoral diet was assembled, on the plains near Warsaw, for the purpose of choosing another sovereign. At this moment, when the land was without a head, Russia, conspiring with Austria and Prussia, sent an army to overawe the diet, and to secure the election of their favourite. These three powerful enemies had resolved upon the dismemberment of their weak neighbour, and aided by their military force, it is not to be wondered at, that their creature was raised to the throne. Count Poniatowsky was crowned king, with the name of Stanislaus Augustus.

This league must rest a stain upon these three nations—it was a compact between the strong and powerful, to crush the weak and helpless; a conspiracy of the ambitious and reckless, to rob an unsuspecting people of their rights as men, and to destroy them as a nation.

At the diet was a noble, Count Pulaski, the staroste, or chief magistrate of Warech: a man of high rank, and universally esteemed for his private and public worth. The outrage thus committed upon his country by Russia, soon aroused the bitterest indignation. He saw laws passed subversive of ancient customs, curtailing the nation's rights, and tending to devour her political substance. Resolved to save her, or to sacrifice himself in the attempt, he endeavoured to awaken his brother nobles to the neces-

sity of action. Confederations were formed to this end, and steps taken to secure harmonious action against their shameless enemies. Count Pulaski enlisted his two sons, Francis and CASIMIR, the latter being the subject of this memoir. Worthy of their estimable sire, they warmly espoused their country's cause. The father well knew that when once embarked in this perilous undertaking, there could be no retreat. If success crowned their efforts, Poland was rescued; if they failed, he wished to fall, and was willing that his children should be crushed beneath the ruins of his country, rather than live to be the slaves of Russia.

Count Casimir Pulaski was born in 1747, and was twenty-one years of age when enlisted under his father's banner. He had seen some service under the archduke of Courland, and was in the castle of Mittau when the Russians besieged that city. He possessed undaunted courage, a readiness of action, and a decision of character which fitted him in an eminent degree for the perilous conflict. What might have been the result of this undertaking, had all the nobles been united, it is impossible to say; but divided as they were by jealousies and low ambition, and opposed to such fearful odds, the end was easily foreseen. Early in the contest, Count Pulaski was taken captive, and his sons did not again see him. He paid the penalty of his noble opposition to the enemy, in a dungeon, where he terminated his life. Francis and Casimir, now actuated by a double stimulus—love of country, and the desire to revenge a father's death—headed the insurrection of their oppressed countrymen, and proved themselves worthy of a more triumphant cause. Francis fell in battle; and Casimir, left to contend alone, for a long time succeeded in baffling all attempts to bring Poland to a state of submission.

It will be impossible, in the brief outline to be given here, to enter upon the details of the struggle. But this

much may be said, that if devotedness of purpose, fearless courage, and a discreet exercise of the little power still left at their disposal, could have secured to them a victory, then the Poles had triumphed. But wisdom and bravery were unavailing; dismembered, her political existence taken from her, Poland fell a victim to treachery and rapacity. Casimir Pulaski was outlawed; and, no longer surrounded by his friends, most of whom had perished by his side; no longer supported by his countrymen, whose rights he had struggled to maintain, he saw himself forced to leave the land of his birth, where he had buried the treasures of his heart—to sever the ties of affection which still bound him to his long-loved home.

Ruhliere, in speaking of this devoted man, says:—“Never was there a warrior who possessed greater dexterity in every kind of service; Pulaski, by a natural ascendancy, was the chief among equals.” And in referring to his own corps, he remarks further—“He had scarcely an officer whom he had not rescued from the hands of the enemy, or from some danger, and who might not say that he owed his life and liberty to his commander.” Again:—“His troop, the most valorous, the most determined of those which served the confederation, was likewise the most poor. Casimir Pulaski was reluctant to raise contributions. The generosity of his nature rendered this necessity odious to him. The little money which he could sometimes procure, he expended in paying spies. Intrepid in combat, he was gentle, obliging, and sociable; never distrustful where he had once placed confidence, and never meddling in the intrigues which embroiled the confederation.”

After he left Poland to seek an asylum among strangers, we lose sight of him for five years. It is known, however, that he was in Turkey, and was next heard of in France. When he went to the latter country cannot be ascertained; but he was there soon after the declaration of

independence by the American Congress. This bold step on the part of the colonists at once enlisted his sympathy. He beheld in this great effort to cast off the yoke of an oppressor, a struggle like that in which so recently he had himself been engaged. Determined to contend for those principles which his own countrymen had been compelled to abandon, to maintain which he had hazarded his life, rank, station, and fame, he resolved to join their standard, who were fighting for freedom in the New World. He was presented to Dr. Franklin, then our envoy to the court of France, who wrote to General Washington—"Count Pulaski, of Poland, an officer famous throughout Europe for his bravery and conduct in defence of the liberties of his country against the great invading powers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, will have the honour of delivering this into your hands. The court here have encouraged and promoted his voyage, from an opinion that he may be highly useful in our service." With this recommendation, he met a cordial welcome. He arrived in the summer of 1777, at Philadelphia, and joined our army as a volunteer.

Count Pulaski's abilities had been mainly exercised with cavalry. As is well known, during the first year and a half of the war, our army had no regular troops of that description. In the former wars no mounted force could have been used, as the frontiers and our interminable forests precluded their efficiency, and this had induced an opinion that such an arm of the service could never be of much value on the sea-board. General Charles Lee differed in this respect from the public, and urged upon Congress the importance of a dragoon corps. In several campaigns the want of one had been felt, and upon the organization of a new army, at the earnest suggestion of General Washington, provision was made for four regiments of cavalry. The command was offered to General Joseph Reed, but he declined it, so that for a while it was under

a colonel only. Washington recommended Count Pulaski, saying in his letter to Congress, "This gentleman has been, like us, engaged in defending the liberty and independence of his country, and has sacrificed his fortune to his zeal for those objects. He derives from this a title to our respect, that ought to operate in his favour, as far as the good of the service will permit."

This letter was despatched but a few days previous to the battle of Brandywine, in which contest Lafayette and Pulaski struck their first blow in that cause which both had so gallantly espoused. Being a volunteer he had no command, and was stationed near Washington, until near the close of the action, when he requested command of the chief's body-guard, consisting of about thirty horse, with which he immediately advanced towards the enemy, and within pistol-shot reconnoitred their movements, bringing back intelligence that they were endeavouring to cut off our line of retreat and our train of baggage. Washington immediately empowered him to gather as many of our scattered troops as came in his way, and to use them according to his judgment. He executed this service in so prompt and bold a manner as to render essential aid in our retreat, fully evincing the courage and discretion which had been connected with his name by the European world. Immediately after these occurrences, Congress appointed him to the command of the cavalry, with the rank of brigadier-general.

In the leading events of the campaign which followed, Pulaski occupied a distinguished position. To describe in detail his services, would force us into a minute account of various battles which are described elsewhere in this work. Had our cavalry been a body acting in concert, and occupying a distinct position in the line, it would be an easy task to point out the services which it rendered. As it was, that portion of our force was limited, divided into small parties, and employed upon various duties. In their

performance, great assistance was given to our army; yet they were such as a cursory review must necessarily exclude; and we content ourselves with stating, that at meeting the enemy on the Lancaster road, near Philadelphia, and in the battle of Germantown, Pulaski did all his small force enabled him to accomplish, and succeeded in gaining the confidence of Washington, which was not easily won. When the army went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, Pulaski and his cavalry were sent to Trenton, for the convenience of procuring forage. At the moment of his leaving the main army, he addressed a letter to Washington, in which he spoke in an able manner of the deficiencies of his command, and of the advantages to be derived from an increased cavalry force in harassing and holding in check the enemy. He remarks: "The weak state of the corps I command, renders it impossible to perform every service required. Nay, my reputation is exposed, as, being an entire stranger in the country, the least accident would suffice to injure me; yet I cannot avoid hazarding every thing that is valuable in life."

His position at Trenton was a trying one. Forage was very scarce, and he was obliged to divide the horses into small parties, and distribute them throughout the neighbourhood. He however applied himself with great assiduity to the discipline and drilling of his troops, assisted by Colonel Kowatch, a Prussian officer who served under him. During the winter he was called into activity, and joined General Wayne in an attempt to procure provisions for the army, and to disperse the foraging parties of the enemy, who were distressing the country around Philadelphia.

But Pulaski soon perceived that his situation was an unpleasant one, at the head of such a body, and that he could not render the aid his wishes and ambition led him to hope. His troops were constantly called off in small detachments, to perform all the various duties for

which they could be used ; while the officers under him expressed dissatisfaction at being made subject to the command of a foreigner who did not well understand their language, and whose ideas of discipline and cavalry exercise differed widely from their own. Unwilling to occupy longer a position which began to be offensive to his associates, he resigned it, and again joined the main army at Valley Forge. While here, sometime in March, 1778, he proposed to Washington the plan of an independent corps, which should be placed under his immediate direction. It was approved of by the chief, and Pulaski proceeded to Yorktown, where Congress was then sitting, to lay it before that body. It met with their approbation, and they immediately authorized him to raise and equip a corps, to consist of sixty-eight light-horse and two hundred foot. This was called *Pulaski's Legion*. It was intended to enlarge its numbers, if it should prove serviceable. It did prove so, especially in the southern campaigns, and gave rise to the institution of other *legions*, favourably known as Lee's and Amand's.

Unfortunately, the authority to raise this corps gave power to enlist deserters and prisoners. At Egg Harbour, in an attempt to save the country from the depredations of the British, a deserter succeeded in exposing his position to the enemy. His vigilance averted the result ; but it proved the danger of having such materiel in our service. As the season drew towards a close, Pulaski made his winter-quarters at Minisink, on the Delaware, in New Jersey. Here he seems to have become dissatisfied again. He wrote in a desponding vein to Washington, hinting at his resignation, and his intention to return to Europe. But the commander-in-chief, well knowing the value of such an officer, answered these intimations in a manner so flattering and kind that he abandoned his purpose, and rested content until again called into action.

The attention of the country was now drawn to the

south, where the British held possession of Savannah, and most of the state of Georgia. In February, 1779, Pulaski was ordered thither with his Legion, to join General Lincoln. On the 11th of May, three days after he entered the city of Charleston, General Prevost invested that city. In an important sally upon the British forces, he distinguished himself in an eminent degree, although the increasing numbers of the enemy compelled him to retreat. His courage, self-possession, and disregard of his own safety, gave an inspiring example to his troops, and raised the spirits of the people; while the inexperienced soldiers felt a new confidence in themselves under the command of such an officer. In this affair Colonel Kowatch was killed, and several of the Americans taken prisoners and wounded. The growing numbers of the enemy, and the hopelessness of General Lincoln's being enabled to reach them in time to rescue the city from the threatening foes that surrounded it, induced the greater portion of the inhabitants to speak of capitulation. Pulaski, by his arguments and eloquence, deterred them from such a step, and induced the council to inform the British commander that all negotiations upon that subject were at an end. Fearing the rapid approach of Lincoln in his rear, General Prevost immediately retreated, convinced that the city could not think of holding out any longer, unless positive information of Lincoln's coming had been received.

Pulaski no sooner learned the retreat of the British, than he commenced a pursuit, harassing and annoying their rear, and he would have made an attack upon them at James's Island, whither they had retreated, had not the want of boats prevented the execution of his plans. The effect of this campaign in a low marshy country, upon a northern constitution, was very severe, and Pulaski was forced to return to Charleston on account of his extreme ill-health.

Early in September, while General Lincoln was still at

Charleston, news was brought that Count D'Estaing was off the coast, with a French fleet, and stood ready to assist him in his contemplated attack upon Savannah. The count sent one of his officers to General Lincoln, and the plan of operations was determined. Lincoln was to send troops with all despatch into Georgia, while the French were to land at Beuleau, and form a junction in the neighbourhood of Savannah.

On the march, the ingenuity of Pulaski was applied with great success in crossing Fubly's Ferry, where they found but a solitary canoe, instead of the boats ordered from Augusta. It became necessary to reconnoitre the enemy's outposts, on the opposite side of the river, and it required at least thirty men to perform this duty with effect. The canoe was small, but Pulaski directed one of his men to cross at a time, with his accoutrements, leading his horse swimming by its side. The plan succeeded, and the requisite number thus passed over. Captain Bentalou commanded the undertaking; and to this officer we are largely indebted for many of the facts connected with Pulaski's life in this country. Bentalou found the enemy had deserted their outposts, and withdrawn into the city. While pushing forward towards the town, in the night, he was surprised by the voice of Pulaski, who had hastened on with the remainder of his legion to aid his friend in any possible emergency.

During the four days that elapsed before the French troops arrived, Pulaski was busily engaged in reconnoitring the enemy's position, and in attacking their pickets. On the sixteenth of September the junction of the two armies was formed, and they invested Savannah, the French troops occupying the right and the Americans the left.

It will be impossible for us to enter into the minutiae of this siege; it was long and tedious; and Count D'Estaing, wearied of his position, and fearful of the effects of the

climate on his men, was contemplating their withdrawal, when a combined assault upon the city was agreed upon. The plan of attack was betrayed to the enemy by a deserter from the American ranks, and when our troops advanced, they found the enemy prepared to receive them. The conflict was bloody and obstinate. Count D'Estaing led the French column, and in an attempt to cross a swamp, to avoid a circuitous route, he received two wounds, and was carried from the field. Pulaski, hearing of the havoc among our men, and being unable where he was to ascertain the position of our forces, called upon Bentalou to follow him, and then rushed forward to satisfy himself. Being told that Count D'Estaing was wounded, and of the confusion which prevailed among the French troops in the swamp, in fear that they would be disheartened he hurried forward to animate them by his own example and courage; but, in the attempt, he was wounded by a swivel shot, and fell. Bentalou was also wounded. Pulaski was left on the field, until his men had nearly all retreated; but some of them returned, in the face of the enemy's guns, and bore him to the camp. This was a mournful termination to the attack upon Savannah.

With the French fleet was the American brig *Wasp*. Pulaski and Bentalou were taken on board this vessel. She remained a few days in the river, and, just as she was leaving its mouth, despite the utmost skill of the French surgeons, Pulaski sank under the effects of his wound, and was consigned to the bosom of the sea. The *Wasp* sailed for Charleston, where appropriate public tokens of respect were paid in funeral solemnities by the state and municipal authorities.

Congress voted him a monument, and paid the like homage to many of the heroes who yielded their lives in the cause of liberty. But these votes are the only witnesses that authority has erected to perpetuate their names.

Sixty-five years have elapsed, but the country's duty is yet unperformed. In Savannah, there is a column to Pulaski, and another to the memory of Greene; but these are no nation's tributes—they were erected by the citizens of Georgia.

From early youth, Pulaski's energies were devoted to the cause of freedom. The hope of rescuing his own land from despotism, was the nearest wish of his heart; nor did he desert the cause until hope ceased to be a virtue, and farther effort the struggle of a madman. Poland was beyond his aid; and when he saw her expire beneath the powerful grasp of a usurper, and felt that she was dead, he forsook the scenes where he had buried the virgin aspirations of his soul—never to look upon them again. He heard of another nation, struggling to attain the end he had hoped to secure for his own, and immediately resolved to lend his aid. He came a stranger to these shores, but he possessed the power of winning the confidence of those with whom he served. In more than one instance did Washington publicly commend his military genius and distinguished services; and he ever relied upon his judgment, his courage, and fidelity to our cause. Pulaski was true to the principles he advocated in his youth, and he never ceased to cherish a sincere wish for their ultimate success.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM RUSSELL.

WILLIAM RUSSELL was made a brigadier-general by brevet on the third of November, 1783. He does not appear to have performed any services deserving recollection during the Revolution.

MAJOR-GENERAL DUCOUDRAY.

IN the beginning of the year 1776, Silas Deane, a delegate in Congress from Connecticut, was sent to France, with full powers and instructions to open negotiations with the French government for supplies and munitions of war. He was also authorized to invite foreign officers of approved merit to serve in the American army. Soon after his arrival in Paris, he was visited by Monsieur Ducoudray, who was adjutant-general of the artillery of France, and one of the first engineers in the kingdom. He offered his aid to Mr. Deane in forwarding his application to the minister of war for military supplies, and proposed himself to join the American army on certain conditions. It was known that the French government approved these advances on the part of Monsieur Ducoudray, and his proposals were accepted by Mr. Deane. According to the arrangement, Ducoudray was to proceed to America in a vessel freighted with fire-arms, cannon, and other military supplies; and Mr. Deane agreed, that he should have the command of the artillery, and the rank of major-general, with the pay of that rank. Before he left France, however, Mr. Deane became dissatisfied with his proceedings, and wrote on the subject to Congress.

When Ducoudray arrived in Philadelphia, and presented his agreement with Deane and other papers, they were referred to the committee on foreign applications. It appeared that he had so constructed his plan that he was to command the engineers, as well as the artillery. General Washington objected to the arrangement, on the ground that it would supersede General Knox and other valuable American officers, whose services the

country could not dispense with; he expressed also a doubt whether so important a command as that of the artillery, (the post claimed by Ducoudray,) should be vested in any but an American, or one attached by the ties of interest to the United States. The affair was suspended, and, in its progress, occasioned much dissatisfaction and difficulty among both the foreign and native officers.

In June, 1777, a report had reached the camp that Congress had appointed Ducoudray a major-general, and that he was to take command of the artillery. Without waiting to have this rumour confirmed from any official source, Generals Greene, Sullivan, and Knox, wrote each to Congress a laconic epistle, dated on the same day, and requesting that, should the fact be so, they might have permission to retire from the army.

The Congress, which had not yet acted upon the appointment of Ducoudray, was displeased with the course of these officers, and immediately resolved, "That the President transmit to General Washington copies of the several letters from Generals Sullivan, Greene, and Knox, dated July 1st, 1777, with directions to him to let these officers know that Congress consider the said letters as an attempt to influence their decisions, as an invasion of the liberties of the people, and as indicating a want of confidence in their own justice; that it is expected by Congress that the said officers will make proper acknowledgments for an interference of so dangerous a tendency; but if any of them are unwilling to serve their country under the authority of Congress, they shall be at liberty to resign their commissions and retire." The report was unfounded, Congress having made no such appointment, nor, when the letters were written, had the case of Ducoudray been brought in a formal manner before them. Yet it was called up about this time, and after three or four days' desultory debate, it was determined

not to ratify the treaty entered into between Mr. Deane and that officer. On the 11th of August, however, Ducoudray was appointed inspector-general of ordnance and military manufactories, with the rank of major-general, and was placed in superintendence of the works constructed on the Delaware. While thus employed, he accidentally lost his life, on the 16th of September, 1777. He rode into a ferry-boat crossing the Schuylkill, when his horse became restive, and plunged with him into the river, and he was drowned before he could be rescued. Congress, on the following day, passed a resolution directing his burial at the expense of the United States and with the honours of war.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL DE LA NEUVILLE.

IN the autumn of 1777 the Chevalier de la Neuville and a younger brother arrived in this country, and tendered their services to the Congress. The Chevalier, who had been for more than twenty years an officer, brought letters from Lieutenant-General Wurmser, recommending him for his zeal, activity, and knowledge, in the French service. He also bore high testimonials, addressed to General Washington, from the Marquis de Bouilli, governor of Martinico, and M. Merlet, quartermaster-general of France—all of which were strengthened by favourable opinions from Lafayette and General Conway. On the 14th of May, 1778, he was appointed an inspector of the army under General Gates, with promise of rank according to his merit at the end of three months.

Colonel Neuville proceeded to the head-quarters of Gates, and entered upon his duties with zeal, exerting himself to improve the discipline of the troops; but though a good officer and strict disciplinarian, he was not popular with the army, and failing of promotion to

the rank he expected, after six month' service, he applied for permission to retire. His request was granted, and on the 4th of December, 1778, Congress passed an order that a certificate be given him by the President in the words following: "M. de la Neuville having served with fidelity and reputation in the army of the United States, in testimony of his merit, a brevet commission of brigadier has been granted to him by Congress, and, on his request, he is permitted to leave the service of these states and return to France." General Neuville soon after returned to his duties as an officer in the French armies.

His brother, Normiont de la Neuville, served two campaigns with credit, was appointed a major, and afterwards lieutenant-colonel by brevet, and returned to France near the close of 1779.

General de la Neuville while under the command of Gates formed a strong attachment to that officer, and corresponded with him after he left the country. In one of his letters, written in May, 1779, he says he had applied to the ministry for permission to return to America, in vain, and were he to go without permission he would lose "the harvest of twenty-nine years of service." He announces his intention, however, ultimately to return to the United States, "not as a general, but as a philosopher," and to purchase a habitation somewhere in the neighbourhood of that of his best friend, General Gates. "This," says he, "I write you from the middle of the pleasures of Paris." He did not revisit this country, and his subsequent history is lost in the whirlpool of the French revolution.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL. BARON STEUBEN.

ON the first day of December, 1777, a French ship dropped anchor in the harbour of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, bearing the person of Frederick William Augustus, Baron Steuben. He was a handsome man, with an erect, military bearing, and a diamond star upon his left breast, the sign of the Order of Fidelity, which he had received from Prince Margrave of Baden, and we venture to assert that never was that star worn upon a more faithful, or chivalric breast. Baron Steuben had been aid-de-camp to the great Frederick, of Prussia, having served in the "seven years' war" of that sturdy military commander, which is itself sufficient proof of the capacity and courage of the man before us. He had laid aside the emoluments of an ample fortune, rejected the overtures of powerful princes anxious to secure the services of so accomplished a master of war, and now as he stood upon the deck of this humble craft, poor in all but the wealth of a magnanimous soul, looking forth upon this New World, poor like himself in all but the greatness of aspiration, think ye there was no sinking of the heart in view of the work before him? He had learned the poverty of the country ere he came hither; he knew that irregular, undisciplined, and half-naked men, were contending for their rights against fearful odds; he knew that an uncertain rank awaited him—the scantiest pay of the soldier; he had learned that baffled, retreating, and disheartened, the army was threatened with destruction, and the hopes of men for human disenthralment likely to be annihilated for ever. He thought of these things in silent grief—for he was but one, and a legion seemed needful to relieve such a land.

A shout rang upon the air, another and another, till the old hills of New Hampshire, like another "Jura calling to the listening Alps," gave back the shout and the cry of exulting freemen. The battle of Bennington had been fought—the battle of Saratoga re-echoed the cannon blast, and Burgoyne was disarmed of his terrors—his splendid army had capitulated.

Here was indeed hope and promise for the gallant stranger who had come to share our destinies. He hastened to offer himself as a volunteer to Congress, that he might serve wherever most needed in the cause of human rights. That body at once made him inspector-general in the continental army, with the rank of major-general. Soon the results of his exact discipline, and nice attention to the most minute military points, became apparent in the good order, subordination, and economy of the army. The pupil of the great Frederick would not allow the slightest deviation from military usages, the slightest waste of military stores, or the slightest infringement of military dignity; but as a man, as a social man, he was genial, benevolent, and generous to excess; severe only as a public functionary, he was lenient to the infirmities of all men, provided always that no breach of trust was involved, and no violation of honour—upon these points he had all the spirit and chivalry of the best days of knighthood. Such a man, the companion of kings, romantic in sentiment, indifferent to wealth, yet lavish in expenditure, gentle as a child in the social circle, yet like a roused lion when the art of war was concerned, could not well be understood by a people plain, parsimonious, and keen in their perceptions, who did battle honestly and faithfully for the right, yet did so with none of the embellishments of romance, or ideal sentiment.

Steuben often found himself thwarted, mortified, and disheartened, if such a thing could be, but he bore up—the approval of Washington, Hamilton, and others of the

great men of the time was steady and warm, and the soldiers under his command soon loved and revered him as a father. His heart was always in the right place; he had been known to sell his horse that he might not be deficient in the hospitalities of the camp; at another time he pawned his watch that he might do the same thing, and at the removal of the army from Virginia, he divided his last dollar with a suffering brother officer; but the star of the Order of Fidelity he always kept, and at his death ordered it to be buried with him.

It is not surprising that a man of such unflinching integrity should regard with abhorrence and contempt the traitor Arnold. The bare mention of his name would excite him to expressions of rage and disgust, and when called upon to sit as one of the court-martial for the trial of Andre, the sympathy which, as a man, he naturally felt for this victim to the vice of another, could not fail to enhance his indignation against Arnold. Being but partially acquainted with our language, he would break away into French and German invectives, at the bare mention of his name, often to the amusement and amazement of a bystander. At a review he was one day startled to hear the name of Benedict Arnold called over, amongst some new recruits—Steuben instantly ordered the man into the front rank. Eyeing him sternly for a moment, he was struck at the fine bearing of the youth; “Young man,” said he, “you must change your name—you are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor.” “What name shall I take, general?” “Take any other, mine is at your service.” He did so, and the general made him a christening present of a monthly sum of money, and eventually the gift of a considerable portion of land.

Besides the important services, arduous and difficult as they must have been, to drill and reduce to order the raw militia of a country accustomed to Indian foray, and hunter troops averse to method, and jealous of personal

rights, he prepared a military manual which became of great service in the army, and is still used in some of the states. General Washington was fully alive to the great services of the Baron, and did not fail often to urge them before Congress, and his letters to the Baron himself were full of the warmest testimonies of recognition. The last letter this great man ever wrote in a public capacity, previous to the disbanding of the army, was addressed to Steuben, and is an affecting expression not only of friendship, but of strong official approval. In return the latter was often heard to say, that "after having served under the great Frederick, Washington was the only person under whom he was willing to pursue an art, to which he had devoted his life." The contrast in military appliance must have been terrible to the practised eye of Steuben, but he had tact, perseverance, and an enthusiastic love of freedom, and these are a host both to individuals and nations.

The labours of Steuben opened at Valley Forge, that terrible period of suffering to the army, when the snow was literally stained with the blood of the barefoot soldiery. He declared, in the most affecting terms, that "no European army could exist a week in such a condition." He was obliged to instruct both officers and men in their duty, for all were deplorably ignorant. He was ignorant of our language, which often caused whimsical mistakes; yet his energy and attention never slackened, and, to the least member of the revolutionary army, all were enthusiastic in praise of the discipline enforced by Steuben.

During the Virginia campaign, in which the services of Steuben were of the utmost importance, many attempts were made to secure the person of Arnold, and the Baron was untiring in his efforts to do so. Every fresh report of the outrages committed by this arch traitor upon a defenceless population, once held as his own countrymen, provoked anew the indignation of the Baron, and increased

his desire to bring him to the punishment so richly earned by his crimes ; in this he was unsuccessful, and, perhaps, for the best—for the steady, unmitigated abhorrence in which his memory is now held, is unrelieved by any recoil of human sympathy.

He was present at the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, where he had command of the trenches. While thus occupied in his tour of duty, the negotiations for surrender commenced, and the Baron, true to the nicest usages of war, refused to be relieved from his post till they were completed ; and there the veteran of so many wars remained on duty till all was arranged to the honour of the cause in which he was engaged ; and his men had the proud satisfaction of being foremost in duty when the flag of England struck to that of her victorious colonies.

At the close of the war, Steuben and Knox were nominated to the office of Secretary of War, and the latter received the appointment as his right by citizenship. The treatment which Steuben received from Congress, is humiliating to contemplate ; his claims for remuneration for hard and protracted services were but coldly acknowledged, and never more than partially met. Several of the states made him bequests of lands, and New York state gave him a large tract in the vicinity of Utica. Upon this land Steuben built a log-house ; he gathered his old friends about him, and in the practice of enlarged benevolence, living in Scythian hospitality, he passed his declining years. He had no family, and only such as had shared the hardships of the camp, or won his esteem by the severest manly virtue, could he tolerate about him. He was fond of lecturing upon military tactics, and told long stories of war and battle-field. He loved to surprise his friends with German dishes, dressed in the best style, thereby clinging to reminiscences of faderland. He delighted in agriculture, and the stores of a valuable library was a perpetual resource ; while the visits and correspond-

ence of his former brothers in arms whiled away the long hours of declining life. When we have added that his religious hopes and aspirations were warm and unfaltering, we know not that any new grace can be added to the last picture of this truly magnanimous man.

He died on the 28th of November, 1794, aged sixty-five. He directed that his body should be wrapped in his military cloak, ornamented with the star he had always worn, and interred in the neighbouring forest. He was obeyed; and

“He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.”

A simple and impressive close to a long life of virtue and usefulness, began in courts, amid pomp and despotism, and closed in a log-house in the shade of primeval woods, blest in the fruition of human freedom.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL DE WOEDTKE.

THE Baron de Woedtke was for many years an officer in the army of the King of Prussia, and had risen in that service to the rank of major. Coming to Philadelphia with strong letters of recommendation to Dr. Franklin, from persons of eminence in Paris, he was appointed a brigadier-general on the 16th of March, 1776, and ordered to join the northern army, under General Schuyler. He was one of the council of officers convened at Crown Point, July 7th, when it was resolved, that fort not being considered tenable, that the army should retire to the strong ground opposite Ticonderoga, afterwards called Mount Independence. This step was warmly opposed by Colonels Stark, Poor, Maxwell, and eighteen other inferior officers. General Woedtke died at Lake George, about three weeks after the above council was held at Crown Point, and was buried with the honors due to his rank.

BRIG. GENERAL THADDEUS KOSCIUSZKO.

THE American Revolution furnished an admirable field for the patriots of foreign countries who were denied the right of struggling for liberty at home. Of the many noble spirits who sought our shores for the exercise of this privilege, none have been more distinguished by the world's applause than the subject of this sketch. Thaddeus Kosciuszko was descended from an ancient and noble family, in Lithuania. He was born on the 12th of February, 1756, and received his education in the military school at Warsaw. Prince Czartoriski, discovering his talents at an early period, made him a lieutenant of cadets and sent him to France, where he studied the art of war. On his return to Lithuania he received a captaincy, and might have risen to rapid promotion but for a passion he conceived for a lady who had already inspired Prince Lubomirski with a similar flame. This circumstance obliged the presumptuous young captain to leave Poland. The war of the American Revolution—the war of liberty—made it easy to do so, by furnishing a superior motive, in the grateful indulgence of which it was perhaps not difficult to subdue the cravings of a humbler passion. The studies of Kosciuszko had prepared him as a military man. He brought with him science, as well as patriotism, to America. His testimonials were of the best description, and his pure nature and noble sentiments rendered his progress to favour comparatively easy wherever he appeared. Washington soon distinguished him, and with that rare talent which he possessed, of appreciating character almost at a glance, he made him an aid, and received him as well into his confidence as his family.

Kosciuszko was present in several engagements with the enemy, and behaved always with spirit and address. When Greene was transferred to the command of the continental army in the south, Kosciuszko accompanied him with the rank of brigadier, doing the duties of principal engineer of the army. He particularly distinguished himself at the siege of Ninety-Six, where, under the direction of Greene, he planned the approaches, and directed all the besieging operations. His *reconnoissances* were conducted with great boldness, and he narrowly escaped, on several occasions, the fire of the enemy, to which his cool indifference to danger exposed his person. At the close of the war, he left America for Europe, carrying with him a high and honourable reputation. He received the rank of a general in the American army, from the Congress of the United States, and, with the exception of Lafayette, was the only foreigner who was ever admitted to the American order of Cincinnati. This, it must be remembered, was no ordinary distinction for one so young. Kosciuszko was not yet thirty years old, and the admission into this society argued, not only a high estimate of his military endowments, but the possession, on his part, of very uncommon qualities of mind and character. He returned to Poland in 1786, and, on the formation of the Polish army, in 1789 was appointed by the Diet a major-general. He declared for the constitution of May 3d, 1791, and served under Prince Joseph Poniatowski. He distinguished himself against the Russians in 1792, and at Dubienka, with four thousand men, repulsed the thrice-repeated assaults of an army of eighteen thousand Russians. The submission of the feeble Stanislaus to Catharine, was the signal for Kosciuszko's withdrawal from the army and from Poland. He went to Leipsic, where he acquired under the legislative assembly of France the rights of a French citizen. But he was not to remain in exile. Another struggle for

liberty was to be made. The Poles were not as submissive as their monarch had shown himself, and, becoming impatient of the brutal tyrannies of Russia, prepared for a new insurrection. Kosciuszko appeared at Cracow at the auspicious moment. On the 24th day of March, 1794, he was proclaimed Dictator and Generalissimo. The sequel proved him worthy of these imposing trusts. The country was aroused to arms, the Russian garrison was expelled from Cracow, and, with Kosciuszko at their head, the Poles restored the Constitution of the third of May. Kosciuszko met the Russians at Raczlawice, on the 4th of April. His force consisted of but four thousand men, while that of the Russians was fully twelve. The conflict was very sanguinary, but resulted in the triumph of the patriots. The Russians left three thousand dead upon the field. This glorious beginning encouraged the nation. Poland rose once more upon her feet. Warsaw and Wilna declared for liberty, and massacred the Russian garrisons. Kosciuszko arrested the fury of the patriots, and restored order and government. So far his progress had been one of triumph. He was now destined to suffer a reverse. On the 6th of June he met the Russians and Prussians, numbering seventeen thousand men, with less than thirteen thousand. His troops were badly armed, and were raised for the emergency. He was defeated, after an obstinate conflict, and retired to his intrenchments before Warsaw. Cracow fell into the hands of the Prussians, and Warsaw was besieged by the united armies of Russia and Prussia, numbering no less than sixty thousand men. But Kosciuszko did not despair—did not suffer his countrymen to despair. Two months of bloody and daily conflict brought on a general assault, which he well and wonderfully repelled with a force of ten thousand only. This success contributed to the encouragement of his countrymen. Poland arose under Dombrowski, against the

Prussians. The siege of Warsaw was raised, and Kosciuszko's triumph was complete. His fame was established for ever, as a great captain and a profound statesman. With an army of but twenty thousand regular troops, and twice that number of peasants, he had maintained himself successfully through the campaign against four hostile armies, numbering altogether one hundred and fifty thousand men. He had the hearts of the people in his keeping. They gave him all their confidence, and armed as well with their affections as with their soldiery, it is scarcely to be wondered at that he was so successful. He was truly the patriot, and had evidently modelled himself after Washington. He devoted his whole life to his country without a single selfish reservation; and having restored justice, order and authority, he returned to the supreme council of the nation the power which they had confided to his hands. But the conflict was not at an end. It was not one likely to end except in the overthrow of Polish independence. The odds were too great against the Poles. The rapacity of the powers allied against them was but too powerfully sustained by their resources. The struggle was renewed, and decided only by the overwhelming numbers of the invader. This last desperate conflict took place on the 10th of October, 1794, at a place called Maciejowice, about fifty miles from Warsaw. The army of Kosciuszko numbered twenty-one thousand; that of the Russians was more than sixty thousand. Three times were the invaders repulsed, but a fourth assault enabled them to break through the Polish lines, and, in the fall of Kosciuszko, his dismayed soldiers beheld the fall of Poland. Desperately engaged in the final charge, Kosciuszko fell from his horse covered with wounds. "*Finis Poloniae*," was his melancholy ejaculation, as he was borne, a prisoner, on their pikes, to the camp of his enemy. The spirit of the nation sunk in his captivity, and all his con-

quests were yielded with a rapidity nearly as great as that with which they had been made.

In the completion of their conquests, and under the influence of public opinion, the conquerors could afford to be generous. Paul the First gave their freedom to the noble captives whom Catharine had cast into her dungeons. He distinguished Kosciuszko by marks of esteem, which the latter could scarcely acknowledge though unable to reject them. The emperor presented his own sword to the hero ; but Kosciuszko declined accepting it, saying, that "he who no longer had a country, no longer had need of a weapon." From that moment he never again wore a sword. Paul would have forced on him gifts of value, but he declined them, resolute on exile only. He made his way to France, next to England, and again to America. From the latter country, he enjoyed a pension, and here, as in France and England, his reception was grateful to his pride, and honourable to the sense of merit in the nation. But the heart of the exile was ill at ease, and troubled with a sleepless discontent. In 1798, he left America for France. His countrymen in the French army of Italy presented him with the sword of the great John Sobieski. Napoleon would have flattered him with the idea of restoring the independence of Poland ; but he who had appreciated the ideal of a true lover of liberty in a Washington, was not to be deluded by vain shows of it under the illusive delineations of a Bonaparte. It was in vain that every effort was tried to make him exert himself, in provoking, among the Poles, an enthusiasm in behalf of the French. He well saw that nothing could be hoped for his country from such a source, and resolutely continued silent. His name was used in an appeal to his countrymen which appeared in the "*Moniteur*," and which he denounced as spurious. Having purchased an estate near Fontainebleau, he lived in retirement till 1814. In this year he appealed to

the Emperor Alexander to grant an amnesty to the Poles who were in foreign lands, and to give to the country a free constitution like that of England. In 1815 he travelled in Italy, and settled at Soleure in Switzerland, the year after. His life was now spent in retirement. His cares were those of agriculture, which was now his favourite occupation. A fall from his horse, over a precipice near Vevay, occasioned his death on the 16th of October, 1817. In 1818, the Emperor Alexander had his body removed, and at the request of the Senate it was deposited in the tombs of the Kings at Cracow. Kosciuszko was faithful to his first romantic attachment. He was never married. From the moment that he ceased to hope for his affections, he began to live for his country. "Ah!" said he, to one who spoke of his few subjects of consolation, "Ah! sir, he who would live for his country, must not look for his rewards while he lives himself!" He was one of those noble and humane spirits which honour the best conceptions of chivalry.

BRIG. GENERAL MARQUIS DE LA ROUERIE.

ARMAND TUFIN, Marquis de la Rouerie, was a Breton, and entered at an early age into the regiment of French guards. His story is in many respects a romantic one. After some years of service, he became enamoured of a beautiful actress, and in the warmth of his passion offered her marriage. The family interposing to prevent the alliance, he escaped, and shut himself up in the monastery of La Trappe. They now sought to overpower his passion of love, by opposing that of glory in arms. The Revolution in America had commenced, and the fame of Washington was spreading throughout France. A field was opened in which to acquire glory, as well as to in-

dulge the national antipathy to England. Armand sailed from Nantes, in 1776, in an American schooner, sent out by Dr. Franklin with despatches for the American Congress, then sitting at Philadelphia. Arriving at the mouth of the Delaware, the schooner was surrounded by three English ships of war. Her commander formed the desperate resolution of blowing up the vessel, and requested Armand to deliver the despatches in safety, which he promptly undertook to do, jumping into a boat, and attempting to pass through the British vessels. A shot from one of the British ships carried down his boat, but Armand saved himself by swimming, and reached the shore just as the schooner blew up. He travelled one hundred miles on foot to Philadelphia, delivered his despatches, and on the 10th of May was appointed a colonel in the American army. At his own request, he was commissioned to raise a partisan corps of Frenchmen, not to exceed two hundred in number. It was supposed that some advantage would result from bringing together in one body such soldiers as did not understand the English language.

General Lafayette, in giving an account to General Washington of his march into New Jersey under Greene, mentions Colonel Armand as having been with him in a successful attack upon the picket of the enemy. He was with General Sullivan's division until the summer of 1779, when his corps was assigned to the command of General Howe. In 1780 it was incorporated with the Pulaski battalion. The commander-in-chief then gave him a certificate, stating "that the Marquis de la Rouerie has served in the army of the United States since the beginning of 1777, with the rank of colonel, during which time he has commanded an independent corps, with much honour to himself and usefulness to the service. He has upon all occasions conducted himself as an officer of distinguished merit, of great zeal, activity, vigilance, intelligence, and

bravery. In the last campaign, particularly, he rendered very valuable services, and towards the close of it made a brilliant partisan stroke, by which with much enterprise and address, he surprised a major and some men of the enemy in quarters, at a considerable distance within their pickets, and brought them off without loss to his party. I give this certificate in testimony of my perfect approbation of his conduct, and esteem for himself personally.”

In submitting to Congress his remarks on a new organization of the army, in 1780, General Washington recommends that the partisan corps of Colonel Armand should be kept up. “He is an officer,” he observes, “of great merit, which, added to his being a foreigner, to his rank in life, and to the sacrifices of property he has made, render it a point of delicacy as well as justice to continue to him the means of serving honourably.”

Although enjoying the entire confidence of the chief, Armand was offended at the delay of Congress in his promotion, and in February, 1781, he determined on a visit to France. On this occasion, General Washington gave him letters of recommendation to some of the most distinguished men in Paris. He did not, however, contemplate an abandonment of the American cause; on the contrary, he made it his business to procure while absent, clothes, ammunition and accoutrements for his corps, which in the mean time was withdrawn from the service, for discipline and equipment.

Colonel Armand returned from France and joined the army before the siege of Yorktown. He was in February, 1782, directed to report himself to General Greene, in the southern department.

In March, 1783, General Washington called the attention of Congress to Colonel Armand's character, and urged his promotion. He had shown an earnest and constant zeal throughout the war, and the application had its just effect. Armand was on the 26th of that month

promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. When he left the service, at the close of the war, General Washington took occasion to recommend him in the warmest terms to the Count de Rochambeau for promotion in France. He returned to Bretagne cured of his youthful passion, and soon after married a lady of family and fortune suited to his rank. In 1788 the minister of war gave him the appointment of a colonel of chasseurs. The Archbishop of Sens began to effect a scheme of suppressing Parliaments. The marquis remembered that he had been a gentleman before he had been a soldier; that he was a Frenchman, because he was a Breton, and he threw up his commission and appeared among his countrymen. He attended the assembly at Vannes, when the twelve deputies were chosen, was selected to be one of them, and was afterwards confined in the Bastille, with his colleagues. On his triumphant return to Bretagne, he proposed an oath, which bound the nobility to permit no innovation of the rights and privileges of the province, and was the chief means of confirming them in their resistance to the revolutionists. The province continued to be quiet while Paris was agitated with convulsions, until 1791, when the marquis, with a generous enthusiasm, hazarded his life and fortune in the formation of a league for the defence of the monarchy and old institutions. The limits of this work will not permit us to follow him through the intricacies of his political life, and we can only add that all his efforts resulted in disaster, and that he himself was saved from the guillotine on which his friends suffered, by the quick action of a disease induced by his anxieties and labours.

MAJOR-GENERAL DUPORTAIL.

CONGRESS having sent instructions to their commissioners in Paris to procure a few good engineers, they engaged four who had held commissions in the French army, namely, the Chevaliers Duportail, Laumoy, Radière and Gouvion. These officers came to the United States with the knowledge and approbation of the French government, and were the only ones engaged by the express authority of Congress. The contract made between them and the commissioners was confirmed, and Duportail was appointed colonel of engineers, Laumoy and Radière, lieutenant-colonels, and Gouvion a major. In November, 1777, Duportail was appointed a brigadier-general.

When the question of an immediate attack on Philadelphia was submitted to the council of officers on the 24th of November, 1777, Duportail, Greene, Sullivan and others opposed the project, and the reasons they offered were such as induced General Washington to abandon it.

Duportail was with the army at Valley Forge during the gloomy winter of 1777-8. After the battle of Monmouth, the enemy having left Philadelphia, he was sent by the commander-in-chief to ascertain what defences would be necessary to its security, and to plan fortifications for the Delaware. He was soon after despatched to the Hudson, and drew up a memorial in relation to the defences at Fort Clinton which was approved by Washington, and was directed with Colonel Kosciuszko to complete the works at that point. He was also sent in October to Boston, to take measures for the security of that city and of the French fleet against an apprehended attack.

In October, 1779, we find General Duportail, in company with Colonel Hamilton, charged with confidential

despatches to Count d'Estaing, relative to a co-operation of the army and the French fleet. M. Gérard, the French minister, had held several conferences with a committee of Congress respecting a concerted plan of action between the French squadron and the American forces. For the same object M. Gérard visited the camp and held interviews with the commander-in-chief, to whom Congress delegated the power of arranging and executing the whole business in such a manner as his judgment and prudence should dictate. Various plans were suggested and partly matured, but the unfortunate repulse of the French and American troops from Savannah and the subsequent departure of d'Estaing from the coast, prevented their being carried into execution.

Having waited several weeks for the expected arrival of the fleet in the Delaware, General Duportail was ordered by Washington to return to the camp at Morristown. He was now directed to survey all the grounds in the environs of the encampment, with a view to determine on the points to be occupied in case of any movement of the enemy.

The engagement of General Duportail having expired, Congress in January, 1780, at the instance of General Washington, voted to retain him during the war, together with the other French officers engaged by Franklin and Deane, if it should be consistent with their inclination and duty. In March he was sent to join the southern army under General Lincoln, at Charleston, and Washington thus speaks of him in his letter to that commander: "From the experience I have had of this gentleman, I recommend him to your particular confidence. You will find him able in the branch he professes; of a clear and comprehensive judgment, of extensive military science; and of great zeal, assiduity, and bravery; in short, I am persuaded you will find him a most valuable acquisition, and will avail yourself effectually of his services. You

cannot employ him too much on every important occasion.” Here he was captured by the enemy during the summer, but immediate efforts were made by Congress and the commander-in-chief to effect his release, and with General Lincoln and others he was exchanged in the month of October.

In August, 1781, the contemplated enterprise against New York having been given up, with a view of attempting to retrieve the disasters of the last campaign in the south, General Duportail was sent with despatches to the Count de Grasse, and was with Washington at the interview with the French admiral, off Cape Henry, on the 18th of September. In October he applied for six months’ furlough to visit his native country, and also begged of General Washington to encourage his application for promotion to the rank of major-general. The furlough was at once accorded ; but in reference to the promotion, the chief answered, that “the infringement of the rights of seniority in so many individuals, and the pretensions of some who had particular claims upon the country, convinced him that his desires could not be accomplished but at the expense of the tranquillity of the army.” In reply, General Duportail said that he was fully aware of the difficulties there stated, that it was not his desire or intention to interfere with the claims of other officers, but he considered his case a peculiar one. He had come to America at the request of Congress, and served during the whole war, and had thus thrown himself out of the line of promotion in France. He requested that the commander-in-chief would not at any rate oppose his application to Congress. General Washington immediately transmitted his letter to Congress, and warmly seconded his application. On the 16th of November, 1781, he was appointed major-general. On his departure, he was favoured by Washington with a letter expressive of the warm attachment he felt for him personally, and his appreciation of his high military merits and services.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROCHE DE FERMOY.

AMONG the foreign officers who tendered their services to the Continental Congress, in consequence of the prospects of liberal pay and promotion held out by our commissioners in Paris, was the Chevalier MATTHIAS ALEXIS ROCHE DE FERMOY, who had been several years an officer of merit in the French engineers. Congress, on the 4th November, 1776, appointed him a brigadier-general, and, after remaining for a time in the camp of Washington, he was ordered to join the army of the north under General Gates. Here he made himself useful during the campaign which followed. In the winter of 1777, he applied to Congress to be raised to the rank of major-general, a request which that body very promptly declined. Displeased at this decision, General Fermoy requested permission to retire, and in January following, he had leave to return to France. As a mark of respect, Congress appropriated money to pay his debts, and to defray his expenses to the West Indies.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS CONWAY.

THOMAS CONWAY, knight of the order of St. Louis, was a native of Ireland, and when six years of age, was taken by his parents to France, where he was educated, and rose to the rank of colonel in the French service. Having formed the design to enter the American army, he was engaged by the agent of our government in Paris, and on account of his experience was promised the rank of adjutant or brigadier-general.

He landed in Boston early in 1777, with an empty purse, and General Heath advanced him money to defray his expenses to head-quarters. Arriving at Morristown, he exhibited his papers to the commander-in-chief, who interested himself in his behalf, and on the 13th of the following May he was appointed by Congress a brigadier-general, and four regiments of Pennsylvania troops in Lord Stirling's division were assigned to his command.

He was in the battle of Germantown, and by some writers is said to have conducted himself gallantly there, but his character was already understood by Washington who perceived that he sought rather his own promotion than the good of the country or the honour of the service. When, therefore, Conway urged his friends to secure for him the rank of major-general, Washington opposed it, as unjust to other officers of equal or superior merit.

An intrigue against the commander-in-chief was now set on foot, in which Conway bore a conspicuous part. The declaration from a letter written by him to General Gates, that "Heaven had been determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it," came to the knowledge of Washington,

and he immediately enclosed it to General Conway, who, a few days after, tendered his resignation, which was not, however, accepted by Congress. On the contrary, he was but a month afterwards elected inspector-general of the army with the rank of major-general. This showed that a majority of Congress was unfriendly to the chief, since the intrigues of Conway were well known in that assembly. Washington's views had been very pointedly expressed in a letter to Richard Henry Lee, dated the 17th of November. After alluding to a report that Conway was to be appointed major-general, he observes, "It will be as unfortunate a measure as ever was adopted; I may add, and I think with truth, that it will give a fatal blow to the existence of the army." Nevertheless the appointment was made. Dr. Rush, Generals Gates and Mifflin, and others, were concerned in this cabal, the object of which was to supersede Washington and elevate themselves to the chief places in the army. The designs of the faction, however, were soon frustrated. After the Canada expedition had been abandoned, Conway was directed to join the army under General McDougall at Fishkill, and was ere long ordered again to Albany, upon which he wrote a petulant letter to Congress, complaining of ill-treatment, and asking an acceptance of his resignation. The tone of his communication was such as his best friends could not excuse. His character was at length thoroughly developed even to their apprehension, and a motion to accept his resignation was immediately carried. When advised of this, he expressed great astonishment, said it was not his intention to resign, and that his meaning had been misunderstood. He proceeded immediately to Yorktown, (where Congress was in session,) and claimed to be restored; but the tide had changed, and his explanation and request were equally unavailing.

When Philadelphia was evacuated by the British he

repaired to that city, where his free speech and offensive manners soon involved him in difficulties with the American officers, and on the 4th of July, in that year, he fought a duel with General Cadwalader, one of the bravest and most accomplished gentlemen of the time, whose ball passed through Conway's mouth and the upper part of his neck, making a wound which for a time was supposed to be mortal. The immediate cause of the duel is generally understood to have been some observations respecting Washington, to whom, after lingering several days, he wrote the following letter:—

“*Philadelphia, 23d July, 1778.*

“SIR:—I find myself just able to hold the pen during a few minutes; and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief for having done, written, or said any thing disagreeable to your excellency. My career will soon be over; therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are in my eyes a great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem of these States, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues. I am, with the greatest respect, &c.

THOMAS CONWAY.”

This voluntary confession, whether proceeding from the reproaches of conscience or a lingering sentiment of justice, may perhaps be considered a reparation for the personal injuries he had done the commander-in-chief, but it will not efface the memory of his attempts to sow those seeds of faction, which threatened the safety and even the existence of the republic. Contrary to his own and his surgeon's expectation he recovered from his wound; but, deserted by his former friends, deprived of his rank in the army, and treated by the public with undisguised contempt and indignation, nothing was left for him but to leave the country. Before the end of the year he sailed for France, where he soon after died.

MAJOR-GENERAL BARON DE KALB.

WHEN Lafayette left his luxurious home to join in the struggle of oppressed Americans, he was accompanied by Baron De Kalb, then a brigadier-general in the French army. Baron De Kalb was a German by birth, but had gained the name of a brave and meritorious officer in the armies of France, and was a knight of the order of military merit. On his arrival in this country, he proffered his services to Congress. His reputation and valour were known, and his aid was gladly accepted. He was at once appointed to the office of major-general, in which capacity he joined the main army, and at the head of the Maryland division rendered essential services to the cause he espoused. He was deservedly loved and esteemed.

Of athletic frame and robust constitution, he seemed formed for the hardships of war, and for encountering the toils of our then rude and toilsome campaigns. He could not boast of any especial excellence in mental acquirements, but he possessed a talent and a knowledge of greater use to the soldier: the talent of reading men and the knowledge of human nature. His habits of close investigation had secured these valuable powers, which he knew well how to apply.

His modes of life were exceedingly temperate: he drank nothing but water, and was alike abstemious with his food, often living on beef-soup and bread, at other times contented with a short allowance of cold meat. He was industrious: he rose at early dawn in summer, and before day in winter, and devoted himself to writing, in which occupation his hurried meals and his military duties alone disturbed him. The world has not been favoured with the fruits of all these labours.

He won the hearts of all who knew him by his simplicity of manner and amiable disposition, and secured the confidence and esteem of every one by the ingenuousness of his character.

He served in the American army gallantly and faithfully during three years, and closed his career on the 19th of August, 1780, in the forty-eighth year of his age, having been severely and fatally wounded on the sixteenth of that month at the battle of Camden in South Carolina. This last effort of his military career was as brilliant and daring as any that graces historical annals. He commanded the right wing of the American army. In the commencement of this action, the American left wing was charged by the British infantry with fixed bayonets. This part of our army was composed of militia, who were unable to stand the attack, and threw down their arms, flying precipitately from the field. How different the behaviour of the right wing! The continental troops here, though inferior in numbers to the British, stood their ground manfully, and maintained the conflict with great resolution. The British had the advantage of superior cavalry, and notwithstanding the brave example of De Kalb, who encouraged his men not only in words but by his deeds, they succeeded in gaining the day. It was a severe blow to the Americans, who lost their entire artillery, eight field-pieces and two hundred wagons, together with the greater part of their baggage. But the saddest loss was sustained in the death of the gallant De Kalb. In his last attempt to secure a victory, he received eleven wounds and fell. He was caught by his noble aid-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Du Buysson, who rushed through the clashing bayonets, and spreading his own form over that of the prostrate hero, received the wounds intended for his fallen commander, exclaiming as he fell beside him: "Save the Baron De Kalb! Save the Baron De Kalb!" On hearing his name, the British officers interposed and rescued them both from

the farther fury of their men. De Kalb and Du Buysson were both taken prisoners; the former survived but a few hours. The British officer who had taken him in charge bestowed upon him every attention. As he condoled with him in his misfortune, De Kalb extended him his hand in gratitude, saying: "I thank you for your generous sympathy, but I die the death I always prayed for: the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man."

His last hours were employed in prosecuting the duties of his station. He dictated a letter to General Smallwood, who succeeded to the command of his division. This letter is characteristic of the noble heart of him who sacrificed himself to the great cause of liberty; it breathes a sincere affection for his officers and men; it expresses his high admiration for the valour they evinced in the last, though unsuccessful effort of the battle; it recites the eulogy their bravery had extorted from their enemies, and concludes with the testimonials of his own gratitude and delight for their gallant support in the final conflict which cost him his life. When he felt the chilly touch of death approaching, he extended his quivering hand to the Chevalier Du Buysson, his loved friend, now stretched beside him, covered with wounds received in the generous effort to rescue his commander's life, and breathed to him his last benedictions upon his faithful division. He sank calmly into eternity, lamented and esteemed by friend and foe.

Many years after his death, General Washington, when at Camden, inquired for his grave. After gazing upon it for some time, he breathed a sigh, and with an expression indicative of the thoughts passing in his mind, exclaimed: "So, there lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share its fruits!"

BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. GADSDEN.

CHRISTOPHER GADSDEN, of South Carolina, was one of the few patriots, whose prescience, extending far beyond the ordinary range of human vision, beheld in the distance the real necessities of America ; and, while the great majority demanded nothing more at first from Great Britain than a redress of temporary grievances, foresaw that nothing less than absolute independence in the end could satisfy the wants or subserve the rights and safety of the colonies. That we have not an elaborate life of this distinguished man, carefully derived from his own papers and writings, is sadly illustrative of that neglect with regard to our historical resources which has marked our career. We cannot hope, in the brief limits of the present biography, to amend these deficiencies in regard to our subject. We can at best furnish a few brief heads, upon which the unembarrassed admirer may dilate and expatiate hereafter.

Christopher Gadsden was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1724. His father was Thomas Gadsden, a king's collector, and lieutenant in the British navy. Christopher received his education in England, where he acquired the classics. Late in life he studied the Hebrew, and made some progress in the oriental languages. At the age of sixteen he returned from Europe, and was placed in a counting-house in Philadelphia. Here he acquired habits of business, and was confirmed in the strictness of method and inflexibleness of resolve by which, in after periods, his character was particularly distinguished. At the age of twenty-one he revisited Eng-

land. Returning thence to Carolina as a passenger in a man-of-war, the office of purser was tendered him, on the sudden death of the incumbent. Accepting the appointment, he continued in it for two years, when he left the navy to engage in commerce. Subsequently he became a planter, and finally a factor. These several pursuits were all urged with the most sustained earnestness. It was the nature of Mr. Gadsden to do thoroughly, and with his whole soul, whatever he undertook. He set out in life with certain fixed principles, as well of actions as of morals, to which he adhered steadily throughout his whole career. In his youthful associates he was fortunate. One of these was the no less distinguished Henry Laurens, also of South Carolina, afterwards President of Congress. These young men were equally attached to each other by modes of thinking and by natural sympathies. They strengthened each other by mutual resolves and mutual counsels; abjured together the soul-wasting pursuits of other young men; and, by the proper adoption of a few well-conceived rules of conduct, to which they held tenaciously, they succeeded in the formation of virtuous habits, and of firm, well-constructed characters.

Mr. Gadsden soon showed himself active in public as well as private affairs. In 1759, he was in the expedition, with many of the high-spirited young men of the country, against the Cherokee Indians, at the call of Governor Lyttleton. On this occasion he organized an artillery company, of which he was made captain; and was the first to introduce a piece of field-artillery into the colony. In this corps we find the nucleus of a battalion, afterwards called the "Ancient Battalion," which acquired a local celebrity by subsequent good conduct, on various battle-fields, which still graciously surrounds its name. The company of Captain Gadsden soon proved its usefulness, and acquired an early popularity. The expedition of Governor Lyttleton, undertaken with many disadvan-

tages, did not terminate satisfactorily. It was an evasion of the danger only, and needed other and more decisive proceedings to subdue the hostile Indians to a just sense of respect and forbearance. But the result was favourable to the popularity of Gadsden; and, without such details as would enable us to say, at this moment, by what means he acquired the increasing confidence and admiration of his associates, it is enough to know, for a certainty, that such were his acquisitions.

Mr. Gadsden soon showed himself far in advance of most of his contemporaries, in regard to the relations which existed between the colonies and the mother country. His feelings were those of a republican, and they influenced very considerably the direction of his thoughts. He felt—even before he saw—how inconsistent with the rights and safety of America were the demands and exactions of Great Britain; and was among the first to conceive the absurdity of a great and growing nation being governed by a people who were three thousand miles away. Such a government not only implied a total want of capacity and energy to meet emergencies, but led to another discreditable implication against the *mind* of the native, which was quite as offensive to his self-esteem as it was injurious to his rights. At this early period, and long before Thomas Paine wrote on the subject, Mr. Gadsden had delivered himself of sound and excursive views in regard to the rights of man and the representative system. Tenacious, in a high degree, of his personal rights, he was not less so of those which belonged to his country; and, in debate and by his writings, he attempted, at a very early period, to indoctrinate his contemporaries with his convictions. There were few, at the beginning, to see and speak with his boldness and independence. Ramsay says, “he would have been another Hampden in the days of King Charles.” As a speaker, he was equally slow and fiery. His soul seemed impatient of the frigidity

and reluctance of his tongue. But his good sense, his undoubted honesty, his zeal and independence, amply compensated for all defects of eloquence. Josiah Quincy the younger, who visited Carolina for his health in 1773, heard him speak in the provincial House of Assembly, at that period, and, in a single sentence, gives us a somewhat striking description of his manner: "Mr. Gadsden was plain, blunt, hot, and incorrect; though very sensible. In the course of the debate, he used these very singular expressions for a member of parliament:—'*And, Mr. Speaker, if the governor and council don't see fit to fall in with us, I say, let the general duty law, and all, go to the devil, sir; and we go about our business.*'" Frankness, fearlessness, honesty, and the most sterling common sense, were the chief characteristics of his mind. In the colonial House of Assembly he was a member from Charleston at a very early period; always active, and always to the increase of his influence. The encroachments of the British provoked him to utterance long before the passage of the Stamp Act. When, in 1765, the project was conceived of a general congress in America, he was the most eager and urgent advocate for the measure. He was made one of its first delegates from South Carolina, and, taking his ground as an *American*, in the more extensive meaning of the term, he was never known to abandon his position. He might err, for he was fiery, impatient, and absolute; but his errors were always in his country's favour, and were children of his unselfish patriotism. When, in 1767, the British scheme of revenue, at the expense of the colonies, was revived, he was one of the first to propose the suspension of all importation from Great Britain. Subsequently, when the news came of the act for shutting up the port of Boston, he felt and declared himself as one who had suffered the greatest personal injuries. He proposed and pledged himself to do all that was possible for bringing the New Englanders relief. He urged the adop-

tion of an agreement wholly preventive of importation and exportation equally, and was for cutting off, without exception or qualification, all intercourse with the mother country, until her arrogant pretensions were abandoned for ever. So thoroughly earnest was he in these objects, that he disagreed with the rest of the delegation from South Carolina, who, in Congress, insisted upon the exemption of rice from the operation of the non-intercourse act of association. And yet, no man suffered more severely by these very measures than Mr. Gadsden. His chief interest lay in the unrestricted operations of commerce. He was the proprietor of a large property which was the first to be impaired in value by the measures which he counselled ;—and had just built one of the most extensive and costly wharves in Charleston, to the profit and productiveness of which his public policy was in the last degree adverse. But selfish considerations never affected his patriotism ; and no American citizen ever lost more than he did by the events of his political career.

His sacrifices were acknowledged, if they were never repaid, by his countrymen. In June, 1775, when the Provincial Congress of South Carolina resolved on raising troops, Mr. Gadsden, while absent on public duty at Philadelphia, was elected, without his knowledge, to the colonelcy of the first regiment. His personal courage was well known. His pretensions, as a military man, were less decided ; but were assumed in consequence of his readiness and activity in the expedition of Lyttleton against the Cherokees. He accepted the appointment, and left Congress to repair to the camp in Carolina, declaring his readiness to serve “ wherever his country placed him, whether in the civil or the military ; and indifferent, if in the latter, whether as colonel or corporal.” The next year—1776—he was raised by Congress to the rank of brigadier-general. He was in command, in this capacity, at Fort Johnson, when the invasion of South Carolina, by Sir Peter Parker,

took place. The battle and victory at Fort Moultrie saved the state, on this occasion, from any further issues; and General Gadsden was thus deprived of an opportunity of showing how stubbornly he could have done battle for the cause and country for which he had perilled and pledged himself from the beginning. But he was not, in the proper sense of the word, a military man. He had no passion for the glory of great soldiership, and felt that he could better serve the country in a civil than a military department. Accordingly, in the two years interval of repose from war, which, in Carolina, followed the defeat of Sir Peter Parker, he resigned his commission. He continued, however, to serve in the privy council and the Assembly, and his activity in the public service was by no means lessened by his withdrawal from the sphere of military operations. He still showed the same tenacity of resistance to British usurpation which had marked his spirit from the beginning; and was honourably conspicuous among his associates in all the efforts to prepare the state against the successive attempts which were made by the invader. The years 1779 and 1780 find him constantly and vigorously engaged in these duties, always ready for the severest tasks, and in the front wherever danger threatened. When Charleston was yielded to the British, he was lieutenant-governor of South Carolina, and was paroled, as such, to his own habitation. But his parole availed him little. Irritated by the popular outbreaks under Marion and Sumter, the British commanders in the province, with their loss of temper, lost their sense of justice also. Immediately upon the defeat of Gates by Cornwallis, Gadsden was arrested in his house; and, with some twenty-eight other leading citizens, who were either feared or suspected, was conveyed by a file of soldiers on board a prison-ship. This proceeding was conceived to be preliminary only to a trial for high treason. He was conveyed in this manner to St. Augustine, then a

British garrison. Here, it was offered to the prisoners that they should enjoy the privileges of the place on renewing their paroles, pledging themselves "to do nothing prejudicial to the British interests." The offer was generally accepted. But Gadsden treated the suggestion with scorn. "With men," said he, "who have once deceived me, I can enter into no new contract. I have given one parole, and have strictly observed its conditions. In violation of its guarantees, without a single accusation made against me, I am seized and hurried from my family and home. And now I am asked for more pledges, by those who will be bound by none. No, sir; I will give no new parole."—"Think better of it," was the reply of the British officer, commissioned for this duty. "Your rejection of this offer consigns you to a dungeon."—"I am ready for it—prepare it," was the answer. "I will give no parole, *so help me God!*" He was immediately hurried to the dungeon of the castle at St. Augustine, where he lay for ten months, kept from all intelligence, from all society, even from the sight of his fellow-captives. His estates underwent sequestration at the same time.

His ten months' imprisonment were not suffered to be wearisome. The mind of Gadsden was not less active than inflexible. He had resources which made him independent of his dungeon. A close application to study enabled him to forget his bonds, and it is recorded that he emerged from captivity a much more learned man than when he entered it. It was in the dungeon of St. Augustine that he commenced the study of the Hebrew. Here he showed the firmness and magnanimity of a great man. He had no complaints; he acknowledged no sufferings. A generous English subaltern, sympathizing with his pursuits, offered to provide him secretly with lights, which had been forbidden. He rejected the precious privilege, lest it should involve the officer in difficulty and subject him to punishment. When Andre was arrested and threatened

with death as a spy, Colonel Glazier, British commandant of the post, communicated the affair to Gadsden, advising him to prepare for the worst; for that, in the event of Andre's execution, he would most probably be the person chosen to suffer as a retaliatory British example. Gadsden answered that "he was always ready to die for his country; and though he well knew that it was impossible for Washington to yield the right of an independent state by the laws of war to fear or to affection, yet he was not the person to shrink from the sacrifice. He would rather ascend the scaffold than purchase, with his life, the dishonour of his country."

The threat proved an idle one, and was probably only another mode adopted for annoying or intimidating a spirit which it had hitherto been found impossible to subdue. The progress of events brought him release some time in 1781, when the successes of Greene, and the southern partisans, procured an adequate number of British prisoners for exchanges. Gadsden was carried to Philadelphia, and from thence he hastened back to Carolina. Here the tide had set decidedly in favour of the patriots. The British were worn out with the struggle. Civil government was about to be restored on the popular basis; and General Gadsden was prepared to participate, once more, in the duties and responsibilities of the country. He was at once elected to a seat in the first legislative Assembly, which declared the recovery of the state from the invader. This body met at Jacksonborough; when John Rutledge surrendered into its hands the office of governor, which he had held, during the most trying period, with a rare ability. Gadsden was at once chosen his successor; but he declined the appointment, in a short speech, to the following effect:

"I have served you," was his address to the speaker and the House, "in a variety of stations, for thirty years, and I would now cheerfully make one of a forlorn hope

in an assault upon the lines of Charleston, if it were probable that with the certain loss of my life you would be reinstated in the possession of your capital. What I *can* do for my country, I am willing to do. . . . If my acceptance of the office of governor would serve my country, even though my administration should be attended with loss of personal credit and reputation, I would cheerfully undertake it. But the present times require the vigour and activity of the prime of life ; and I feel the increasing infirmities of age to such a degree that I am conscious I cannot serve you to advantage."

He entreated to be permitted to decline the trust, but continued to serve in the Assembly and privy council. Here he gave a striking proof of his magnanimity. His own loss of property by sequestration and waste had been immense, yet he stubbornly resisted the retaliatory law which confiscated the estates of those who had adhered to the British government, insisting that the true policy was to forget the offence and forgive the offender.

At the close of the war, and with the departure of the British from the state, General Gadsden retired into private life, only occasionally taking part in public affairs, serving in the convention of 1788 for the ratification of the national constitution, and, in 1790, for revising the state constitution. He survived his eighty-first year, usually in the enjoyment of good health, his death being finally precipitated by an accidental fall, which hurried the inevitable event in the life of the mortal. He died, as he had lived, honoured and respected by all around him. He was a man of strong passions and strong prejudices, and it required all his religion and resolve of character to subdue his moods to forbearance and propriety. He was the friend of peace. He believed that lawyers were of mischievous influence, and was of opinion that they should always be provided, as were the judges, at the public expense ; conceiving, as Mr. Locke did, that it was " a base

and vile thing to plead for money or reward. Of physicians he thought as little, considering exercise and temperance as worth all their prescriptions. His character was hard and granite-like, antique in the mould and fashion, not unlike that of the elder Cato. Offices of profit he always steadily rejected; even refusing the compensation which, by law, attached to such offices of trust as were conferred upon him. Altogether, his mind and principles deserve, as we have already said, a more elaborate examination, and a more comprehensive memorial, than can be accorded them in this imperfect sketch. His writings are important to the future historian of the country, as illustrating the rise, growth, and progress of opinion in one of those sections in which the activity was great, and where the conflict was of the most extreme and uncompromising character.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES HOGAN.

THE principle of appointing officers in the continental army from the various states according to their quotas, was perhaps unavoidable; but it secured commissions to some persons of small abilities, who are known at this time only by the appearance of their names in the state papers, or for the pertinacity with which they insisted upon military etiquette and rank. James Hogan was one of the representatives of Halifax in the Provincial Congress of North Carolina, which assembled on the 4th of April, 1776, and, upon the organization of the forces of the colony, was made paymaster of the third regiment; and, on the 17th of the same month, was chosen major of the Edenton and Halifax militia. He continued in the state on continental service during the war; and, on the 9th of January, 1779, was appointed a brigadier-general in the line.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ISAAC HUGER.

INSISTING upon the Anglo-Saxon origin and characteristics of our country, we are commonly guilty of a great injustice to other lands, to which we owe no small portion of that noble stock of individual character, which has served to make our nation famous. Among the *foreign* sources of this contribution from abroad, to the formation of our infant society, we should never overlook the numerous colonies of Huguenots, who after, and even before the revocation of the edict of Nantz, fled to English-America as to a place of refuge. South Carolina was particularly fortunate in being one of the colonies chosen by the emigrants as a safe home against persecution. She received large acquisition from this stock, at this period, and has had reason ever since to be grateful for the good fortune which brought them to her shores. To this day, the descendants of the Huguenot exiles rank among the noblest of their citizens. They have contributed equally to her strength and her reputation; and many of her best scholars, her bravest soldiers, and most polished gentlemen, claim direct descent from this exclusive original.

The Huger family rank with the noblest stocks in Carolina. Its ancestors came from Touraine in France. They fled from tyranny and intolerance, and brought with them their most valuable possession, a spirit of civil and religious independence, which they were fortunate in transmitting, in all its original purity, to their children. Isaac Huger was the grandson of the emigrants. He was born at Limerick plantation, at the head-waters of Cooper river, on the 19th March, 1742. His parents were Daniel Huger and Mary Cordes, both natives of South Carolina.

Isaac was one of the many sons,—Daniel, Isaac, John, Benjamin and Francis,—most of whom were more or less active and distinguished in the war of the Revolution. Daniel was long a member of Congress; John was ably and well known in the councils of the State; Francis was at the battle of Fort Moultrie; Benjamin fell in battle at the lines of Charleston; while his son Francis distinguished himself in Europe, with Bollman, in the chivalrous and self-sacrificing attempt to rescue Lafayette from the dungeons of Olmutz. Our present notice is devoted to Isaac, the second of the brothers. His early education was quite as good as the country could afford. His parents had large fortunes, and their sons were sent to Europe, as was the fashion of the times, to complete and perfect their intellectual acquisitions. They returned in season to take part in the struggle of their native soil against the oppressors. The motto on the family arms, "*Ubi libertas, ibi patria*," found them steadfast in the faith. Isaac Huger received a commission from the Provincial Congress as lieutenant-colonel of the first regiment, of which Christopher Gadsden was colonel, on the 17th day of June, 1775. This was not a gratuitous distinction, conferred simply in anticipation of future service. Isaac Huger had already shown himself a soldier, having served in the expedition under Colonel Montgomery (afterwards Lord Eglintoun) against the Cherokees, in that frequent Indian war which proved so excellent a school and nursery for so many of the southern captains. He was unfortunate in being stationed at Fort Johnson, in Charleston harbour, during the first invasion of South Carolina by the British under Sir Peter Parker. This fortress was permitted to take no part in the conflict. It was here that he gave an instance of that recklessness of hazard, which was the distinguishing trait in his character, and which sometimes had the effect of making him regardless of proper precautions. When Governor Rut-

ledge inspected the arrangements for the defence of Fort Johnson, he remarked to Huger, familiarly, "Very good, Isaac, very good; but I do not see that you have made any provision for your retreat." "Retreat, no!" was the reply of the other, and he garnished the rest of the sentence with an oath which is supposed to be permitted to a soldier on the eve of action—"I do not mean to retreat! I do not see that retreat is at all necessary."

Recoiling from the bulwarks of Fort Sullivan, the tide of war rolled back from the southern upon the northern colonies. For two years after the failure of this first British expedition against Carolina, the south remained free from invasion, though not from the frequent threat of it. During this period, Huger was promoted to the colonelcy of the fifth regiment of South Carolina. His next service was in Georgia. Hither he went, with his regiment, on the invasion of that province by Colonel Campbell; and was opposed to the progress of General Prevost, with whom he had several skirmishes. His command was finally united with that of General Howe, and he acted as brigadier; but without the *materiel* or *personnel* which could encourage the hope of any successful performance. The Americans, enfeebled by sickness and want of arms and clothing, diminished rapidly, in the face of a superior and an active enemy, and in the conflict with the British at Savannah, the right being led by Huger, they were only able to show what might have been done under better auspices. In the retreat which followed this event, General Huger maintained admirable order in his division, and brought it in safety to Perrysburg, where a junction was formed with the force stationed at that place under the command of Moultrie.

The British, meanwhile, had spread themselves over Georgia, and South Carolina had become a frontier. It was important to effect a diversion in the former state, for the relief of the latter; and the better to call into active

service the militia, and to alarm the fears of the British with regard to their present acquisitions, Major-General Lincoln, who had taken command of the continental forces, in the southern department, marched with a select body of troops into the interior of Georgia. He was accompanied by General Huger. Advancing along the Ogeehee, they were suddenly surprised by the tidings of an attempt upon the city of Charleston, by the British under Prevost. This enterprising commander, availing himself of Lincoln's absence in Georgia, passed suddenly over the Savannah into Carolina, in hope to capture Charleston by a *coup de main*. Moultrie, with an inferior force of militia, was the only obstacle in his way ; and it became necessary that Lincoln should return, by forced marches, for the safety of the southern metropolis. His approach, with the stubborn opposition offered by Moultrie, had the effect of baffling the British general. But the escape of the city was exceedingly narrow. It was in a skirmish of the night, on this very occasion, that Major Benjamin Huger, the brother of Isaac, was slain.

Prevost retired to the neighbouring islands, whither Lincoln pursued him. General Huger was still with the Continentals. He commanded the left wing at the spirited battle of Stono, on the 20th June, 1779, and was wounded while gallantly leading on his men. The British, at length, yielded the ground to their enemies ; and retiring by way of the sea islands, succeeded in reaching Savannah. Hither it became the policy of the Americans to pursue them. The appearance of a French armament on the coast, under the command of Count d'Estaing, suggested the plan of a joint attack upon Savannah, by the French and American commanders. A want of proper concert, and unnecessary delays on the part of the assailing forces, enabled the British to prepare for them ; and when the assault was ordered, it was almost evidently a desperate enterprise. The command of the Georgia

and South Carolina militia was confided to General Huger. The two continental columns were led by Colonel Laurens and General McIntosh. The French were divided into three bodies also. The details of this disastrous attempt belong to other narratives. The column under Colonel Laurens was that alone which succeeded in the assault. The assailants sank from the murderous fire which encountered their valour, and the penalty which they paid for the indiscretion and headstrong confidence of their French general was severely felt by the people of Georgia and Carolina for long seasons after.

Strengthened by ample reinforcements, the British were at length prepared for a third attempt upon the capital of South Carolina. They appeared before the city of Charleston with an overwhelming armament, as well by sea as land; and, after a three months' league and bombardment, the place was surrendered. General Huger was not one of the garrison. He had been directed to keep the field, by Governor Rutledge, and with a body of light troops, chiefly militia, he was employed in cutting off supplies to the enemy, encountering his detachments, and keeping open the communications between the town and country. In this duty he suffered himself to be surprised; an event which, at the time, greatly impaired his military reputation. He was stationed at Monk's Corner, temporarily; and greatly fatigued with frequent and harassing exercises. His sentinels remiss, and he himself but too apt, as we have seen, to look with scorn or indifference upon the usual military precautions, the British, under Colonels Tarleton and Webster, succeeded in gaining his rear by unfrequented paths. His force was dispersed for a time, and retired beyond the Santee.

The fall of Charleston, the defeat of Colonel Beaufort, and the sudden irruption of the British, everywhere through South Carolina, compelled the patriots to seek security by flight to the swamps or to contiguous States.

Huger, like most others acknowledging the necessity, lay dormant for a season. The approach of Gates, with a continental army, was too quickly followed by his complete defeat to encourage any premature exposure on the part of the fugitives; but with the uprising of Sumter and Marion, and the appointment of General Greene to the southern army, we find Huger once more in the field, and in the army of Greene. The victory of Morgan over Tarleton at the Cowpens, and the hot pursuit, which Cornwallis urged, of the former general, too greatly excited the apprehensions of Greene to suffer him to remain in camp. On this occasion the army was set in motion, with orders to ascend the banks of the Pee Dee, and proceed with all expedition to Salisbury. The disaster of Huger at Monk's Corner seems no longer to have impaired his reputation, since we find him intrusted with the command, while Greene, with a small escort, hastened to afford his personal assistance to Morgan, who was keenly pursued by his eager adversary. Huger conducted the retreat of the Continentals to Guilford, where he was joined by Greene, who resumed the command. In the action which followed, at Guilford Court-house, the Virginians were confided to Huger, and never did troops behave more valiantly under any leader. In spite of the evil example of the North Carolinians, who fled at the first fire, they stood their ground like veterans, yielding only after a sufficiently protracted struggle had served all the purposes which were contemplated to accrue from their gallantry. Huger perilled himself on this occasion with his usual recklessness. He did not belong to that school of soldiers who insist that the success of the army consists chiefly in the perfect safety of its commander. He did not escape; was wounded severely, but fortunately not dangerously.

From this moment he followed the fortunes of Greene. At Hobkirk's Hill he commanded the right wing of the

army, and had succeeded in making considerable impression on the line of the enemy, when an unlucky error of Colonel Gunby, which threw his favourite regiment into confusion, disconcerted all the plans of Greene, and compelled him to leave, in retreat and disorder, a field in which victory was almost within his grasp. In this disastrous termination of a hopeful conflict, Huger's exertions were of the most exemplary character. His example might well have restored the courage of the soldiery, could it have repaired the confusion in their ranks. His generous efforts at recovering the day, brought him more than once in almost immediate contact with the muzzles of the enemy's muskets. His escape was held miraculous. But this time he perilled himself without paying the usual penalties. He escaped unhurt. He presided soon after at the Court of Inquiry, which was appointed to sit upon Gunby's conduct, to whose mistake the loss of the battle was ascribed, and whom the court censured, but with a due regard to his past good behaviour. Huger had not served so long, and so faithfully, without fully repairing his past errors of incautiousness. He had acquired the entire confidence of Greene, who frequently gave the army into his charge, and even meditated placing it wholly under his command, while he flung himself across the path of Cornwallis in Virginia. His declared determination was, after the reduction of the posts of Ninety-Six and Augusta, to take some strong position that would confine the enemy to the low country, and then, yielding the army wholly to Huger, proceed to North Carolina, hastening on expected levies from that quarter, and pressing forward himself to the encounter with his ancient enemy. Subsequent events defeated this arrangement. Rawdon abandoned Ninety-Six, and was making his way towards Orangeburg. The American army was immediately put in motion, and, after reaching Winnsborough, was ordered to disembarass itself of every thing that could

impede its march, and was left again in charge of Huger; to whom Greene confided his wish that he would press forward to the Congaree, while he, Greene, attended by a single aide and small escort of cavalry, pushed on to find Colonel Washington, and to observe more nearly the indications by which his future measures were to be directed.

This progress ultimately brought on the battle of Eutaws, by which the British power in Carolina was completely prostrated. We do not find that Huger was in this action. He was probably kept from it, among the "high hills of Santee," by sickness. The season was excessively warm; his marches had been hurried and wearisome in the last degree; and the battle was fought on the 8th September, the most sickly season of the year in Carolina. That he was present in the army about this period, is certain, from the fact that he was the first person to sign the recommendation to General Greene to retaliate for the execution of Colonel Hayne, by the British, in like manner upon British subjects. "We are not unmindful," is the language of this noble document, "that such a measure may, in its consequences, involve our own lives in additional dangers, but we had rather forego temporary distinctions, and commit ourselves to the most desperate situation, than prosecute this just and necessary war upon terms so dishonourable,"—referring to the inequality of peril between themselves and the British, if such murders as that of Colonel Hayne should be passed without retaliation.

The close of the war spared the country the necessity of adopting any sanguinary act of retribution. General Huger went into the conflict a rich man, and emerged from it a poor one. His slaves were torn from his estate by the British and their Tory allies; but he never regretted his losses, when he considered the great gain to his country's glory and safety. When, at the termination of the

struggle, General Greene visited him, and was presented to his family, he was struck with the group before him, and with much emotion exclaimed—"I would never, my dear Huger, have exposed you so often as I have done, to bear the brunt of the battle, and varied dangers of the field, had I known how numerous and lovely a family were dependent on your protection."

General Huger died in Charleston in 1788 or 89. He was buried at a farm on Ashley river, the property of one of his family, but known at that time as Graham's farm. He was a man of great personal popularity; of frank and amiable manners; graceful of carriage; erect and vigorous of frame, and looking every inch the soldier. His courage was an unconscious virtue, the natural instinct of a mind that knew as little of fear as it was possible for mortal to escape knowing. Accustomed to command, he carried with him an air of authority, which was quite too natural and becoming in him to offend the self-esteem of others. He was generous to a fault, affectionately solicitous of the interests of his friends, and never forgetful of a service. It is remembered that the Cherokee Indians, who had made his acquaintance as an enemy, always sought him out as a friend, whenever they visited the seaboard.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL MOSES HAZEN.

At the commencement of the Revolution, a strong sympathy for the colonies existed in some parts of Canada. As the struggle advanced, many Canadians enlisted into the American army. Congress accepted their services; appointed officers of their own selection, and several regiments thus raised rendered good service during the war.

MOSES HAZEN, a man of considerable wealth, near Saint

John's, furnished supplies and rendered other aid to the army of General Montgomery, on his expedition against Quebec. After the fall of that officer, and the disastrous retreat of our army, Hazen's dwelling-houses, store-houses, shops and other buildings, were destroyed by the British troops, and his movable property all carried off or destroyed. Offering his services to Congress, in January, 1776, he was appointed colonel of the second Canadian regiment, and furnished with funds for the recruiting service. This regiment was known by the name of *Congress's Own*, because it was not attached to the quota of any of the States. At the time of his appointment, Colonel Hazen was a lieutenant of the British army, on half-pay, and Congress agreed to indemnify him for any loss he might incur by renouncing his allegiance to the king. He proceeded to Canada, where he obtained some recruits, and returning to Pennsylvania, filled his ranks, and continued during the whole war in active and efficient service.

Perfectly acquainted with the situation of the northern frontier, he was frequently consulted by the commanding generals in that department; and after the surrender of Burgoyne, he urged the expediency of an expedition against Canada, which Washington recommended to Congress. In the fall of 1778 Hazen was sent to Philadelphia to explain his plan to that body, and but for want of means it would probably have been adopted.

In June, 1781, he was appointed a brigadier-general, and in consideration of his losses and sacrifice Congress voted him an indemnity of thirteen thousand dollars, and after his death, his widow received a grant of nine hundred and sixty acres of land, and a pension of two hundred dollars for life. General Hazen, at the close of the war, retired from the army, and died at Troy, New York, on the 3d of February, 1803, in the seventieth year of his age.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES WILKINSON.

GENERAL WILKINSON was born about the year 1757, near the village of Benedict on the Patuxent, in Maryland. He was educated at home, and very early commenced the study of medicine under an uncle who had been a surgeon under Wolfe; and to his uncle's descriptions of the war in Canada he attributes an early predilection for a military life. In 1773, being then seventeen, he was sent by his mother, who was a widow, to the medical school of Philadelphia; the day after his arrival he visited the barracks, then occupied by a part of the 18th regiment, and witnessing their parade, his partiality was increased for a military life. In 1775 he returned home to practise his profession, but the troubles of the period that occupied every mind wrought strongly upon his enthusiasm; he became one of an independent company in Georgetown, commanded by a Quaker from Rhode Island; and after the battle of Bunker Hill, no longer able to control his wishes, abandoned his profession, and repaired to the camp at Cambridge. In March, 1776, General Washington gave him a captain's commission in Colonel Reed's New Hampshire regiment, at that time attached to General Greene's staff, which he joined at New York the next month. It was soon attached to the northern army, in which he served under Arnold. In July, 1776, he was appointed a brigade major, and in December was sent by General Gates to the commander-in-chief with despatches; and joining the latter on the banks of the Delaware, assisted in the affairs at Trenton and Princeton. In January, 1777, he was appointed a lieutenant-colonel, with authority to name the

officers in three companies. On General Gates's appointment to the command of the northern army, Wilkinson gave up his commission in the line, to occupy his former station in the staff, a step which excited observation at the time, but to which he said he was prompted by zeal for the public service, for which he supposed he could do most in that quarter, on account of his particular acquaintance with its localities. When Gates was about to be superseded by Schuyler, he by a general order appointed Colonel Wilkinson adjutant-general; and when he again resumed the command he appears to have relied much on his adjutant's opinion, and to have followed his advice in some important occurrences. On the surrender of Burgoyne, Wilkinson was sent to Congress with the official despatches announcing that event,* and thereupon received the brevet of brigadier-general. He returned to the headquarters of the northern department, and while there was appointed secretary to the board of war, of which General Gates was president. The discovery of some intrigues of Gates connected with a letter of Conway's against the commander-in-chief, in which Wilkinson was implicated by Gates's conduct, produced an open rupture between them, and his resignation of the secretaryship of the board of war. He also resigned his brevet of brigadier, and in July, 1770, was appointed clothier general to the army.

After the peace, in 1783, Wilkinson went to reside in Kentucky with his family, and engaged in some mercantile transactions, particularly in a contract for tobacco with the Spanish governor of Louisiana. Disgusted with trade, he entered again into the army, was employed at

* While on his way, Colonel Wilkinson stopped so long at Reading that Congress received the news first from common report. When therefore a proposition was made by some member to reward the messenger, Roger Sherman seconded the motion, but proposed to amend it by voting a *whip* and a *pair of spurs*.

various points on the frontiers, and had an interview with General Hamilton in 1798, and presented to him a general view of the western and southern military posts. He returned to his command on the Mississippi when peace was restored with France ; received Louisiana from the French as joint commissioner with Governor Claiborne ; remained at the head of the southern department until his court-martial in 1811 ; and after being honourably acquitted returned, and, when the late war came on, was occupied in making defensive fortifications to secure New Orleans. In 1813, he was ordered to the northern border, where his operations were not successful ; but on being tried by a general court-martial in 1815, he was acquitted of all blame. On the new organization of the army after the peace, he was not retained in the establishment.

General Wilkinson had become possessed of large estates in Mexico, and not long after leaving the army he removed to that country. He died in the vicinity of the capital, on the 28th of December, 1825, and was buried in the parish of St. Miguel. The American minister, Mr. Poinsett, and many of the principal citizens, attended his funeral. General Wilkinson was twice married : his first wife was a daughter of John Biddle of Philadelphia ; his second, who survived him, was a French woman, named Tradeau, whom he married at New Orleans in 1810.

General Wilkinson published at Philadelphia, in 1816, *Memoirs of his Own Times*, in three very large octavo volumes. It is a work of great value to the historical student, who will have little difficulty in detecting the passages which are tinged with the author's prejudices.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS SUMTER.

THE early life of Thomas Sumter is involved in some obscurity ; a fact which is quite discreditable, in the case of a person so distinguished, to the state for which he performed so much, and the descendants who bear his name. We are only enabled to gather from a very meagre and imperfect tradition, that he was born in Virginia, somewhere about the year 1734. We are not in possession of any facts which can throw light upon his origin and family.

He was still a mere boy, when, as tradition tells us, he went as a volunteer against the French and Indians in "the old French war." There is a statement, which it is perhaps no longer possible to verify, that his courage, experience, and shrewdness, as a scout, commended him to the special favour of Lord Dunmore, who employed him in a trust, upon the frontier, of equal hazard and importance. He was present at Braddock's defeat, and was probably one of the "Rangers," under Washington, in that disastrous expedition, to whose experience in Indian warfare, the miserable *debris* of the British army was indebted for its safety.

It is not long after these events that we find young Sumter in South Carolina. He had probably kept progress with the war ; and, pursuing the career he had so adventurously begun, had followed the track of the French and Indian enemies of the English frontier from the borders of Virginia to those of Carolina. The natural course of events would thus have brought him from the banks of the Ohio to the mountains of the Cherokee ; and he who

had suffered defeat with Braddock, at Du Quesne, in all probability avenged himself in the subsequent victories of Grant, Middleton, and Montgomery, at Etchoe, and other places.

Known to his neighbours as a soldier, he was early and equally well known among them as a warm friend to the principles of those who were opposed to the usurpations of Great Britain the resistance of freemen; and we find him, accordingly, as early as March, 1776, appointed by the provisional Congress lieutenant-colonel of the second regiment of riflemen. That he did not immediately distinguish himself in this command, is attributable to lack of opportunity, and not to his own supineness or indifference. It was the peculiar good fortune of South Carolina, in consequence of a single successful achievement, to escape, for the three first years of the Revolution, most of the severities of war. The battle of Fort Moultrie, which checked the British invasion, in 1776, discouraged, for a long time, all future attempts of the enemy upon the state. It taught them a degree of respect and forbearance which deprived the valour of the citizens of all chance of exercise. Sumter was an officer in a regiment which was stationed in the interior. His duty lay in watching the outbreaks of the disaffected on the frontier—the hostile red men—the unquiet and plotting loyalist—and the occasional British agent or emissary; all of whom were more or less busy in secret, and only waiting the moment of relaxed vigilance, on the part of the patriots, to break out in open insurrection. Sumter was not present, accordingly, at the battle of Fort Moultrie. South Carolina lay upon her arms for nearly three years after this action, expecting hourly invasion, but without suffering from it until 1780. In the month of May, of that year, Charleston was yielded to the British, after a protracted defence of nearly three months. In this unfortunate event, South Carolina, always very sparsely settled, lost nearly all of

her organized soldiery. The militia, not made prisoners in the surrender of the city, were scattered, in detached bodies, over a wide forest country, which the British, in large numbers, soon carried by their arms. Their overwhelming strength overawed patriotism, subdued resistance, and counselled valour to a prudent forbearance in the season of oppression.

But the bolder and more tenacious of the patriots, with those who were too deeply committed against the royal authority, fled from the enemy with whom they had no longer power to contend. While some escaped to the contiguous states, others took refuge in the less remote, but equally secure fastnesses of swamp and forest. Sumter was one of the fugitives. He retired to the swamps of the Santee, from the shelter of which he beheld his wife driven from her dwelling, as the wife of an outlawed rebel, and the torch of the incendiary applied to his habitation. The sense of personal wrong added fuel to the flames of patriotism. He emerged from his hiding-place, and gathered his friends about him. Too few for such enterprises as his eager courage demanded, he made his way into North Carolina, seeking recruits. One of the traditions by which his course along the frontiers of this state was marked, is here in place, as equally illustrative of his progress and his character. He found himself one day at a place known as the "Gillespie settlement." Of the Gillespie family there were numerous brothers, who were all famous cock-fighters. They were content with the conflicts of the barn-yard, having in their possession, among other famous fighting birds, a blue hen of the game species, whose progeny were particularly distinguished for their martial qualities. Of one of these chickens, called Tuck, there is quite a biography. His reputation was extended far and wide, from mountain to mountain. He was never known to refuse a fight, or to lose a battle. Sumter suddenly appeared at the cockpit, and surprised the

Gillespies at their usual occupations. They looked up, and were struck with the bold and military aspect of the stranger. His well-made person, muscular without bulk, impressed them with respect. His eye had in it that fiery courage which they were accustomed to admire; and they were not offended, when, with something contemptuous in his voice and manner, as he referred to their amusement, which was at once child-like and cruel, he called upon them, in abrupt and energetic language, to leave the cockpit, and "go with him where he should teach them how to fight with men!" They took him at his word. "Tuck, for ever!" was the cry of the Gillespies; "He is one of the Blue Hen's chickens!" The *sobriquet* stuck to him always after; and the eagerness with which he sought his enemy on all occasions, and frequently without duly measuring the inequalities of the parties, amply justified, in the opinion of his followers, the *nom de guerre* of the "Game Cock," which they always coupled with his name.*

Sumter was comparatively successful in procuring recruits. He obtained a greater number than he could arm. He was reduced to great straits for weapons. Old mill-saws were converted by rude blacksmiths into broad-swords. Knives, fastened to the ends of poles, made tolerable lances. The pewter of ancient housekeepers was run into bullets, and supplied the few fowling-pieces which he could procure with a few rounds of missiles; but, with all these rude helps and appliances, it was still the case that a portion of his men had to keep aloof in the action, waiting till the fall of the enemy, or of their comrades, should yield them an opportunity of obtaining weapons. But these deficiencies offered no discouragement.

* The propriety of the epithet was very soon acknowledged by the enemy. Tarleton, on one occasion, having hunted for Marion in vain, is reported to have said to his officers, "Come, let us leave hunting this d——d 'Swamp Fox,' and see if we cannot find the 'Game Cock.'"

ments to Sumter. He very quickly proceeded to give the Gillespies the amusements which he had promised them. The British and their tory allies soon offered him a proper opportunity. The state was overrun by their predatory bands, which harassed and plundered equally the patriotic and the peaceable inhabitants. On the 12th July, 1780, Sumter's little band darted suddenly upon one of these parties, at Williams's plantation, in one of the upper districts of South Carolina. The enemy was taken by surprise, and soon utterly defeated. The sabre did its work eagerly. Scarcely twenty of the bewildered wretches escaped its edge. Captain Huck, one of the most brutal of those who were conspicuous in this warfare, perished in his crimes; and Colonel Furguson, who was probably the true commander of the party, a good officer, was also among the slain.

This affair, at once brief and brilliant, though on a small scale only, opened equally the eyes of friends and enemies. It was one of the very first, which, after the fall of the metropolis, denoted the reawakening of the spirit of patriotism throughout the state. Sumter's squadron began to receive recruits. In a short time he found himself at the head of six hundred men. Rutledge, the governor of South Carolina, promptly acknowledged his spirit and services, by sending him a commission as a brigadier in the service of the state; and assigned to him, as he did to Marion, a certain portion of the country which he was to cover with his protection, and rescue from the enemy. He did not suffer the spears of his followers to rust. He put his brigade again in motion, and, on the 30th of the same month, passed Broad river, and advanced upon the British post at Rocky Mount. This place was held by a considerable force of royalist volunteers and militia, under Colonel Turnbull. The defences consisted of two log-houses, and a building pierced with loop-holes, surrounded by a ditch and an abatis. These occupied a

commanding eminence, and were encircled by an open wood. Sumter was without artillery ; but his impetuous nature and confident courage would not suffer him to regard this deficiency as any conclusive obstacle to success. Sheltering his chief force in the woods around the post, he directed them to maintain a constant fire upon its defenders, whenever they should show themselves ; while, with a picked body of men, he himself proceeded to the assault. The attempt proved a desperate one. It was desperately urged. Twice were his men driven back by the garrison ; but thrice did Sumter bring them on, heading the assault, and scorning the imminent dangers which threatened him momentarily with death. The third time he was successful in penetrating the abatis. But the work was only begun. He had really gained but a nominal advantage. The strength of the place, unknown to him at first, soon proved beyond his means. It was with intense mortification that he was compelled to acknowledge that he could do nothing without artillery. He drew off his men in good order. His loss was considerable ; but that of the enemy was greatly more. This was his consolation. Baffled, he was yet undiscouraged ; and his followers had acquired confidence from his audacity. This, by itself, was an important acquisition, worth many victories.

From Rocky Mount, he turned his eye upon another of the British strongholds. The post at Hanging Rock was one of considerable strength, and was manned efficiently. It was garrisoned by a force of five hundred men, consisting of one hundred and sixty infantry, of Tarleton's legion, a portion of the loyalist regiment of Colonel Brown, and Bryan's North Carolina loyalists. Sumter fell, with great fury, first upon Bryan's division, which, taken by surprise, and overwhelmed by the fierceness of the onset, gave way in every direction. Tarleton's infantry next felt the shock, and, after a stout but useless struggle, yielding to its pressure, fell back in disorder upon Brown's de-

tachment, which it also contributed to discompose. The British troops, retreating, succeeded in gaining the centre of their position, from which Sumter found it impossible to dislodge them. His militia had been disordered, and were, unhappily, no longer manageable. They had tasted the luxuries of the British camp—had found the liquors of the enemy too grateful to be easily abandoned, and thus effectually deprived their commander of the means of prosecuting his successes. It was his great good fortune, and great merit, to be able to withdraw them in season, and in good order from a field which he had gallantly won, but which their insane appetites did not suffer him to keep. The British were too severely weakened to oppose successfully his retreat. Of one hundred and sixty men of Tarleton's legion alone, sixty-two, according to the acknowledgment of the enemy, were put *hors de combat*. The other detachments suffered in proportion. The American loss was considerable also, but not comparable to that of the enemy.

Sumter lost nothing by the incompleteness of his victory. His men were emboldened by the affair, and his own reputation for enterprise and gallantry was greatly increased by it. In less than thirty days, he had, with his ill-armed recruits, driven in the advanced parties of the enemy along the Catawba; had handled them severely in three several conflicts, and had succeeded in providing his followers with the more legitimate weapons of a regular warfare.

The battle of Hanging Rock, which we have just recited, preceded, by a few days only, the bloody and disastrous action between Cornwallis and Gates, near Camden. Just at this moment, the former general had all his attention drawn upon the approaching army of the Americans, under the conqueror of Burgoyne. Sumter recrossed the Catawba, and was lying on the west side of the river, while Gates was hurriedly approaching Rudgley's Mills. He immediately communicated to that general intelligence

of a large quantity of British stores, on their way to Camden, under a strong escort ; but which, with a reinforcement from the regular army, it was in his power to surprise and capture. His application was entertained favourably. A detachment from Gates's camp was sent him, and the moment of their arrival was that of his departure. Putting his command in motion for Camden Ferry, Sumter pushed forward with equal caution and celerity. Near the break of day, on the 16th August, he had approached, undiscovered, to within a few miles of Carey's Fort. The British were taken by surprise. A sudden and impetuous onslaught succeeded, without any serious struggle. The fort, the stores, the troops—all, were surrendered, and, in possession of forty-four wagons, crammed with valuable stores, and numerous prisoners, Sumter properly commenced his retreat, with the view of putting them in safety. His course was up the Wateree. That very day was fatal to Gates's army. It was on this progress that Sumter was apprized of its defeat. Unfortunately, his own retreat had brought him nearer to the danger from which it should have carried him. When told of Gates's misfortune, he was nearly opposite the ground upon which the battle had been fought that very morning. A river ran between him and the victorious enemy ; but this was passable in numerous places. It was doubly unfortunate that Cornwallis received tidings of Sumter's capture of his stores quite as soon as the latter knew of Gates's defeat. Cornwallis was one of the best of the British generals. He knew that no time was to be lost. He despatched Tarleton instantly with his legion, and a detachment of infantry, in pursuit. The chief merit of Tarleton was in the rapidity of his execution. He made his troopers use their rowels on this occasion ; and, on the 18th, Sumter was overtaken at Fishing Creek. Burdened with his baggage, his prisoners, three hundred in number, and heavy laden wagons, his movements had been necessarily much slower

than those of the light armed troops which Tarleton commanded. His men were harassed by continual toils, and his videttes failed to do their duty. They were taken or slain, sleeping upon their posts, and the camp of Sumter was surprised. It was in vain that he made a stand with a chosen body of his followers. His troops were dispersed, the prisoners and stores recaptured, and Sumter was again a fugitive. He has been severely censured for suffering this surprise. Certainly, in the case of one who so much delighted in surprising others, the game is one which he should be well aware demands the utmost unremitting vigilance. It does not appear, however, that there was any lack of caution on the part of Sumter. It is obvious that the duty of maintaining a proper watch over a camp must necessarily be confided to subordinates. The general can, after all, exercise only a certain amount of personal vigilance. Sumter was not wanting in his. His videttes and sentinels failed in their duty; and this is always the peril where the force consists chiefly of militia. On this occasion, what their enterprise and valour had won, their improvidence lost; and the organization of his force had to be begun anew.

Sumter made his way once more into North Carolina. Here he recruited, in some degree, his force; and his dispersed followers, bringing with them often comrades, came into his camp, as he ranged along the regions of the Enoree, the Broad, and Tiger rivers. His force gradually resumed its form, and attracted to itself the attention of the enemy. Emerging from his retreat, Sumter was soon upon the track of the loyalists, restraining their predatory bands, and punishing their excesses. The British held their main camp at Winnsborough. As the force of Sumter acquired strength, he approached this station; and, taking up a position at the Fishdam Ford, on the east bank of Broad river, it became a desire with Lord Cornwallis to surprise him a second time in his encampment. Tarle-

ton, who had done the business so effectually on a previous occasion, was apparently the proper person again to effect this object. But, while notice was given to Tarleton of this desire, the impatience of Cornwallis determined upon setting forth another expedition for the same purpose; and, while Tarleton was summoned from below, where he was pursuing the "Swamp Fox," in order that he should find more easy prey above, in a second surprise of the "Game Cock," Colonel Wemyss was detached, with the sixty-third regiment and a corps of dragoons, to try his hand at the same experiment.

It is highly probable that Sumter, in taking a position in such close proximity to the camp of Cornwallis, anticipated and invited these enterprises. He remembered the daring of Tarleton, and naturally desired his revenge. It was easy, too, to imagine, that, to a leader like Tarleton, who had hitherto been successful chiefly by the audacity of his assaults, it would be more natural that he should be rash than that he should be prudent. Sumter, at all events, had put himself in preparation for the reception of any foe. Wemyss made his attack on the camp of our brigadier at one o'clock, in the morning of the 9th November. He was unfortunate in all his calculations. Sumter was in waiting for him, having given more than usual strength to his advanced guard, and made all his arrangements not only for his enemy, but in anticipation of a night attack. A murderous fire prostrated twenty-three of the assailants, at their first approach; and their several succeeding attempts were wholly fruitless. The British, in the precipitancy of their flight, left their wounded commander in the hands of the Americans. Colonel Wemyss was shot through both thighs; but he lived. He was accused of many crimes against the patriotic inhabitants; and when it was known to the Americans that he was their prisoner, they were seized with a desire to bring him to immediate and condign punishment. Had Sumter lent

any countenance to their wishes, Wemyss would have expiated his crimes upon the gallows. In addition to former offences of the same character, a memorandum of the houses and estates he was yet to destroy was found upon his person. This was shown to Sumter; but, after possessing himself of its contents, he magnanimously threw the paper into the fire, silenced the murmurs of those who sought the life of the wounded man, and, to the great surprise and confusion of the latter, paid him every attention.

The defeat of Wemyss increased the anxieties of Cornwallis. Tarleton was again urged to prosecute his attempts upon an enemy who was equally bold in his enterprises, and rapid in his movements. But Sumter did not wait for the coming of another enemy. After the action with Wemyss, he crossed Broad river; and, on being joined by an additional force of mountaineers, he prepared to attempt the British post at Ninety-Six. The rapidity of Tarleton's movements anticipated this attempt, and exposed the command of Sumter to imminent danger. Whilst the cavalry and light troops of the British army were detached, and serving below against Marion, he had no apprehensions from the acknowledged superiority of Cornwallis in infantry. Entirely unencumbered with baggage himself, he well knew he could retreat from the heavier force of the British army with sufficient and superior celerity. His men had no tents but the broad blue canopy of heaven; and, for food, the coarse and occasional fare of the forest sufficed for present necessities. His followers were all mounted, knew thoroughly the various routes of the country, and could scour away upon the approach of a superior force, and find safety in recesses of which their enemies had no knowledge. Hanging, therefore, with confidence on the skirts of Cornwallis, he used his superiority, and took advantage of all occasions for harassing and annoying him. But the approach of Tarleton, not only with artillery and with a large force

of cavalry, but with his infantry on horseback also, changed materially the relations between the parties. It was well that Sumter heard of his approach in season to effect a hasty retreat. He succeeded, though at a late moment, in throwing the Tiger river between himself and his pursuer; and had scarcely done so, when the British legionary troops, accompanied by a mounted detachment of the sixty-third regiment, appeared in view on the opposite side. Sumter took up his position at the house of one Blackstock, which afforded a position highly favourable for the order of battle of an inferior force. Not doubting that the whole force of Tarleton was upon him, his purpose was to maintain his ground during the day, and to disappear quietly under cover of the night. But soon discovering that but a portion of the British army had reached the ground, he determined to take upon himself the initiative in the affair, and to bring on the action at once. Tarleton's confidence in himself contributed to the success of this design. Convinced that his prey was now secure, he occupied an elevated piece of ground in front of Sumter's position; and, immediately after, dismounted his men, to relieve them and their horses, until the arrival of his artillery and infantry should enable him to begin the attack with advantage. But Sumter, conceiving that Tarleton's numbers were already sufficiently great for his purposes, put a detachment of his riflemen in motion, and marched out at the critical moment when the British were least apprehensive and most perfectly at their ease. Descending from the elevation which they occupied, the American marksmen drew sufficiently nigh to the enemy to use their ducking guns and rifles, and to make their small shot available for the purposes of mischief. A well-directed fire threw all into commotion in the British camp. The well-drilled regulars were soon set in array for action, and the advance of the sixty-third, with their bayonets, soon warned the men of Sumter to resume their heights.

They did so with great coolness and discretion, emptying their pieces as they retired. This retreat was admirably managed. It beguiled their pursuers—as it was meant to do—to the foot of the hill, and within reach of a reserve of rifles which Sumter had prepared for their reception. The terrible fire ran through their ranks like lightning. Many were prostrated, and the rest thrown into confusion. Tarleton saw his danger. Every thing depended upon the most prompt and desperate decision. He charged fearlessly up the hill, but only to draw upon himself a second fire which told as fearfully upon his columns as the first had done. The American ranks stood firm; his own—thinned by the deadly rifle—began to falter. Drawing off his whole corps, he wheeled about upon Sumter's left, seeking a less precipitous ascent, and better footing for his cavalry. This brought him towards Blackstock's house, where, under Colonels Clark and Twiggs, a little corps of Georgians, one hundred and fifty in number, had been posted. They stood his charge like veterans, but the odds were too greatly against them. For a moment they yielded to the pressure of the whole British force, and gave way, until the timely interposition of the reserve, under Colonel Winn, and the enfilading fire of a company posted within the house, restored the fortune of the day. This event terminated the conflict. Wheeling about from an enemy whom he had too rashly provoked, Tarleton gave spurs to his horse and fled, while the swift-footed riflemen darted off in a pursuit which ended only with the coming on of night. Tarleton never halted until he had joined the remainder of his corps, which was now only a few miles in the rear. Here he encamped, while the Americans, inferior in numbers and destitute of artillery and cavalry, were compelled to content themselves with the victory already gained. One hundred and ninety-two of the British were left on the field, of whom ninety-two were slain, and the rest wounded. The American loss

was almost nominal. They had never suffered themselves to be reached by the bayonet, having themselves no such weapon. But their general was among the few who suffered from the British fire. He received a ball through the right breast near the shoulder, a severe wound, which for a long time incapacitated him from service. Suspended in an ox hide, between two horses, he was thus conveyed by a guard of faithful followers into North Carolina. He did not suffer his troops to await the return of Tarleton, with his entire force; but, after burying the British and their own dead, and paying every attention to the British wounded, their rolls were called, and they quietly disappeared from a neighbourhood which was no longer one of security.

Congress acknowledged the services of General Sumter by a vote of thanks. Cornwallis made his admission also. Writing to Tarleton, just after the affair of Blackstock's, he says—"I shall be very glad to hear that Sumter is in a condition to give us no further trouble. He certainly has been our greatest plague in this country." He could have no better eulogium than the discomfort and complaint of his enemy. The wish of Cornwallis was temporarily realized. The severity of Sumter's wound put him *hors de combat* for several months; but, though only partially recovered, he took the field in the early part of 1781, at the time when General Greene, who had succeeded to the command of the continental army in the south, was in full retreat before Cornwallis. The policy of the partisans of Carolina was to effect a diversion in Greene's favour, by alarming the British general for the safety of the several posts which he had left behind him. Assembling his militiamen pretty equally from North and South Carolina, Sumter made a rapid movement towards Fort Granby, on the south branch of the Congaree, which he crossed, and, appearing in force before the post, succeeded in destroying its magazines. At this moment, Lord Rawdon advanced from Camden, for the relief of the

post, and Sumter disappeared before him, only to reappear, immediately after, in front of another British post on the same river. The next day he surprised an escort convoying certain wagons of stores from Charleston to Camden, slew thirteen of the escort, and made sixty-six prisoners. This performance scarcely achieved, when, swimming his horses across the Santee, while his men went over in boats, he made a demonstration on Fort Watson; but, failing to surprise the garrison, he desisted from the assault, the place being quite unassailable without artillery, and Lord Rawdon again came to its relief. If this expedition had no other fruits, it was effectual in breaking up the communication between the several posts of the enemy, of distressing and disquieting him, and keeping his men in continual apprehension, while enduring continual duty.

On Sumter's return from Fort Watson, he was attacked by Major Frazer, near Camden, at the head of a considerable force of regulars and militia; but that officer had got the worst in the conflict, making off with a loss of twenty of his men. After these fatiguing enterprises, Sumter gave himself a brief respite from the active duties of the field. But this respite did not imply idleness. On the contrary, he was never more busy than during this period. Hitherto, his efforts had been prosecuted with militia only. His troops had never been engaged for stated periods of service. They came and went at pleasure, obeying the calls of their fields and families quite as readily as they did their captain's. It was necessary to amend this system; and Sumter succeeded in enlisting three small regiments, as state troops, for a specific period of ten months. With these he at once resumed active operations. Greene, meanwhile, relieved of Cornwallis, who was pursuing his way towards Virginia, there to officiate in one of the final scenes of the revolutionary drama at Yorktown, was preparing to return to South Carolina. He wrote to Sumter, apprizing him of his intention, and requesting him to make all possible

arrangements for procuring provisions for his army ; to obtain all possible intelligence of the purposes and resources of the enemy, and to do all in his power towards breaking up the British communication. Sumter was already in the field. He swept, with broadsword and rifle, the country lying between the Broad, Saluda, and Wateree rivers ; and, in this process, succeeded in dispersing several parties of the royalist militia. Greene's reappearance in South Carolina, with the continentals, was the signal for a more decisive and equally active employment of the partisans. To Sumter and Marion it was particularly confided to hold Lord Rawdon in check, in Charleston or its vicinity, to which the British general had retired ; and, in the prosecution of this duty, they gradually closed in upon him, until he established a new line of fortified posts, extending from Georgetown, by Monk's Corner, Dorchester, and other well-known points, to Coosawhatchie. But these posts did not prevent the incursions of our enterprising generals of brigade. They constantly passed within the line thus circumscribed, harassing their enemies, cutting off detachments and supplies, and subjecting them to constant alarm and insecurity. So tormenting were these incursions, that the British conceived the idea of laying waste the entire region of country thus infested ; depriving themselves as well as their sleepless assailants, of the resources with which it tempted and rewarded their activity. The departure of Rawdon for Charleston, from the town of Camden, (which he destroyed,) took place on the 10th of May ; and, on the day following, Sumter assailed and took the British post at Orangeburg, with its garrison, consisting of a hundred men, and all its stores, which were equally valuable and necessary to the half naked soldiers in the ranks of the partisans. About this time, embroiled in a dispute with Colonel Lee, Sumter sent his commission to General Greene, whom he thought improperly partial to Lee. Greene returned it to him, with

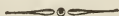
many expressions of kindness and compliment ; and, cheerfully yielding his private grievances to his sense of patriotism and duty, he resumed its responsibilities without hesitation or reluctance.

The fall of the several British posts, scattered throughout the country, gradually confined the British to very narrow limits. The American cordon was gradually and firmly closing around them, confining them to the seaboard. The few posts which they occupied, within the interior, were severally assailed by detached bodies of the American militia ; and, while Sumter himself proceeded against the post at Monk's Corner, occupied by the nineteenth regiment, his cavalry, under Colonel Hampton, was successfully engaged at other places. A large force of mounted refugees were dispersed by this command, and the British post at Dorchester broken up. The expedition against Monk's Corner was anticipated—Colonel Coates, who commanded the British, withdrawing, during the night, across a bridge, from which the militiamen appointed to guard it had thought proper to retire. Sumter rapidly pursued the retreating enemy. Coates, meanwhile, had succeeded in occupying a strong position in the dwelling and outhouses of Shubrick's plantation. A sanguinary conflict ensued, in which, after repeated efforts, wanting in artillery, the Americans, who were led by Sumter and Marion, were compelled to retire. But the loss of the British was very heavy.

With these events, of which our rapid summary can afford but a very imperfect idea, closes the military career of Thomas Sumter. Fatigue and wounds had temporarily exhausted his energies and strength, and he needed a respite from toil, and the pure atmosphere of the mountains, for his restoration. When able to resume his duties, the war was virtually at an end. During his retirement, one great battle was fought—that of the Eutaws ; his brigade being present, and behaving admirably, under the

command of Marion and Henderson. This was the last great effort of the British. The republic was safe. The domestic legislature was re-established, and the enemy sullenly retired from the shores which he had vainly laboured to subdue.

General Sumter survived long after the independence of his country was established—long after the government had proved its virtues, and the people their principles, in establishing themselves as a nation. His public services were not forgotten by the country he had served so faithfully. For many years he was a member of the American Congress; first, as a representative, and afterwards as a senator. He lived to a mature old age, honoured and respected to the last; and died on the first of June, 1832, at his residence near Bradford Springs, South Carolina, in the ninety-eighth year of his age.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES SCOTT.

CHARLES SCOTT, of Virginia, served in the beginning of the Revolution as a colonel, and in April, 1777, was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. He was with the army in New Jersey during the next two campaigns, and was one of the four generals (Stirling, Wayne, Scott, and Woodford) who advised the commander-in-chief, against the opinions of a majority of a council, to attack Philadelphia. In 1777 he was employed in the recruiting service in Virginia, and the legislature of that state was anxious that he should remain there for its defence; but Washington ordered him to South Carolina, and being taken prisoner at the capitulation of Charleston, he was not exchanged until near the close of the war.

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES C. PINCKNEY.

THE head of the Pinckney family, in South Carolina, came over to that province, from Great Britain, some time in the year 1692. Charles Pinckney, his son, became a person of eminence in the colony, and was at one time its chief justice. Charles Cotesworth, the subject of this memoir, was born at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 25th day of February, 1746. At this period, and up to the opening of the Revolution, it was the custom of the wealthy Carolinians to educate their sons in England. This custom was of importance to the colony in its struggle with the mother country. It furnished a large body of highly educated men, who were accomplished in the use of all the weapons of intellect which could be brought against them; and made the transition easy, from the dependent condition of a colony, to the self-sustaining attitude of the republican states. In compliance with this custom, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney was taken to England, when but seven years old, with his brother Thomas—afterwards major-general also—who was still younger. Five years of private tuition fitted Charles Cotesworth for Westminster, whence he was removed, in due course of progress, to Christ Church, Oxford, which he left, at the age of eighteen, with the reputation of being a fine scholar. From Oxford, he entered, as a law student, at the Temple. His industry was not relaxed in prosecuting the study of his profession; and, prepared to enter upon the business of life, he returned to South Carolina, after a short tour on the continent, and a nine months' devotion to military study at the Royal Academy of Caen, in Normandy.

His commission to practise in the provincial courts is dated January 19, 1770. He soon attracted the attention and patronage of the public. His personal appearance was in his favour—the elegance and ease of his deportment—his manly unaffectedness—his high sense of honour, and his extensive legal knowledge. His rank among his legal brethren was soon declared, in his appointment, by Sir Egerton Leigh—then his majesty's attorney-general of the province—as his deputy or substitute, on circuit, in the district and precinct courts of Camden, Georgetown, and the Cheraws. This appointment took place when he was only twenty-seven—an early age for such a distinction, in those days of long probation. But his professional progress was about to be arrested when promising most fairly. The clouds of revolution began to overspread the American firmament. Pinckney had long before anticipated the tempest, and had decided upon his course. Sixteen years of absence had not weaned his affections from his native soil. The battle of Lexington was the signal for a general expression of feeling and opinion. In none of the colonies was this expression more prompt or more decided than in South Carolina. Pinckney took his position with the Gadsdens, the Rutledges, the Draytons, and other great men of that province. At the assembling of the provincial Congress, in Charleston, on the first day of June, 1775, it was almost instantly resolved to raise two regiments. Pinckney was elected captain in the first, and his colonel was Christopher Gadsden. The appointment implied immediate duty; and we find him, accordingly, setting forth on the recruiting service. His quarters were fixed at Newburn, North Carolina. Having obtained his recruits, he returned to his regiment, which was soon placed on the continental establishment. Overt acts of hostility had already taken place in South Carolina: such as training the guns of a fort upon British ships of war,

and throwing cargoes of tea into the ocean. Captain Pinckney was advanced to a majority ; and he had become one of the most active and energetic of the Council of Safety. We find him, on the night of the 19th December, 1775, heading a detachment of two hundred rank and file, crossing from the city to Haddrill's Point, and, under the direction of Colonel Moultrie, throwing up a breast-work, the guns of which, by daylight of the following morning, were in condition to be used upon the British men-of-war—driving them from their anchorage, and finally from the harbour. He had now become lieutenant-colonel, and appears equally active and successful in the performance of civil and military duties. As a member of the General Assembly, he takes his place with the most conspicuous persons, always distinguished by a course of discretion and decision. The activity of the Carolinians was well calculated to provoke the attention of the ministry, and an expedition was planned against them, under Commodore Sir Peter Parker and Sir Henry Clinton. In preparing for the defence of the city, the first regiment—of which Pinckney was second in command—was assigned a post at Fort Johnson, a fortress which occupied a point nearly midway between Fort Sullivan and the city. The history of this invasion finds its more appropriate place in other parts of this volume. The defence of Fort Sullivan, on the 28th June, 1776, under Colonel Moultrie, effectually defeated the objects of the expedition ; and the first regiment, at Fort Johnson—a stronger post than Fort Sullivan—were compelled to remain inactive spectators of the bravery their comrades of the second were displaying on the threshold of the harbour.

On the 29th October, 1776, Lieutenant-Colonel Pinckney rose to the command of the first regiment, with the rank of colonel—Gadsden having been appointed a brigadier, by Congress. But the battle of Fort Sullivan

procured for the province a two years' respite from war. The eager military spirit of Pinckney was not satisfied with inactivity; and he left Carolina to join the American army under Washington. The commander-in-chief was soon sensible of his merits, and he received an appointment in the general's family, as aid-de-camp. In this capacity, he was present at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, where, by his fearlessness, activity, and intelligence, he confirmed all the favourable impressions he had made upon Washington, secured his confidence, and was subsequently honoured by him with the most distinguished military and civil appointments. Thus he served, until the tide of war, rolling once more back upon the South, threatened South Carolina with a new invasion. At the first aspect of danger in his native State, Pinckney hurried to its defence, and to the command of his regiment.

General Howe demanded the assistance of the troops of South Carolina to put down and punish the loyalists of Georgia and Florida. The inroads of these people had harassed to desperation the peaceable inhabitants of the former colony; and it was indispensable that a decided movement should be made to save her from utter ruin. Pinckney was ordered to her assistance. He joined General Howe at a sickly season of the year; and the climate and exposure, with a succession of arduous duties, marching and countermarching, in pursuit of an enemy whose scattered banditti found ready refuge in the swamps and forests, with which their practices had made them familiar, rendered the campaign one of singular hardship. Its object was, in great measure—though for a season only—attained. The loyalists were temporarily subdued—taught modesty and caution—and the people of Georgia were afforded a brief respite from the presence of their enemies. Of the sufferings of the continentals, in this expedition, some impression will be formed, from

the fact that eleven hundred men, who went on the service, the toils of two months only reduced to three hundred and fifty, fit for duty. Disease only, and not the weapons of the enemy, had made this fearful havoc.

Colonel Pinckney returned to Charleston about midsummer, and was soon actively engaged in duties which afforded few chances for repose. Georgia fell into possession of the British, and Brigadier-General Prevost, an active and enterprising officer, taking advantage of the absence of General Lincoln, with the principal regular force of the South, in the interior, made a rapid dash across the Savannah, with a large body of light troops, in the hope of taking Charleston by a *coup-de-main*. In the marches and manœuvres which followed this attempt, an opportunity was given to bring out the fine military qualities of Colonel Pinckney. His reputation as a soldier continued to rise, and his regiment, which with the fifth South Carolina formed the second column in the desperate assault on the lines of Savannah by the united forces of America and France, carried off a full share of honours from one of the most bloody combats of the Revolution.

Two attempts upon South Carolina had now failed. Circumstances were more auspicious to a third. Georgia was in possession of the British; the South Carolina troops had been terribly diminished in their struggles to maintain intact the securities and freedom of the sister colony; and the British commanders in New York, unfortunate in their late northern campaigns, now turned their eyes upon the South. The British army, in great strength, and led by the commander-in-chief, in person, appeared early in February, 1780, within thirty miles of Charleston. An army of ten thousand men were landed, prepared to make regular approaches against the city; while a powerful naval armament made its appearance before the harbour. Charleston was ill-prepared for the encounter. The State was never less competent to meet

the exigency of war. The force which could be brought together, for the defence of the city, including the inhabitants able to bear arms, consisted of little more than five thousand men. To Fort Moultrie was assigned a body of three hundred, and the command was given to Colonel Pinckney. The post was one of distinction. The ground was the Thermopylæ of Carolina. But, taking advantage of a strong southwardly wind and a flood tide, Admiral Arbuthnot, who commanded the British fleet, swept rapidly by the fort with his ships. Still, they were not suffered to effect the passage with impunity. Pinckney opened his batteries upon them, and continued the fire as long as the vessels were within the range of his metal; and he did them mischief enough to show what the event must have been had they a second time stopped to engage in a regular conflict. Twenty-seven of the British seamen were killed or wounded. The Richmond's fore-topmast was shot away; the *Acetus* was run aground, near Haddrill's Point, and was fired and abandoned by her crew; and the fleet, more or less, sustained considerable damage. The disappointment of Pinckney was great, that nothing more could be done at a spot which had done so famously on a previous occasion; but he wasted no time in idle lamentations. The enemy was still before the city, and the opportunity was present for another struggle in which ambition and patriotism might equally find fields for exertion. He left Fort Moultrie accordingly, taking with him a detachment of the garrison, and returned to the city of Charleston, with the resolution of a son, determining to share her fortunes. The siege was a protracted one—unnecessarily so, since the fortifications were field-works only, and the numbers of the enemy twice as great as those of the garrison.

We shall not follow the daily progress of the siege, but proceed to the event. As long as courage could avail, or skill, or endurance, the example of Pinckney was such

as to bring out all the energies and strength of the citizens. But the troops were too few to man the works; the fire of the enemy had long since shown itself superior to that of the garrison; the houses were half in ruins, the small-pox was prevailing fatally, and famine at length made its appearance to aid the assailants. Still, though the case seemed to most others hopeless, Pinckney was by no means disposed to despair. At the council of war which was summoned to deliberate upon the surrender of the city, he delivered his opinion against the measure in the following determined language: "I will not say, gentlemen," he said, "that, if the enemy should attempt to carry our lines by storm, we should be able successfully to resist them; but I am convinced that it is in our power so to cripple the army which is before us, that, although we may not survive to enjoy the benefits ourselves, yet, to the United States they will prove incalculably great. Considerations of self are wholly out of the question. They cannot influence any member of this council. My voice is for rejecting all terms of capitulation, and for continuing hostilities to the last extremity."

The place capitulated in May, 1780, after a close investiture, by land and sea, of nearly three months. Colonel Pinckney became a prisoner of war; and was subject, with the other prisoners, to a captivity full of privations and persecutions. He received intelligence of his exchange and release from captivity, when it could be no longer useful to his military ambition, on the 19th February, 1782. He had been nearly two years a prisoner. His release was followed by promotion. His commission, as brigadier, was dated at Princeton, in 1783, when the war was virtually at an end. The return of peace found his resources much impaired, and he resumed the practice of the law. To this he brought the most liberal spirit, as well as the most rigid sense of justice and pro-

priety. Governed by the highest principle, his business was nevertheless largely productive ; sometimes yielding four thousand guineas in a single year,—a large professional return in our country, at any period, and particularly then.

He was offered a place on the supreme bench ; the post of secretary of war, as successor to General Knox ; and, on the removal of Randolph, that of secretary of state. All these honours he declined, but the mission to France, urged upon him in a letter from Washington, dated July 8, 1796, he accepted, from a conviction of duty. He arrived in Paris on the 5th of December, had an interview at the foreign office, and soon saw that the government of the Directory was determined not to receive him. His famous reply to an intimation that peace might be secured with money,—“ Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute !” was characteristic. After two months’ residence in the capital he was ordered to quit France. He was joined in Holland by Marshall and Gerry, and a new effort to settle the difficulties between the two nations was without success. Returning to America he received the general applause for his firm and wise conduct, and on the organization of the provincial army was appointed a major-general. The storm passed without an appeal to arms, and he retired to the quiet of his home. He was in the convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, and in 1790 he helped to frame that of South Carolina ; but the chief portion of his old age was passed in the pursuits of science and the pleasures of rural life, at his seat on Pinckney Island.

General Pinckney expired in his eightieth year, in Charleston, on the 16th August, 1825, with the resignation of a Christian, and that patient calm of mind, which had distinguished him through life.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT HOWE.

ROBERT HOWE of North Carolina had the honour, with John Hancock and Samuel Adams, of being excepted from the general pardon offered to the “rebels” by the British commanders. He was one of the members of the committee of safety for the county of Brunswick, and was colonel of the second regiment of North Carolina militia. Soon after the affair of West Bridge, in Virginia, he marched into that colony and joined Colonel Woodford, with whom he was in command of Norfolk on the 1st of January, 1776, when that place was attacked and destroyed by Lord Dunmore. Woodford obtained a furlough to visit his family, and Howe, after attending to the removal of the houseless citizens, wrote to him from East Bridge, on the 9th of February—“We have removed from Norfolk: thank God for that! It is entirely destroyed: thank God for that also! and we shall soon, I hope, be in more comfortable quarters, when I shall be equally pious and grateful for that likewise. Our enemies (except two six-pounders) did not attempt to molest us, either in destroying the remains of the town, or in our retreat, but remained patient spectators of the whole scene. I expected they would be making excursions the next day, and sent Major Ruffin with a strong party to interrupt them. They had collected some sheep, which we took: they stood a small brush, and lost five men: we made eight prisoners, and hear they had many wounded. Providence most graciously and remarkably continuing to protect us, ordained that we should not lose one, or have one wounded, although they returned our fire, and gave our people, besides, a smart cannonade. I send another party tomorrow: *they shall have no rest for the soles of their feet.*”

While thus actively employed in Virginia, he was ordered to return to his native colony, to oppose the "Regulators" and "Highlanders," and was on the eve of marching when the arrival of General Clinton in Hampton Roads rendered it necessary to concentrate as large a force as possible in that vicinity, and the order was countermanded. On the 1st of March he was appointed a brigadier by the Continental Congress; the assemblies of North Carolina and Virginia had recognised his services in votes of thanks; and to crown his reputation, General Clinton, on the 5th of May, excepted him from the pardon offered in the king's name to all Carolinians who should lay down their arms and return to their duty and the blessings of a free government as established by the crown.

General Howe was ordered to the southern department, composed of the states of Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, and in March, 1777, it was proposed by the chief to send him against St. Augustine, but upon consideration the project was then abandoned. On the 20th of October he was made a major-general, and in the following summer, the reduction of St. Augustine having been decided upon, he was intrusted with the conduct of an expedition for that purpose, and proceeded, with little opposition, at the head of two thousand regulars and South Carolina and Georgia militia, as far as St. Mary's river, where the British had erected a fort, called Tonyn in compliment to the governor of Florida. This, upon General Howe's approach, they destroyed, and after some skirmishing they retreated toward St. Augustine, but an epidemic setting in and destroying about one-fourth of the Americans, General Howe was compelled to abandon the pursuit and return to the north.

A British force under Lieutenant Colonel Campbell was now despatched from New York, to co-operate with General Prevost, commanding in East Florida, for the invasion of Georgia, the defence of which was committed to General

Howe. Campbell landed under the convoy of Commodore Hyde Parker at the mouth of the Savannah river, about the 20th of December, with two thousand men. General Howe stationed himself with six hundred regulars and a small body of militia on the main road to the town of Savannah, with a river on his left and a morass in front; but the British commander, while making arrangements to attack him, received information from a negro of a private path to the right, through which he might march without being discovered, and immediately sent Sir James Baird by this route to the rear of the Americans, who, surprised by the double attack which followed, soon broke and fled in disorder, yielding to the enemy an easy and complete victory. The American loss was more than one hundred killed, and thirty-eight officers and four hundred and fifteen privates prisoners, with the fort, a large quantity of military stores, provisions, and the shipping in the river. Prevost, advancing from Florida, took Sunbury, and after joining Campbell assumed the command of the united forces. Two thousand North Carolinians were marching to the relief of General Howe, but they arrived too late; that part of his army which escaped, retreated up the Savannah river, and crossed into South Carolina.

After this disaster, and a court of inquiry, by which he was honourably acquitted of all censure for its occurrence, General Howe joined the commander-in-chief on the Hudson, and he was in command of West Point, when that post was committed to Arnold a short time before The Treason. In the beginning of 1781 he commanded the troops sent to quell the mutiny in the Pennsylvania and New Jersey regiments, and for his judicious performance of the duty was thanked by the commander-in-chief in a general order dated the 30th of January. In June, 1783, he was ordered on a similar errand to Philadelphia. He remained with the army until it was disbanded.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH FRYE.

JOSEPH FRYE was born in Andover, Massachusetts, in 1711. He was an active and intelligent man, and at an early age represented his town in the general court of the colony. He was at the siege of Louisbourg, and was colonel at the unfortunate capture of Fort William Henry by Montcalm, in 1757. The French officer La Corne, who had great influence among the savages, sent him word that he well remembered the humanity he had shown to his countrymen in Nova Scotia; that he should embrace the present opportunity to express his gratitude; and that neither he nor any of the Massachusetts troops should receive insult or injury from the Indians. But during the whole transaction he kept at a distance, neither affording the promised protection, nor using his influence to moderate the vengeance of the Indians, who murdered their prisoners before the eyes of the general. In the confusion of the attack, an Indian chief seized Colonel Frye, plundered and stripped him of his clothes, and led him into the woods in a direction and manner which left no doubt as to his design. Arriving at a secluded spot, where he expected to meet his fate, he determined to make one effort for his life; and sprang upon the savage, overpowered and killed him, and fleeing rapidly into a thick wood, eluded the search of the Indians, and after wandering in various directions for several days, subsisting on berries, reached Fort Edward.

The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, on the 21st of June, 1775, appointed Colonel Frye a major-general, and on the 10th of January, 1776, he received the appointment of brigadier-general from the Continental Con-

gress. After remaining a short time with the Massachusetts troops at Cambridge, he retired from active service, on account of his age and growing infirmities. He removed with several of his connections to the frontier of Maine, and founded the town of Fryeburgh.

MAJOR-GENERAL ARTEMAS WARD.

ARTEMAS WARD, the first major-general appointed by the Continental Congress, was a native of Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, and was graduated at Harvard college in 1748. At an early age he entered into public life as a representative in the colonial assembly, and at a later period he was chosen to the council, and was one of the regularly chosen members displaced by the "Mandamus councillors" in 1774. He was also a delegate in the first Provincial Congress.

He had obtained some reputation for military abilities, and on the organization of the Massachusetts troops in 1775 he was appointed commander-in-chief, and held this rank when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, on the 17th of June. He continued at the head of the army until Washington arrived at Cambridge, and was appointed senior major-general in the line, but retired from the service in the following March.

In 1778 General Ward was a member of the executive council of Massachusetts, and in 1791 was a member of the National Congress, and during all these changes appears to have retained his connection with the courts of law. In October, 1775, he was made chief justice of the Common Pleas, and continued in the office until his resignation in 1798. His judicial conduct, especially during Shay's rebellion in 1786, has been warmly and justly commended. He died, after a protracted illness, on the 28th of October, 1800, aged seventy-three years.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL RUFUS PUTNAM.

RUFUS PUTNAM was born in Sutton, Massachusetts, on the 9th of April, 1738. He served an apprenticeship to the business of a millwright, which was completed in his nineteenth year, when he enlisted as a common soldier in the provincial army, with which he continued through the campaigns of 1757, '58, '59 and '60, when the surrender of Montreal ended the war between Great Britain and France. He now returned to Massachusetts, married, and settled in the town of New Braintree, to pursue the vocation for which he had been educated. He soon discovered that to carry it on successfully, he must have some knowledge of mathematics, and for several years devoted his leisure to the study of that science, in which he attained to great proficiency, particularly in its application to navigation and surveying.

In January, 1773, Mr. Putnam sailed from New York for East Florida, with a committee appointed to explore lands there, which it was supposed had been granted by parliament to the provincial officers and soldiers who had served in the French war. On arriving at Pensacola it was ascertained that there had been no such appropriation, but Putnam was hospitably received by the governor, and appointed deputy surveyor of the province. The prospect of hostilities with the mother country, however, induced him after a short residence in Florida to return to Massachusetts, and it is a proof of the estimation in which he was held, that he was commissioned as a lieutenant-colonel in one of the first regiments raised after the battle of Lexington. When Washington arrived in Cambridge to assume the command of the army, he found Putnam actively engaged at the

head of an engineer corps in throwing up defences at various points in front of Roxbury ; and the ability he displayed in this service, which he had undertaken with much reluctance, secured for him the favourable consideration of the commander-in-chief and of General Lee, and the former soon after wrote to Congress that the millwright was altogether a more competent officer than any of the French gentlemen to whom it had given appointments in that line.

On the 20th of March, 1776, Putnam arrived in New York, and as chief engineer he superintended all the defences in that part of the country during the ensuing campaign. In August of this year he was appointed by Congress an engineer, with the rank of colonel ; but in the course of the autumn, in consequence of some dissatisfaction with the action of Congress in regard to his corps, he left it to take the command of one of the Massachusetts regiments. In the following spring he was attached to the northern army, and he distinguished himself at the battle of Stillwater at the head of the fourth and fifth regiments of Nixon's brigade. A few days after the surprise of Stony Point he was appointed to the command of a regiment in Wayne's brigade, in which he served until the end of the campaign. From February to July, 1782, he was employed as one of the commissioners to adjust the claims of citizens of New York for losses occasioned by the allied armies, and on the 7th of January, 1783, he was promoted to be a brigadier-general.

After the close of the war, General Putnam was appointed to various civil offices in his native State, and he acted as aid to General Lincoln, in quelling Shay's rebellion, in 1787. In April, 1788, as superintendent of the affairs of the Ohio Company, he founded the village of Marietta, the first permanent settlement on the eastern part of the North-west Territory. On the 5th of May, 1792, he was appointed brigadier-general of the army to act

against the Indians, and on the 27th of September concluded an important treaty with eight tribes at Port Vincent, now called Vincennes. He was soon after taken ill, and arriving in Philadelphia on the 13th of February, 1773, to make a report of his proceedings, resigned his commission. In October of the same year, he was made surveyor-general of the United States, and he held this office until September, 1803. In 1802 he was a member of the convention which formed the Constitution of Ohio. From this period the infirmities of age compelled him to decline all employments. He resided at Marietta, where he died in his eighty-seventh year, on the 1st of May, 1824.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANCIS NASH.

FRANCIS NASH, who was appointed a brigadier-general in the continental army in February, 1777, was a native of North Carolina, and had been an active officer in the militia of that province. In 1771, he commanded a company, and particularly distinguished himself in an action with a body of insurgents who, under the name of Regulators, had risen in arms to the number of fifteen hundred, for the avowed purpose of shutting up the courts of justice, destroying all the officers of law and all lawyers, and prostrating the government itself. A body of one thousand militia marched against them, and in a battle at Almansee totally defeated them. When the Revolution commenced, Nash received a colonel's commission from the North Carolina convention, and upon his appointment as brigadier-general by Congress he joined the army under Washington. In the battle of Germantown, in October, 1727, he was mortally wounded at the head of his brigade, which, with Maxwell's, formed the reserve of General Lord Stirling. He died a few days after.

MAJOR-GENERAL ADAM STEPHEN.

WHEN the governor of Virginia, in 1754, determined on sending an expedition to the West, under Colonel Washington, Captain Adam Stephen joined him on the march, with his company, and was in the skirmish of Great Meadows, in July of that year. About this time he was appointed a major in Washington's regiment, and in 1755 was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In the beginning of 1756, while Washington was absent from the army on a visit to General Shirley at Boston, Stephen was in command at head-quarters in Winchester, where he was employed in disciplining the troops, and in superintending the erection of the fortification called Fort Loudon, in honour of the nobleman who had now succeeded General Shirley as commander of the British army in America.

Early in 1757, the alarm was spread that a large force of French and Indians was gathering in South Carolina, and Colonel Stephen was ordered by Lord Loudon to march with a detachment of Virginia troops to the relief of that colony; but South Carolina was not attacked, the timely arrival of fresh troops from England quieted alarms in that quarter, and Colonel Stephen soon after returned to Winchester. In 1763, we find Colonel Stephen in command of the forces raised for the defence of the frontiers against the Indians, and his services are known to have been of importance in bringing to a close the French and Indian wars.

When the Revolution commenced, Colonel Stephen was appointed by the Virginia convention to command one of the seven regiments raised by that colony. On the 4th of September, 1776, he was made a brigadier in the conti-

mental service, and on the 19th of February, 1777, was promoted to be a major-general. His division was attached to the main army under Washington. In the battle of Brandywine he was at the head of his division in the column fronting the enemy, and conducted with great spirit and judgment. At Germantown he was in the column of Greene, which attacked the right wing of the enemy, and behaved with his customary gallantry. General Stephen's account of that battle, in which censure is thrown upon the troops of his division for retreating, is given by Mr. Sparks in his "Life and Writings of Washington." Of his subsequent history we know nothing, except that in the winter of 1777 he was dismissed from the service.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ELIAS DAYTON.

ELIAS DAYTON was colonel of one of the regiments raised in New Jersey immediately after the commencement of the war. He was ordered on the 23d of April, 1776, to reinforce the army in Canada, but on his arrival at Albany his destination was countermanded, and he was sent to quell the rising spirit of hostility which Sir John Johnson was ascertained to be fomenting in Tryon county. He remained in Johnstown several weeks, and, Sir John having escaped arrest, seized his papers, and had Lady Johnson conducted to Albany to be a hostage for the peaceable conduct of her husband. Near the end of the year Colonel Dayton's regiment was ordered from Fort Schuyler to Ticonderoga, and soon after to New Jersey, where he was employed in the next campaign. In January, 1781, he exerted himself judiciously in suppressing the revolt in the New Jersey line. He was promoted to be a brigadier-general on the 7th of January, 1783.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWARD HAND.

EDWARD HAND, one of the most gallant of the foreign officers who served in our revolutionary army, was born at Clyduff, King's county, Ireland, on the 31st of December, 1744, and when about thirty years of age came to America, as surgeon's mate in the Royal Irish Brigade. Resigning this post, he settled in Pennsylvania, for the practice of his profession, and in the beginning of the Revolution joined Thompson's regiment and was chosen lieutenant-colonel. On the 1st of March, 1776, he was promoted to be a colonel, and was at the head of his regiment in the battle of Long Island, on the even of the memorable retreat from Brooklyn, of which he has left a graphic account.* Up to the battle of Trenton it has been stated that his corps was distinguished in every action of the war. On the 1st of April, 1777, he was appointed a brigadier-general. In October, 1778, he succeeded General Stark in his command at Albany, and soon after was engaged in an expedition against the Indians of central New York. On the formation of the light infantry corps, in August, 1780, the command of one of the two brigades of which it was composed was assigned to General Hand, and that of the other to General Poor. Near the close of this year he was appointed adjutant-general in place of Scammell, who was compelled to resign the office by the condition of his private fortune; and he continued in this post until the army was disbanded, discharging its duties in a manner that educed the special and warm approval of the chief. In 1798, when Washington consented to accept the

* See the Life of President Reed, by William B. Reed, vol. i. p. 227.

command of the provincial army, he recommended General Hand for reappointment to the same station.

General Hand died at Rockford in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, on the 3d of September, 1802.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL PETER MUHLENBURG.

PETER MUHLENBURG, a son of the Rev. Dr. Henry Melchior Muhlenburg, founder of the Lutheran church in America, was born in Philadelphia about the year 1745, and after studying divinity with his father was settled over a church in Woodstock, Virginia. He watched with earnest and keen-sighted vigilance the progress of discontents, and educated his congregation for the duties of freemen; and when the Revolution commenced he had little trouble in enlisting a regiment, of which he was chosen the commander. He entered the pulpit with sword and cockade to preach his farewell sermon, and the next day marched to join the army. He was appointed a brigadier-general on the 21st of February, 1777, and was with Wayne at the storming of Stony Point in 1779, and with Lafayette in Virginia, in 1781. He appears to have been on terms of intimacy with most of the officers, and to have been respected by Washington for his courage, decision and integrity. He had little opportunity to distinguish himself, but his conduct at Yorktown has been commended.

After the close of the war General Muhlenburg settled in Pennsylvania, and was vice-president of the executive council of the commonwealth, and a representative and senator in Congress; and he received from the President of the United States the offices of supervisor of the excise in Pennsylvania, and collector of the customs for Philadelphia, the last of which he held at the time of his death, which occurred on the 1st of October, 1807, near Schuylkill, in Montgomery county.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ANDREW LEWIS.

ANDREW LEWIS, son of a gentleman who came to Virginia from Ireland, whither a Huguenot ancestor had fled from France upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes, was born in Augusta county in that colony, and was one of six brothers distinguished for their bravery in defending the infant settlements against the Indians. He was, with all his brothers, in a company, of which the eldest was captain, at Braddock's defeat, and in October, 1758, acquired much reputation by his conduct at Fort Duquesne, where he saved the Highlanders under Major Grant from being entirely cut to pieces, and with that officer and most of his men was taken prisoner and carried to Montreal. The Scotchman wrote to General Forbes that Lewis had caused his defeat, and his letter falling into the hands of the commander of the enemy, who knew its falsehood, it was shown to Lewis, who challenged Grant, and upon his refusal to fight gave him such a token of his estimation as could be received only by a lying coward. This was the same Grant who, in 1775, declared in the British House of Commons, that he knew the Americans well, and would "venture to predict that they would never dare face an English army, being destitute of every requisite to make good soldiers." Lewis was several times in the colonial legislature, and was a commissioner from Virginia, with the commissioners of Pennsylvania, New York, and New England, to treat with the Six Nations at Fort Stanwick, in 1768. Alluding to his strength, stature, symmetry, and grave and commanding demeanour, the governor of New York remarked on that occasion that "the earth seemed to tremble under him as he walked." He was engaged

in all the Indian wars of the west, down to the Revolution, and was the commanding general of the Virginia troops at the battle of Point Pleasant, on the 10th of May, 1774.

General Washington, with whom Lewis had been at Fort Necessity, and under whom he had served in various capacities, had formed a very high estimate of his abilities and character, and it is said that when the chief command of the revolutionary army was proposed to him, he expressed a wish that it had been given to his old associate. Lewis himself was very much disappointed when placed no higher than a brigadier in the continental army, and offended that Stephen, who had served under him, was preferred for a major-general. The chief wrote to him on this subject from Morristown on the 30th of March, 1777: "I was much disappointed," he observes, "at not perceiving your name in the list of major-generals, and most sincerely wish that the neglect may not induce you to abandon the service. Let me beseech you to reflect that the period has now arrived when our most vigorous exertions are wanted, when it is highly and indispensably necessary for gentlemen of abilities in any line, but more especially in the military, not to withhold themselves from public employment, or suffer any small punctilios to persuade them to retire from their country's service. The cause requires your aid; no one more sincerely wishes it than I do. A candid reflection on the rank you held in the last war, added to a decent respect for the resolution of Congress 'not to be confined in making or promoting general officers to any regular line,' to the propriety of which all America submitted, may remove any uneasiness in your mind on the score of neglect. Upon my honour, I think it ought." Nevertheless, General Lewis, on the 15th of April, sent in his resignation, and the Congress accepted it.

He was afterwards a commissioner to treat with the

Indians at Fort Pitt; and Washington, writing to him in respect to his services there, under date of the 15th of October, 1778, remarks, "If Congress are not convinced of the impropriety of a certain irregular promotion, they are the only set of men who require further and greater proofs than have already been given of the error of that measure." On his way home from the Ohio, General Lewis was seized with a fever, in Bedford county, about forty miles from his residence, where he died.

BRIG. GENERAL JEDEDIAH HUNTINGTON.

JEDEDIAH HUNTINGTON, son of General Jabez Huntington, was born in Norwich, the native place of his father, on the 15th of August, 1743, and was educated at Harvard college, where, upon his graduation at the age of twenty, he delivered the first English oration ever pronounced in that university. He engaged in commercial pursuits with his father, and at the beginning of the Revolution joined the "Sons of Liberty," and was chosen captain of a company, and soon afterward colonel of a regiment raised in Norwich. Joining the continental army, he was at Danbury, with fifty regulars and one hundred militia, when Tryon approached that town on the 26th of April, 1777. Resistance with such a force being useless, he retreated to the heights near the town, and when the neighbouring militia rallied under General Silliman, and they were joined by Generals Wooster and Arnold, he participated in the skirmishes at Ridgefield. On the 12th of May, 1777, Huntington was appointed a brigadier-general, and in the autumn of that year he was with Generals Greene and Varnum in New Jersey, and in the following winter was with the army at Valley Forge. In March, 1778, he was appointed with General McDougall and Colonel Wigglesworth to

investigate the causes of the loss of Forts Clinton and Montgomery on the Hudson; and he continued to serve in that part of the country until the close of the war.

Upon the election of General Washington to the presidency, General Huntington was appointed collector of the customs for New London, and he removed to that city and held there this office for twenty-six years, resigning it in 1815. He was also some time treasurer of Connecticut, and was an active member of the convention in that state which ratified the federal constitution. He died on the 25th of September, 1818, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His first wife, a daughter of Governor Trumbull, died while he was on the way to the army in 1775; and his second, a sister of Bishop Moore, of Virginia, survived him, and died in 1831.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM MAXWELL.

WILLIAM MAXWELL entered the army as colonel of one of the New Jersey regiments, with which he served in the disastrous campaign of 1776, in Canada; and he was one of the remonstrants against the decision of the council of officers held on the 7th of July in that year, to abandon Crown Point. On the 23d of October, 1776, he was appointed a brigadier-general, and for some time after was employed in New Jersey. He commanded the New Jersey brigade in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and in harassing the enemy on their retreat through New Jersey, after the evacuation of Philadelphia. Soon after the action at Springfield, on the 23d of June, 1780, he sent in his resignation, which was accepted by Congress on the 25th of the following month.

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